

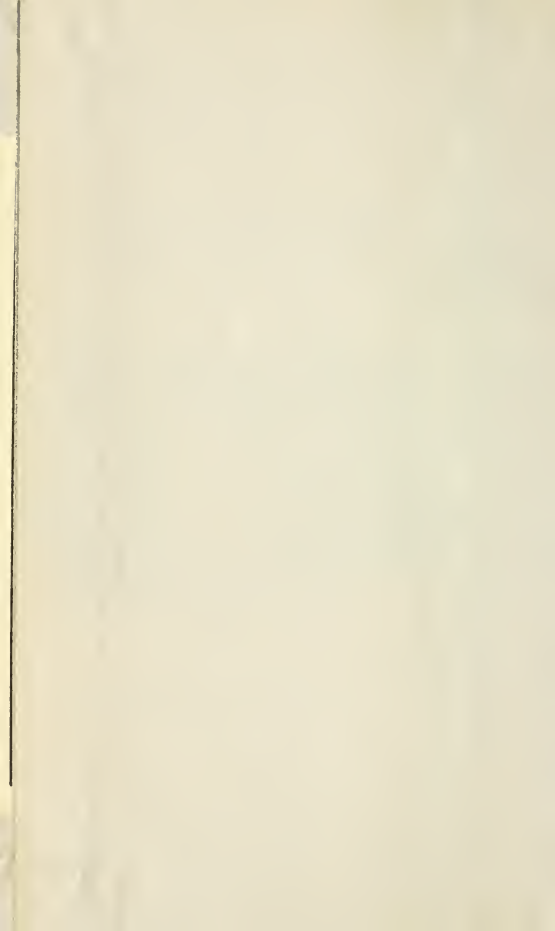


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Temple of Truth.

PUBLISHED FOR THE
METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

MEMOIR,
DIARY, AND LETTERS,
OF
MISS HANNAH SYNG BUNTING,
OF PHILADELPHIA,

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE MAY 25, 1832,

IN THE THIRTY-FIRST YEAR OF HER AGE.

COMPILED BY REV. T. MERRITT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

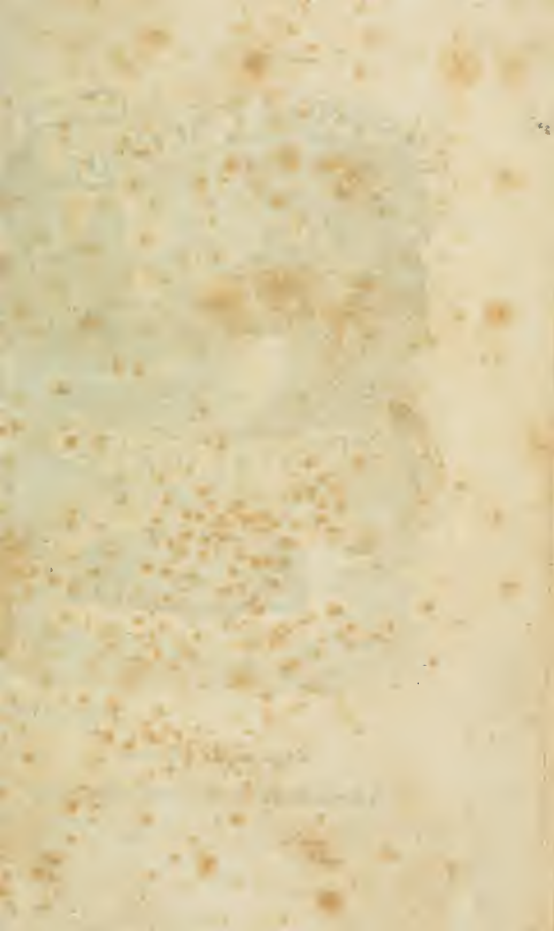
VOL. I.

NEW-YORK,

PUBLISHED BY T. MASON AND G. LANE,

For the Sunday School Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church
at the Conference Office, 200 Mulberry-street.

1837.



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DEDICATION.

TO THE YOUTH,—and especially to such as are employed in the Sabbath Schools of the Methodist Episcopal Church,—the following work is inscribed, in the hope that so bright an example may both instruct and quicken them in the pursuit of holiness and usefulness here, and glory and eternal life beyond the grave, by their humble servant,

THE COMPILER.

New-York, June 26, 1833.



PREFACE.

MISS BUNTING wrote not for the public eye, but for her own improvement ; and hence she did not always express her sentiments with that precision she would have done, had she considered herself writing for the edification of others. The compiler has therefore taken the liberty to change some words, and amend some phrases ; but never so as to give a different sentiment from that of his author. Her style in some places has been thought too poetic for narrative ; and has, in some instances, created a doubt whether the language was her own or borrowed ; and occasionally, where poetry has been borrowed, the lines have been run along in the manner of prose ; which, however, is no injury to the sense ; and the arrangement of the lines may, in many instances, be made by the compositor, and would have been made by the compiler, had he transcribed the Diary. Miss Bunting has also been less exact in dating, especially in the latter part of the Diary, than could have been wished : but the reader will excuse this defect, as there is no remedy for it, and as it does not in the least affect the veracity of the narrative.

For himself, the compiler would say, that he has been longer in preparing the work for the press than he anticipated when he engaged in it. Though in general fully employed in the regular duties of his

office, and such other labours as could not be dispensed with or delayed, he reserved this for such occasional moments of leisure as he might be able to find : but these have been “ few and far between.” And some months since, when the work was, in other respects, ready for the press, he was disappointed of that part of the memoir which relates to the first seventeen years of her life, and which could only be furnished by some person well acquainted with that part of her history. This has been obtained within the last week.

Beside the Diary, there is a considerable number of letters written by Miss Bunting to her religious correspondents,—too valuable to be lost,—which will be given to the public in a separate volume.

Should the present work prove acceptable and profitable to the youth of the Church, for whom it is principally intended, the compiler will feel himself abundantly compensated for his labour in preparing it for the press. And in this hope he commends both the work and the reader to the God of all consolation and grace.

New-York, Sept. 10, 1833.

A BRIEF MEMOIR
OF
MISS HANNAH SYNG BUNTING.

HANNAH SYNG BUNTING, the daughter of Charles and Ann Bunting, was born at Sharpsburg, (Maryland,) July 5, 1801.

Her parents returned to Philadelphia, their native city, while Hannah was an infant ; and before she was old enough to know or value a parent's care or fondness, she was deprived of her mother by death.

Her parents were of the first respectability, and were associated with the society of Friends.

Her grandmother, Mrs. Esther Rudolph, was one of the first Methodists in the city of Philadelphia, and a member of the Union Academy Church ; a lady of exalted character, a Christian of genuine stamp, and one who bore ample testimony of the truth of revealed religion by her holy walk and godly conversation, through a long and useful life, and finally by a happy and peaceful death.

Hannah received her early education in Philadelphia, while under her father's care. At the age of twelve years she was placed at school in Crosswicks, New-Jersey, and resided near

that village, in the family of her cousin, Hannah Bunting.

In her earliest years she was distinguished for a strict sense of propriety of conduct, and for firmness and decision of character. She was naturally reserved and diffident; yet possessed a heart of warm affection and keen sensibility. She discovered a tender and sympathetic spirit, not only toward her fellow creatures, but also to every animal and insect that came under her notice. Hence she has been known, in early childhood, to spend hours in endeavouring to relieve a wounded bird or a drooping chicken, or in hiding a family of kittens from destruction; and when she knew of their sufferings, she would weep over them with unaffected sorrow.

These things to many may appear trivial, and unworthy of remark; but they were certainly the dawning of that ardent desire to meliorate the condition of the suffering and destitute, which shone so conspicuously through the whole course of her subsequent life.

The fear of the Lord always rested upon her mind; and she was constant and conscientious in the duty of prayer, as a circumstance which occurred at this time will show. She was a warm admirer of nature, even at this tender age, fond of rambling in the woods, or by the side of brooks and streams, and of climbing the hills near her cousin's residence. One evening, after returning from a long walk, she discovered that she had lost her *necklace*, which

was valuable, particularly as it contained the hair of her departed mother, and a little brother and sister. She searched for it in vain, and her only resource was in prayer to her heavenly Father, that it might be found, and restored to her; at the same time promising that if she obtained it she would neither eat nor drink for a day and night.

The lost treasure was found after some weeks had passed, and she did not fail faithfully to perform her vow, but hiding from all the cause of her abstaining until many years after, when she had by experience proved the Lord always near to hear and answer prayer.

Hannah's relatives, with whom she lived while at school in Crosswicks, were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Family devotion was regularly performed by her cousin, and Hannah has frequently been heard to say, that her mind was first sensibly impressed with her lost condition as a sinner, while bowed with her friends around the family altar.

After remaining two years at school, she left Crosswicks, (a place to which her mind ever after turned with a warm interest, because her recollections of it were hallowed by the scenes and friends of her childhood,) and returned to Philadelphia with a mind fully made up, if she ever joined any religious society it should be that of the Methodists.

Soon after this she went to visit her connections in Maryland. Here she was introduced into gay and fashionable life, and was exposed

to many temptations that she was a stranger to before. Hannah had a heart formed for the noblest and purest friendship ; and by the agreeableness of her person, her peculiar modesty and simplicity of manners, was endeared to all who became acquainted with her. While in the family of her uncle and aunt Ellis, of Maryland, she had every facility for improving her mind. She spent much of her time in reading, and was particularly fond of works of fiction ; and, in after life, she frequently remarked, that she deserved all she suffered from a romantic turn of mind, for having indulged, in early life, in reading so many works of imagination.

Her cousin, Daniel A. Ellis, late of Baltimore, commenced his Christian course about this time, and was in early life the only Methodist connection she had, except her cousins in Crosswicks. Daniel was deeply interested in Hannah's spiritual welfare. Their minds appeared to be cast in the same mould, and their piety, in subsequent years, was of the same order, perfectly free from ostentation, and manifested only by the humble and devout feelings of the heart. Daniel, as the history of Sabbath schools in Baltimore will show, fell a martyr in their cause in the twenty-fifth year of his age.

Notwithstanding Hannah was associated with connections who loved her, and to whom she was ever warmly attached, yet her mind was restless and uneasy, and she felt an "aching

void within," which "the world can never fill." She again returned to Philadelphia, and soon after wrote to one of her former associates at school, that as short as the time was she had lived in the world, she found there was no real pleasure without the religion of Jesus ; and that she was resolved to give up every idol, and seek the Lord with all her heart. During her absence from Philadelphia her sister Kitty had become decidedly pious, and when she beheld Hannah apparently taken up with the world and its amusements, she neglected no opportunity to warn her of her danger, and persuade her to give her heart to God ; and her mind became deeply exercised.

She again visited Crosswicks ; and while her friends were conversing with her on the evening of her arrival, on the happiness her company afforded them, "O," said she, "do not talk about that ; but tell me how I may obtain religion, and be happy."

At another time, while walking through the house, and observing some changes which had been made in its apartments since she had been absent, she remarked that there was nothing so desirable to her as to find a room so retired, that she might, in the hours of devotion, in the agony of her soul cry aloud unto God, without being heard by mortals !

On the 5th of January, 1818, she joined the Church, though she had not then received the witness of her acceptance with God. She notices this transaction in her diary in lan-

guage indicating a deep sense of her own weakness, and of her obligation thenceforward to live wholly to the glory of God. She was not like many, who see the path in which they should walk, but stumble at the very threshold, on finding it too strait for their inclinations ; give place to lukewarmness, or turn back to the ways of sin and death. Convinced that her everlasting salvation depended on a diligent use of all the means of grace, and a faithful discharge of every duty, she commenced, and so ran the race set before her, that no doubt she has received the crown of righteousness at the hand of the righteous Judge.

A life of extraordinary piety has generally been produced and sustained under the influence of extraordinary circumstances. This, however, was not the fact in Miss Bunting's case. There was nothing uncommon in the circumstances of her life. She was indeed subject to much bodily weakness and pain, especially the latter years of her life ; and she saw many valued friends and relatives removed by death. But these things are so far from being uncommon, that they are matters of daily occurrence and observation, and what all are called more or less to experience. The circle in which she moved was of the domestic character ; and it was there that, by close attention to her own heart, and a single eye to the glory of God, her piety reached such a growth as few have attained to.

We should not know where to look for one who was more uniformly devoted, or who more habitually referred every motive, action, and event in her life to the will of God. Her eye being single, and her perceptions of duty clear, she was enabled to *perform*, and *endure*, as "*seeing Him who is invisible.*" I have never known one of whom it might be said with more truth, that "he saw all things in God, and God in all things," than of Miss Bunting. On this account the following Memoir will be read with peculiar interest and profit by the truly pious who tread the same circle, and are in similar circumstances in the world. Such a life *may* do more good, because it is adapted to influence a greater number of persons than that which is accompanied with the glare of unusual circumstances and rare events. It will readily be seen here, that there is nothing but what all may aspire after, and attain to, under ordinary circumstances, and with ordinary means.

Miss Bunting's piety was ardent, but not enthusiastic ; it was rational, not mystical. It is hardly necessary to add,—it was *Scriptural*. She could say that her "delight was in the law of the Lord, and in his law did she meditate day and night." She took the Scriptures for the "man of her counsel." The word of God was a "lamp to her feet, and a light to her path." Its precepts were the rule of her conduct ; its promises were her support in every time of trial ; and its doctrines were the rich

soil in which her faith was rooted, and in which it obtained so remarkable a growth. While many in different parts of the country who professed Christian perfection became "wise above what is written," and turned aside after various phantoms, she was satisfied with the wisdom of God, displayed in the written word; and, holding it fast, adorned the Gospel of God her Saviour in all things.

A sure indication of departure from the right way is generally first perceived in a self-important, censorious spirit, and crying out against the ministers of the Gospel as fallen, and unable to teach the mysteries of the kingdom of God. She saw and lamented this in some high professors, but was never tainted with it herself. She kept the word of the Divine testimony, and was herself kept pure in the time of temptation and trial.

Miss Bunting was one of the few who truly honour the Sabbath, and reverence the sanctuary; and therefore she was always "satisfied with the fatness of God's house." The public ordinances were the food of her soul. The reader will have occasion frequently to remark, in the course of the following diary, how eagerly she sought the public means of grace, and how great a blessing she considered them. In particular it may be seen that her soul was always feasted when she sat under the preached word. She honoured all the Lord's servants for their works' sake; and it made little difference to her who was his mouth unto the people, so they

did but preach that "Gospel which is the power of God unto full salvation to every one that believeth." The reason for this was, that she did not set herself to hear as a critic or a judge, but as a disciple of Him who still teacheth the humble as never man taught.

Nor did she undervalue the prudential means of grace which the Church holds,—the class and band meetings, the love feast, &c. These she enjoyed much, and found them excellent means of edifying the Church, and her own soul, in love.

She also delighted much in the duties of the closet, without a tinct of the cloister, as her diary will abundantly show.

Too many professors of religion lay an undue stress upon the frames and feelings of their minds, and seem to think all would be well with a luminous and joyous faith, if that were possible, without good works. Not so with our departed sister. Faith and works, which God hath joined together, she did not put asunder. She had just and enlightened views of the nature and extent of relative duties. She never thought she had done enough while any thing remained to be done. Her health and time, and whatever talents she possessed, were employed for the benefit of her fellow creatures. She was never happier than when she had the opportunity and means of "ministering to the necessities of saints." She instructed the ignorant, visited the sick, sympathized with the afflicted, and in every possible

way sought to do good to others, as well as to enrich her own soul. In this respect she knew no difference between the city and the country. The village of Frankfort, of Jenkintown, and several others, will long remember the name of *Hannah Syng Bunting*, for her unwearied efforts to introduce the ministers of the Gospel among them, and for her agency in raising both churches and Sabbath schools. She well knew that as Jesus Christ went about doing good, she could not be a disciple of his without treading in his steps ; and by her works her faith was made perfect.

It was said above that her devotions had no *tinct of the cloister*. So far from this, that while she held the sweetest and most transporting communion with God in her closet, she delighted in the society of her relations and religious friends, and was ever ready to take the “walks of usefulness” among them. She was by nature social ; and possessing a lively imagination, a mind well cultivated, with an affectionate heart, she was well prepared to enjoy the most refined pleasures of society in every virtuous circle.

There is one trait in the character of Miss Bunting which deserves particular notice,—her fondness for natural scenery. Her intellectual taste and mental cultivation, assisted by that elevated piety which ever delights in contemplating the perfections of the universal Architect in his works, prepared her for the highest enjoyment in all the variety which the heavens

and the earth, day and night, present to the eye. While the ignorant and the superstitious pass by all these things as unworthy of their notice, or notice them only to find fault, (as though admiration here were the same as idolatry,) with her they were incentives to devotion, and sources of the purest enjoyment. She truly "looked through nature up to nature's God;" saw him in all his works, and praised him for all his hands had made. The broad expanse of water, lighted up with the moonbeams,—the precipice and the purling brook,—the mountain and the plain,—the hill and the valley,—the verdure of June and the faded leaf of October,—the flower of May and the golden fruit of autumn, all spoke to her of the skill and bounty of our heavenly Father. When she travelled, she conversed with God in his works, and when at home she was in meditation and prayers, in searching the Scriptures, and speaking to herself and others in "psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs." All times and places afforded the means of raising her thoughts and affections to heaven, and she was ever disposed to profit by them.

When our sister commenced the Christian course, and indeed ever afterward, she seemed to have in view that direction of the apostle,—
"Therefore, leaving the first principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on to perfection."
She viewed the commandment to be "exceeding broad," but she viewed the promised grace to be as broad, and that it was efficient to "put

the Divine laws into her mind, and write them in her heart ;” and the accomplishment of this promise was the object of her highest aim and desire. She was not enthusiastic and visionary, looking for her object in lights and raptures ; but she sought it assiduously in all that relates to the heart and conscience. The Divine purity was ever present to her understanding, and nothing was so desirable as a thorough conformity to it. Moral holiness appeared to her to possess intrinsic value, and it is almost incredible with what intenseness of desire she sought it at all times. Nor did she seek it in vain. Whoever reads her diary with a candid eye, will readily perceive that the convictions of her own heart, as to the extent of native depravity, were very clear and distinct ; that her repentance was thorough ; and that she made earnest application by faith to the blood of atonement, as the only and efficient means of taking away the defilement and the power of sin. And hence she became dead to the world, and the world to her. She loved God with all her heart, and her devotion became habitual and universal. She was often brought into straits, and tried in the most tender points ; but these only served to show that she had no will of her own, no choice, but acquiesced in the Divine will in all the appointments of her heavenly Father. All around witnessed the happy change in the heavenly fruits it produced. As she was cheerful and happy herself, she endeavoured to make all around

her happy, by a conversation always with grace, and suited to the circumstances of those with whom she had any intercourse. Her whole deportment was the most sincere, affectionate, and winning, and excited the admiration of those who were the most intimately acquainted with her.

It must not be forgotten, that while Miss Bunting enjoyed the fulness of the love of God, and rejoiced in him daily as her all-sufficient portion, she was always reaching after higher degrees of holiness, and more sensible communion with her God and Saviour. And indeed so small did she consider her attainments, in view of the immensity of the grace and holiness of God, that her language, on some occasions, borders upon that of positive want and self condemnation. She, therefore, with all the truly excellent of the earth, saw room to grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. And this will be the case, not only with the greatest saints upon earth, but probably in heaven also. For it is evident that the faculties and capacities which are finite, being employed on objects which are infinite, may experience a "growing bliss," and that eternally. This was the sentiment and language of our departed sister.

Miss Bunting was by no means a stranger to the pains and ills of human life. Besides sharing with others in their afflictions, she was called to endure great infirmity and pain of

body for years before she was wholly taken from the active duties of life. But she endured all with the submission and patience becoming her profession. An impatient word was perhaps never heard from her lips. She had so long been accustomed to view the providence of God in her sharpest afflictions, and had so long experienced the spiritual benefit resulting from sanctified pains, that she seemed rather to *enjoy* them, and to turn them into occasions of thanksgiving and praise.

She seems, with most people, to have had a natural dread of death ; and often in her diary speaks of an assurance that a long life was not appointed to her upon the earth ; but so complete a victory had she obtained in this respect, and that for some years before she died, that death had completely lost its sting ; nay more, she contemplated it not only with composure, but with rapture. She frequently dealt with herself in reference to that event. She thought of the “struggles of death,” of the “agonies of dissolving nature ;”—of the “cold, lonesome grave,” and of “the worm that feedeth in darkness.” And this she did, not as the philosopher, who familiarizes a painful subject to his thoughts, that he may reconcile himself to his fate ; but as the Christian, who is taught to consider death as the passage from a state of affliction to a state of rest, and, as a short sleep, to be followed by a resurrection to a glorious immortality. And for “these lively hopes” she acknowledged herself indebted to Jesus Christ,

in whose resurrection she had a pledge and earnest of her own. These were the views which our deceased friend took of death ; views which filled her with transport in the contemplation of it, and rendered her triumphant in her final hour.

The writer of this brief Memoir has reserved for this place a more particular account of the interest Miss Bunting took in the Sunday schools, and the remarkable success she met with as a teacher in them. In her diary frequent allusions are made to her Sunday class ; but her extreme diffidence in herself, and in all that she did, has prevented her going into this subject as fully as we could have wished. And this reservedness is the more to be regretted, as the spirit, method, and success in this department of Christian labour, in one so eminently gifted for the work, could not but be efficient as an example to others, especially to those who are piously devoted to the same employment. This deficiency in the diary can, however, in some measure be supplied by those who were intimately acquainted with her.

On this occasion the compiler acknowledges his obligation to Mr. James B. Longacre, of Philadelphia, for an account of Miss Hannah S. Bunting, as a Sabbath school teacher ; and also through him, to Miss S. Anne Barton, for an invaluable communication on the same subject. Miss Barton was well prepared to describe and appreciate the labours of Miss Bun-

ting in the Sabbath school department, as she had enjoyed the benefit of her instructions and prayers. May all who read the following brief accounts imbibe a portion of the spirit of her who is the subject of them, and be prepared to follow her as she followed Christ.

Mr. Longacre says, "It was in the year 1819 that the Sunday School Society of the Methodist Episcopal Union Church in this city was organized; and by a record in my possession I find that Hannah S. Bunting was one of the first contributing members of that society. Her labours as a teacher, must, I presume, have commenced about the same period. The year following (1820) I became connected with one of the schools of that society as superintendent, and remained until June, 1823, when the peculiar circumstances of the congregation with which that school was connected, caused it at length to be relinquished. Hannah was one of the teachers in this school, and continued to attend as such until within about three months of the time when the school was discontinued. I do not recollect any particular cause of her absence during the last three months the school continued to exist; but the season was one of trial to the teachers. The church to which the school was attached had ceased to be their place of worship, (the house having been sold,) and the school was continued in the neighbourhood, by the perseverance and energy of the teachers, for several months; when they were unexpectedly ejected from the

building in which they had been accustomed to meet. Several of the teachers, however, became united in the still remaining school under the care of the society, which was held in a building near the Academy church, in Fourth-street. Hannah Bunting was among that number. In this school I was continued as the alternate superintendent, and in the same charge I remain at this time.

“From the foregoing statement it may be supposed that I could not have been a stranger to the character and labours of our departed sister as a Sunday school teacher ; nor was I : and if called upon to point out a model for Sunday school teachers, I should turn instinctively to the place in our school room where once sat, in converse with her privileged and favoured class, Hannah Syng Bunting. But to impress others with a conviction so familiar to my own mind, would require a statement of details now difficult to furnish, and powers of description that I do not possess. Although a superintendent may be fully aware of the difference in character and efficiency of the teachers under his direction, it does not become him to show a partiality in the school, or to assign a greater portion of his time and attention to such teachers as merit, by their qualifications and fidelity, the highest regard : and in fact his attention is most imperiously required to those who are most deficient in the correct discharge of their duties, in order that the school may not suffer from their negligence or inca-

capacity. It follows, therefore, that the most meritorious teachers are precisely those that attract the smallest share of his observation in the ordinary routine of their duties.

“I offer these remarks only to account, in some measure, for the paucity of facts, or striking incidents, which my own observation enables me to supply, in reference to the Sunday school services of our sister. In addition to this I would remark, that a distinguished trait in her character was, its extreme remove, its sensitiveness and shrinking from every thing like ostentation in the work to which she had been called, and for which she seemed so eminently gifted. To every appearance of publicity the language of her deportment seemed to say,—

‘ Make me little and unknown,
Loved and prized by God alone!’

“But, great as was her native modesty, it did not suffice to dim the evidence of her burning zeal for the Redeemer’s cause, or to hide from her coworkers her conscientious devotion, and her cheering success, as a teacher of the way of life to the youth whom God, in his kind providence, had placed within the sphere of her instructions. Although she did not neglect the regular and appropriate lessons of the school, she seemed constantly aware that a higher destiny awaited the children of her charge, than that which merely intellectual culture could accomplish. She regarded them

as the heirs of eternal happiness or misery; and the sense of her own responsibility, as it respected their spiritual welfare, was never apparently absent from her mind. They were the subjects of her incessant aspirations to the throne of grace. At school or at home, she never forgot them; nor was her fervent affection for them without its reward. I have been informed, through one who had an opportunity of tracing the subsequent history of her numerous class, that all except two have become the happy subjects of the soul-renewing influence of God's Holy Spirit.

“One incident that fell under my own observation has left an indelible impression on my mind of the peculiar character and effect of her labours to which I have adverted. While personally occupied on one occasion with the customary supervision of the school, my attention was called by the directress then engaged in the female department, by requesting me to ‘look at Hannah’s class.’ On turning to the quarter of the room it occupied, I perceived that their books were all thrown by; that they were all in tears, some sobbing audibly, from the effects of the earnest and affectionate exhortations of their teacher, which had been delivered in so quiet and subdued a tone, that the exercises of the adjoining classes had suffered no interruption. This circumstance was so much in accordance with her general habits as a teacher as to occasion no surprise among her fellow labourers,

“One fact, in addition to what is stated above, should not be omitted. It was the constant practice of Miss Bunting, while a teacher, to meet her class privately on Saturday afternoon, for the purpose of engaging with them in religious exercises; at which times she read to them, exhorted and questioned them, varying the exercises by singing and prayer: seeking by these means to prepare their minds for the duties of the Sabbath.

“When her declining health prevented her from any longer treading the path she so much loved, (the path that led to the Sunday school,) she still continued to meet her class at an appointed time in the house in which she resided, to instruct, admonish, exhort, and pray with them.

“If there was any place at which, during the period of health, she might be said to be conspicuous, it was at the meeting for prayer among the teachers. Here, in her anxiety for the prosperity of the school, she seemed for a moment to be released from the restraints of her habitual diffidence and self-distrust; and her fervent supplications proved that worldly fear had no place among the motives which led her to court retirement in the discharge of her duties.

“She had been a considerable time separated from our school by the lingering illness which terminated in her decease; but still so affectionately remembered, that the announcement of her death fell upon her associates like

the news of an irretrievable loss. It was on a Sabbath afternoon that her funeral took place ; and our school in a body, teachers and children, followed her remains, with mournful affection, *to the house appointed for all living* : the school having been adjourned to gratify their unanimous wishes.

“ In her private intercourse with the children of her class there must have occurred many incidents of an affecting nature ; but I have had no opportunity of collecting them. I feel but too conscious that it is in my power to contribute very imperfectly to the construction of a memoir that should, if possible, perpetuate her usefulness. Her example is one that belongs pre-eminently to the Sunday school cause, which it is calculated at once, if properly displayed, to benefit, to illustrate, and adorn.”

The following extract of a letter from Miss Sydney Anne Barton, (communicated through Mr. Longacre,) relates to the same subject as the foregoing ; and will give some additional particulars respecting Miss H. S. Bunting as a Sunday school teacher. Miss Barton writes as follows :—

“ In the year 1823 she (Miss Bunting) was appointed teacher of the first female Scripture class, of which I was then a member. Then indeed did she manifest her concern for those who were committed to her care, by endeavouring to impress upon our minds the importance of that change of heart which was necessary

for our happiness here and hereafter ; and earnestly recommended to us to obtain, in the days of our youth, that religion of which she was so bright a pattern. Such was her anxiety on our account, that she deemed that portion of time usually passed in school too small for the great work she had to do, and for the immense interest we had to secure ; and therefore appointed a time for meeting us at her own dwelling, where a better opportunity offered for conversing with us more largely than the school afforded. Then would her pious soul give vent to its most ardent feelings on our account ; and often with streaming eyes would she exhort us to beware of neglecting to partake of those blessings which the Gospel so freely offers to all, and which she assured us, from her own experience, far surpassed all the joys of earth. Thus, from week to week, were we permitted to receive the instructions of our teacher.

“ But not till the year 1825 had she much reason to hope that any happy result would accrue to us from all her labour ; and not until she declared that she was grieved in soul to think that we, who were so highly privileged, should remain so unconcerned ; that her admonitions would rise in judgment against us ; that she had at least cleared her own conscience ; and that if we thought her too plain, she would assure us it was our good she sought, and through us she had hoped to witness a good result of her labours before that time ;—it was

not till after this, I say, that she had much encouragement. The merciful God was not unmindful of his promise, that those who '*sow in tears shall reap in joy.*' She had at length the satisfaction of knowing that her labours had not been altogether in vain in the Lord. A general seriousness was manifested in her scholars, which encouraged her to persevere in urging us to cherish the slightest motions of the Spirit, and to embrace every opportunity of using the means of grace. She invited us to accompany her to class, where Mr. White was leader, whose Christian and fatherly instructions I can never forget. She also obtained for us admission to the society of a few Christian friends, who met weekly for pious conversation, from whom we met with much encouragement to persevere till we should obtain an interest in the blessings of the new and everlasting covenant. At the same time, with what anxiety did she watch the increasing concern manifested by some of her class; and how earnestly did she encourage us to look for pardon and peace through faith in the promises of the Gospel, and to flee to Christ as our only refuge.

"She also appointed an hour for us to meet in spirit at the throne of grace, though absent from each other in body; and I have reason to believe that that hour was constantly remembered by her, and by some of us, till the day of her death. Between the commencement of the year and September, 1825, she had the happi-

ness of witnessing the conversion of four of her class ; and I was one of the number. We united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and three of us were appointed teachers in the Sunday school.

“In consequence of her ill health she resigned her place in the Bible class, and with my assistance took charge of a junior one, until her renewed health permitted her to resume her former station. I reflect with pleasure on those seasons we have spent together. Often have we visited the parents of our scholars ; and wherever an opportunity offered, she always imparted religious instruction to both old and young. Often have I accompanied her on errands of mercy to the most abject subjects of want, whom she not only temporarily relieved, but whom she never left without imparting some spiritual comfort. And I believe that not until that great day when all secrets shall be revealed, will the extent of her usefulness be known.

“After changing my place from a scholar to that of a teacher, I was not intimately acquainted with those persons who came under her instructions. I am not able to say, therefore, how far the good resulting extended ; but so far as I have been able to ascertain, there are at present eight of them members of different Methodist societies in this city, (Philadelphia,) some of whom left the school without any *apparent* change for the better, but date their present experience and enjoyment from the impressions received

from her faithful instructions. And I doubt not there are many more of whom she will be able to say, in *that day*, ‘Here am I, Lord, and the children thou hast given me.’ She often spoke of the hope she entertained of meeting some of them in heaven. And now that her work on earth is done, and she has gone to rest for ever with her Lord, let all those who cherish an affection for her memory, and who have been benefited by her instructions, show their gratitude by so following her as she followed Christ.

“S. ANNE BARTON.”

This account must be closed by a brief extract of a letter to a friend, written by one who knew the subject of this memoir well, having had the benefit of her instructions as well in as out of the Sabbath school, and whose sentiments are in perfect unison with those above given. She speaks of her teacher with all the affection which a child could feel for a parent. Her words are of the following import :—

“When I was first placed under the instruction of Miss Bunting her health was quite poor ; yet neither the rain nor the snow could prevent her from coming to the Sabbath school. There I was sure to find her waiting to receive me. And when there, Sabbath after Sabbath, she would point me to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world, and labour to impress my mind that I was not my own,—that I was bought with a price, even the precious blood of Christ.

She would dwell upon the humiliation, sufferings, death, resurrection, and intercession of Christ; assuring me with tears that these were all on my account, and the blessings thus obtained were all *for me*. And so truly had her affectionate conduct toward me won my heart, even before I obtained the great salvation, that when she was absent from the city I have often wept in the school, and during service, because I could not see her. But when I became united to Christ by faith, she was endeared to me by stronger ties, and I loved her, not only with a natural affection, but as the instrument of my conversion to God.

“Not only in the school did she labour for my good, but often invited me to her home, where she abounded in prayers and tears and labours for my salvation. When my own health failed, I was with her for days and weeks together; and so tender was her heart, that often at night, when she greatly needed rest herself, she has risen two or three times to administer something for the relief of my poor body, and never failed to impart consolation to my soul at the same time. She would remind me of that world where the inhabitants ‘shall no more say they are sick;’ where ‘there is no more death, neither sorrow, nor pain;’ and would exhort me to seek that ‘holiness, without which no man can see the Lord.’ I loved her much; and I would gladly take a place at her feet, that I might be near her, from an assurance that she is very near our adorable Advocate”

It would be unnecessary to remark on the foregoing communications. They are written in plain and intelligible language, and describe a character of no ordinary excellence, and yet a character which all may sustain.

It is among the peculiar blessings of God to our world at the present day, that many of our youth are called to labour, in various ways, for the promotion of the kingdom of Christ. All that diversity of talent found among men may here be employed with good effect. But there is no talent of so much importance as that of piety,—true, deep, ardent, scriptural piety;—or, in other words, the love of God and man filling the heart. It was this intense affection which secured to Miss Hannah S. Bunting the pre-eminent rank and success she obtained as a Sunday school teacher. Loving God supremely, she could not but feel her just responsibility to him; and loving her fellow creatures, she could not but be zealously devoted to their best interests. And hence, having received charge of a class of children and youth to train in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and to educate for heaven, she bore their names and their wants continually upon her heart. She was never heard praying to be excused, or offering the plea of false modesty and a cold heart, that “she had not talents for the work.” She knew that the talents she had received, whether great or small, *must* be employed in an humble dependence on the grace of God. By a discreet and burning zeal for their good, she

soon received the confidence and affection of her class, and thus laid a foundation for mutual comfort and prosperity. The duties of the school were not regarded either by herself or by the class as a task ; and hence they had efficient motives for punctuality in reference to the hours of school :—especially in regard to herself, no ordinary difficulty or objection could keep her from the post of duty. Nor did she think it enough to employ the hours by rule appropriated to the business of the school, but regularly every week called her children together in her own dwelling, that she might have more time and convenient opportunity to instruct them in the nature and duties of religion. Here she employed every means in her power—not only instruction and exhortation, but entreaty, admonition, and prayer ; giving “line upon line, precept upon precept ; here a little, and there a little.” And this course she followed as long as her health would permit. She also followed the children to their dwellings, and earnestly and affectionately sought the co-operation of their parents in the great work of training them up for heaven.

Thus did this pious female cast her bread upon the waters, the fruit of which she began to see while she remained in this militant state ; and more shall she receive now that she has gone to join the Church triumphant, where the labour of love shall be abundantly and everlastingly rewarded in the kingdom of God.

In conclusion we would say to the youthful

readers who are called to labour in the same glorious cause, "*Go ye, and do likewise.*" You bear the name of Sunday school teachers;—be such in deed and in truth. Be hearty and zealous in your work. You have received a charge from God to educate children for the kingdom of heaven. But you cannot save either yourselves or them by a cold and merely formal service. The greatest and most noble qualification of a Sunday school teacher is LOVE. Have you the love of God shed abroad in your hearts? Do you love the souls of your fellow creatures, especially the children committed to your care, *with pure hearts fervently*? If you do, your duties will be a delight; if not, you may drag yourselves through them, but your own souls will be dry, your classes barren, and little or no fruit will remain of all your toils. "Our mouth is open unto you : our heart is enlarged." Will you go into the vineyard of the Lord? Will you assist in spreading the knowledge of salvation to the ends of the earth? Will you help forward that glorious reformation which is already begun? Then enter zealously into your Sunday school labours; and, till you can find a better, take Hannah Syng Bunting for your model and for your exemplar.

I cannot close this brief memoir without an observation on the importance of revealed religion. Let this be embodied in the lives and experiences of sincere Christians, and it is infinitely amiable. The expansion it gives to

the mind ; the elevation it gives to the thoughts, desires, and affections ; and the direction it efficiently gives to the actions of life, are peculiarly and pre-eminently its own ; and from these result usefulness and enjoyment in the superlative degree. But it is not only in the labours and trials of life that the excellences of the Christian religion are seen, but in *death* also. Here its power to support and bless is the most conspicuous and the most abundant. These observations are all exemplified and illustrated in the life and death of Miss Bunting. We have traced them in every part of her active life, and are now to witness their truth in her last moments. The following account of her death was given by one who knew her well, and was with her to the last, in a letter to a friend, dated May 26, 1832, and published in the *Christian Advocate and Journal* and *Zion's Herald* the 31st of August following :—

“ Philadelphia, May 26, 1832.

“MY DEAR SISTER,—I have no melancholy intelligence for you : weep not—but raise your heart to the God of all consolation, and expect all the support you need, while I tell you that our dearly loved Hannah has gone to join the redeemed ones around the throne. Yes ! it is even so. She triumphed over her last enemy on Friday, about five o'clock. The summons came in an unlooked-for moment, but she was fully prepared ; and no sooner heard the welcome word, ‘ Hither come up, thy

work is done,' than she flew with joyful haste to meet her adorable Lord. Her spirit with a bound burst its encumbering clay ; it was but a momentary pang. She had told me before that she had never presumed to ask for any intimation of the approach of death, and that God had sufficient witnesses even if she should die alone ;—that she felt such a sinking into the will of her heavenly Father, she could trust herself in his hands, and felt no anxiety about the termination of her sufferings, whether her end should be peaceful or triumphant, if she could only glorify God by showing forth a meek and quiet spirit unto the end. She said it had been her prayer with almost every breath that *patience* might have its perfect work. She wished me to tell you not to grieve about her sufferings, she was so abundantly supported by Divine grace ;—that the season she had often looked forward to with dread, and the pangs she had so frequently feared she would sink under, appeared light, and the way brightened : the nearer she approached the tomb, the more cheerfully she could welcome every presage of her dissolution.

“ Her great debility prevented her speaking, except in short sentences ; but they were full of meaning. In view of her heavenly inheritance she would exclaim, ‘ O ’tis a heaven worth dying for ! ’ I am sensible she was not conscious the desired haven was near : she expected to suffer much more ; and I was waiting to treasure up her dying words ; but when the

mandate came she had not time to say *farewell*. No! she left us without one parting word; and when I attempt to describe the closing scene, tears fall in floods from my eyes, and I scarcely believe I must say, *it is finished*. About four o'clock she was distressed with coughing. A friend who had just called, observed she was sorry to see her suffering: she replied, 'Do not grieve, but rather rejoice.' I prepared some medicine for her cough, but she was not able to take it. I stood waiting beside her, and saw her silently suffering, and asked her if she began to feel discouraged 'because of the way.' 'O no,' said she, 'but you have great need of patience to bear with me.' I replied, I had nothing to bear but the pain of seeing her suffer without being able to relieve her: she added, 'There is *One* above that can relieve me.' She in a few moments wished her position changed; we smoothed her pillows and she laid herself back against them; when she threw up her arms, and her eyes became glazed, and the pallid hue of death spread over her features. I could not for a moment believe it was *death*. I called on her name, but her tongue was silent, and in a few moments she ceased to breathe: and with my own hand I closed her eyes for their long slumber in the tomb. The funeral was a solemn season. Hannah's final resting place is near that of her dear sister's, in Christ's churchyard. 'Tis a lovely spot. And though the *tolling bell* and open grave proclaimed in

mournful language that death was now the victor ; yet the cheering words, ‘I am the resurrection and the life,’ &c., and ‘I *know* that my Redeemer liveth,’ enabled us to pierce the veil of mortality, and to believe that because Jesus lives she shall live also ; and that we should behold her again in the morning of the resurrection, clothed in shining garments near her risen Lord.”

THE END.

EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY
OF
MISS HANNAH SYNG BUNTING.

Philadelphia, Jan. 5, 1818.

MONDAY EVENING.

WHAT have I been doing? Is my heart sincere? Almighty Jehovah! thou knowest the intentions of the children of men. If I am under a delusion, speedily undeceive me.

I have this night openly professed to be on the Lord's *side*. Angels and men have witnessed my *solemn vows*. Much is now required of me : numerous obstacles surround me.

“ And can a feeble, helpless worm
Fulfil a task so hard?
God's *grace* must all the work perform,
And give the *free reward*.”

Alas! as yet I know not that my peace is made with God. At seasons I am favoured with tastes of a Saviour's love, which comfort and encourage me to persevere in his ways. Sixteen years I have stopped to quench my thirst at the shallow streams of worldly plea-

sure ; but invariably rose up unsatisfied. My eyes are *now* opened, and how contemptible do my former pursuits after happiness appear ! “ Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord.”

Jan. 30.—I ardently wish to redeem the time, and give the residue of my days to God. My youthful companions rest weightily on my mind ;—would that I could persuade them to go with me. The hearts of all men, O God, are in thy hands, and thou canst turn them as thou dost the rivers of water. Let converts be multiplied as the drops of the morning.

March 1.—Have been sitting under the droppings of the sanctuary, yet my heart is cold and unbelieving. I know

“ A word, a look, a touch from Thee,
Can turn my darkness into day.”

March 8.—When shall I find Him of whom Moses and the prophets wrote ? “ O that I knew where I might find him ? I would come unto him, and order my cause before him, and fill my mouth with arguments.” I am in the slippery paths of youth, without the instruction of pious parents. Surely God is my Father I throw myself on his mercy.

March 10.—I fear lest my convictions are not sufficiently deep. O my God, probe to the bottom of my heart. I would know the worst of my condition, and discover as much of my wretchedness as I can bear. O Jesus

take a poor fugitive into thy favour: shine through the clouds of my unbelief, "fair as the moon, and clear as the sun."

March 12.—My mind is much perplexed: I am bruised and broken. Rest by day I cannot, and at night I water my couch with tears. "A wounded spirit who can bear?"

March 19.—Worldly comforts avail nothing. I am pierced through with many sorrows: my sins are ever before me. Help, Jesus, for none else can release me.

March 22.—This day is kept in commemoration of the glorious event when Christ Jesus broke the bars of death, and rose triumphant from the tomb. May my captive soul be liberated from the iron bondage of sin. All my abominations are set in array against me: I am not only vile, but helpless.

April 12.—Attended public worship, and heard an edifying discourse from Mr. Martindale. He warned empty professors of their critical situation. Am I such a character?

"When I cast my eyes within,
O how dark, and vain, and wild!
Prone to unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?
If I ne'er find the sacred road,
I'll perish crying out for God."

April 19.—I have been up to God's sanctuary;—was present at the ordination of the elders. It was a solemn sight to see men devoting their lives to the Gospel ministry. May

those ambassadors of Christ do indeed the work of evangelists.

May 3.—Witnessed the administration of the Lord's Supper. O when will the happy time come when I can with confidence approach my Father's table?

May 21.—Nothing but the application of a Saviour's blood can ease my aching heart.

July 5.—Wishing to fulfil all righteousness, I ventured to my Master's table. I felt a trembling awe, knowing that some had eaten and drunk unworthily. I think I am sincere in my efforts to reform. Christ is my only hope: I would take shelter under his wings from the monster *sin*, which is ready to devour me.

Crosswicks, Aug. 18, 1819.—Shame covers me, for so often deviating from the path of rectitude. Lord, break down my stubborn *will*, and let me bear the image of my Divine Master. I have had some precious views of late, of the all-sufficiency of Christ to save. I know he tasted death for *every* man. I am led to hope that He, whom I have so long sought, will suddenly come into his temple.

Aug. 26.—I am convinced that earthly good can never fill an immortal mind. My soul is sick of sin;—the cup of repentance is very bitter. I ask power to drink it to the bottom, as I know it is mixed by the hand of the most skilful Physician. I have a portion of that spirit which Jacob possessed when he said, "I will not let thee go, unless thou bless me."

Aug. 30.—I still find trouble and heaviness ; but in my distress I will cry unto God, who can bring light out of darkness, and cause the deepest sorrow to issue in the highest joy.

Sept. 2.—Satan is doing his utmost to destroy me. I beseech thee, O Lord, to deliver me. I am oppressed with an intolerable load of guilt. Surely Jesus is my advocate *above* : I will take courage, and look to *him*, that my *enemy* may be conquered.

Sept. 13.—My conscience accuses me of ingratitude to that *Friend* who, of all others, I should love and adore. Hasten the time, O my Lord, when I shall have Christ formed in my heart the hope of eternal glory. Truly my soul waiteth for this as the watchman for the morning. I would even cultivate a deep sense of my wants ; but despondency I wish to guard against. Although I am a great sinner, Christ is a great Saviour : I will venture on his mercy, and expect him to pour down upon me such a blessing as I need.

Sept. 25.—Two years I have gone with my head bowed like a bulrush. I have sought for rest in all the appointed means, but found not such as my soul desired. My mind has been somewhat prejudiced against camp meetings ; yet a kind Providence directed me to one held near Pennington, New-Jersey. At a prayer meeting on Sabbath evening, the 19th of this month, the presence of the great Eternal was very manifest ;—many cried aloud for mercy ; others shouted the high praises of

God ; but I, being in heaviness, felt dissatisfied with what I *saw* ; concluding in my own mind that all was confusion and enthusiasm. My stubborn heart scorned to think of kneeling among those who were seeking the Lord, lest I should be noticed ; yet upon reflecting that I had openly professed to be on the Lord's side, and my internal anguish being too great to bear, I fell on my knees, not intending to discover my emotion ; but my proud purposes were soon defeated : a long-suffering Jesus delivered me from the snare of Satan. Many hours I continued in an agony never before experienced. *He* who "hears prayer" listened to my mournful cry. At two o'clock in the morning the Sun of righteousness arose with healing in his wings. My dungeon shook, my chains fell off, and I cried, "Glory to God." I was filled with unutterable joy. "O !" said I,

"If all the world my Jesus knew,
All the world would love him too."

I would not part with the *assurance* I now possess, that God is my reconciled Father, for ten thousand worlds.

Sept. 13, 1820.—The candle of the Lord shines bright on my path. I have again been worshipping in the consecrated grove. How pleasant to be a week free from the cares of this busy world. To me it appears to resemble that happy region,

"Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end."

Last summer my cup was filled ; now I want

it well shaken together. What I have hitherto experienced I am aware is but a drop from the ocean of redeeming mercy.

Aug. 7, 1821.—Another six days' work is accomplished. On the morrow, if spared to see it, may I be in the spirit. Without his sacred influence my devotions will be as a dry leaf. I mourn that my mind is wavering, tossed with every wind of doctrine. Jesus, "pity my unsettled soul; make me steadfast in the *faith*." Suffer not the powers of darkness to triumph over me: leave me not to my own understanding; but guide me in the way ever lasting.

August 8.

"How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end."

O the privilege of meeting the dear children of God at our *Father's* table! I do not go to the sacrament to tell Christ how good I *am*, but to think how good he is to receive and pardon so great a *rebel*.

August 12.

"Lord, if so poor a worm as I
Can to thy great glory live,"

make me the instrument of persuading some of my youthful charge in the Sunday school to turn from their evil ways and live.

Aug. 19.—What a feast to retire a few moments from the crowd, and hold communion with the Most High. Soon will the dream of life be ended. This makes me cry out,

“ I cannot, I cannot forbear
 Those passionate longings for home ;
 O when shall my spirit be there,
 O when will the messenger *come* !”

Aug. 20.—My nature does not like fasting, but my soul on those occasions banquets on the *love* of God. In my life there is not that stability that is attainable. Now is the time for a total separation from the world. Nature and grace struggle in my breast. Get thyself the victory, O my Lord.

“ Strange flames far from my heart remove,
 Let every thought, word, act, be *love*.”

Aug. 25.—What conflicts with *self* do I daily endure !

“ No cross, no suffering I decline,
 Only let all my heart be thine.”

It requires no small degree of grace to be a Christian throughout.

Aug. 28.—At prayer meeting this evening I was much blessed, and could scarcely refrain from crying out, “ Glory to God in the highest.” I truly experienced that I am *his* child.

Aug. 29.—A day of peace and comfort to my soul.

Aug. 30.—I want that power of love to God and man that will never fail. I cannot bear the idea of going to heaven alone. I lament the infatuation of my fellow creatures. They are bartering their immortal souls for bubbles light as air.

Sept. 3.—How the sight of my own deformity

makes me shudder. I shrink into nothing at the appearance of my inward corruptions.

Sept. 20.—God's judgments are unsearchable, and his ways past finding out. I am led to wonder and adore that train of providences (though some have appeared dark) which has brought sister K., cousin H., and myself to dwell under the same roof. May these unexpected favours lead me to a closer walk with Him who has provided them. Spread, O Lord, thy banner of love over us, and shield from all impending harm. Enable us and our household to give thee an unreserved service. Though we are members of different denominations, may it be said, "See how these Christians love."

July 20, 1822.—Spent some time conversing with my dear devoted cousin, Daniel Ellis, on the blessed subject of entire sanctification; which of all others most interests me. It is his opinion, that if I read Mr. Fletcher's address to imperfect believers with prayer and faith, I shall obtain the desire of my heart.

July 29.—Being alone I spent the afternoon in spreading my case before the Most High, and finished reading the above-mentioned address. My mind is much enlightened, and my views of this state clearer. I have long and ardently sought, but not found. My prayer to the great Author of this good and perfect gift is, that he would cleanse me from all sin.

July 30.—I could scarcely sleep through the night, my soul so panted for the carnal

mind to be destroyed. In this frame I went to a sunrise meeting, where my desires for this were increased. On my return I retired to prostrate myself before God. Where shall my wondering soul begin to praise the riches of his grace? Glory for ever,—glory to the name of Jesus;—he met me and gave me to feel and know that I was “clean through the *word he had spoken.*” For some time I was lost to earthly things, and sweetly filled with a sense of the awful presence of Jehovah.

“Let me no more in deep complaint,
‘My leanness, O my leanness,’ cry.”

Aug. 6.—I asked one whom I judged to be an experienced Christian, and in whom I placed the utmost confidence, if she considered it expedient openly to profess the blessing of sanctification. It was her opinion that it was safer to remain silent, as numbers had through unfaithfulness lost it, and thereby dishonoured the *cause*. Alas! by a false humility, and distrust of the power of God, I have forfeited this inestimable *gift*.

Elkton, October.—My mind during this trying journey has been in a good degree stayed on God. My gratitude should know no bounds, that I find my beloved father still alive. Magnify thy mercy toward him, O my Lord!

This morning under a trial I was strengthened by reading the sixth chapter of Daniel. Who is a God like unto *our* God? I have

found his grace suited to every *situation* and *condition* of my life. My dear parent has so far recovered as to be able to return to Philadelphia, where, with my dear sister and myself, he will be at home.

April 7, 1823.—Since I last wrote, my poor father has been gradually sinking toward the silent grave. Yesterday I was much alarmed by seeing him attacked with violent spasms and pain; but his mental sufferings far surpassed those of his body. Mr. Burch and Mr. Bateman visited him this afternoon, and were affected by his *fervent* cries for *mercy*. They left him bathed in tears of humble contrition. The idea of his leaving the shores of *time* without a fitness for his passage, is very painful; yea, I fear more than I can bear.

April 29.—To-day my dear parent has tossed to and fro on his pillow with internal anguish. Fortunately Mr. Burch called, and conversed, and prayed with him. After he was gone, my father lay very composedly, and told me he felt his mind comforted. Bless God for this *little ray* of Divine light.

Sunday, 4.—Passed this day in deep anxiety. My father cannot linger long on these mortal shores. I have been often at the mercy seat. Cousin Ashby Wiggins, who engaged in prayer for him, appeared to get into the presence chamber of the Deity.

Monday, 5.—My poor father says that *mercy* is his only *plea*: he *tells* me he does not pass an hour without prayer to God. Mr. Allen

and Mrs. Latimer were with him this morning. May their conversation be sanctified for his good.

Monday, 12.—I never knew so fully the value of religion as *now*. The scripture has been verified to me of *late*, which teaches that when afflictions abound, consolations do also much more abound. True, the anguish of parting with an only parent, so dear to my heart, was very keen, and such as no tongue can tell, or imagination paint. Nature could not have sustained the shock, but for the supports of grace, and a strong *hope* that the prayer of faith had availed with God. Need I weep that he has dropped a body of pain and suffering, and left a world of grief and *sin*, to be welcomed by angelic beings into that happy country, where the inhabitants shall not say, I am sick.

Thursday, 15.—God alone shall fill the aching void occasioned by my late painful bereavement. Cheering reflection,—I have one whom I can still call by the endeared name of FATHER. Yes! he will walk with me in the dreadful hour of dissolution. Death hath no power to sever me from him, but will rather bring me to the complete enjoyment of his immediate presence.

“ O what a mighty change
Shall Jesus' followers know,
While o'er the happy plains they range,
Incapable of wo!”

Saturday, 17.—I had for seven months the mournful satisfaction of attending my father, and performing the last sad offices of filial affection. Grant, almighty God, that this severe stroke, and every other wave of trouble, may waft my little bark nearer the port of bliss. I feel satisfied that the Lord is watching over *me*, and that he does not willingly afflict or grieve his children.

September 14.—I have just returned from Crosswicks camp meeting. My ceaseless cry to God was, while there, that he would “pity my unsettled soul.” Alas! I too often suffer the things of this world to have my first concern. O! my Lord, urge me to follow on, until I “steadfastly believe,” and am made “every whit whole.”

“For this I’ll *strive*, for this I’ll *pray*,
For this I’ll wrestle night and day.”

Nov. 18.—For some weeks I have been detained from the public means of grace by indisposition, caused by a tumour on my head. Dr. Phisick thinks I must submit to an operation before my health can be restored. My Lord, if it is *thy* will I cheerfully acquiesce. I ask neither ease nor pain, but thy grace, the few days and nights I may yet remain a sufferer in this world. The prospect I have of joining the redeemed on high in one eternal song of praise, cheers my darkest hours.

January 11, 1824.—“And now, my soul, another year of thy short life is gone” with

those beyond the flood. Multiplied indeed are my causes of praise, love, and devotedness of heart to God. I am bound to thank him for a restoration to health. Six years I have been preserved from wilful transgression; while too many, who bid much fairer to obtain the kingdom, have made shipwreck of their faith. I am much dissatisfied with my present attainments: I should ere this have obtained perfect soundness, and been found walking in the narrowest path in the narrow way. I begin this year with new resolutions. I have long set apart Friday as a day of fasting and prayer. I intend to be more diligent in the use of this, and every other means,

“ Until I gain perfection’s height,
The depth of humble love.”

February 1. Sabbath evening.—For months I have prayed for a greater discovery of my inward corruptions. God heard and granted me such a sight of my natural depravity, as almost drove me to despair. The load for some days was intolerable: God only knew my inward suffering. I groaned, being burdened. This morning I queried in my mind whether it would not be presumption in me to approach the table of a holy God. While I hesitated, those words were sweetly applied, “Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he will sustain thee:” since which I have felt a peace unknown before.

Feb. 13.—I am ready to conclude, from my present enjoyment, that I am no longer under

the dominion of inbred sin; but I do not as yet possess the direct and abiding witness, such as removes all doubt and fear. Nothing less than such an evidence can satisfy the immense desire of my soul. O when shall I reach the object of my wishes!

Feb. 15.—Heard this evening of the death of a dear Christian friend, who joined class soon after I did, and with whom I took sweet counsel, and walked to the house of God in company. She had much more the appearance of health and length of days than myself; yet I am left.

“Not greatly to discern, not much to know,
Mankind were born to wonder and adore.”

March 7.—Since my last date I have felt my desires after purity of heart and entire holiness of life much increased. My views of sanctification are so high, that I seem scarcely at the threshold.

March 25.—A memorable day. It only seems necessary to ask and receive. The comforts of the Holy Ghost are neither few nor small; but I am taught the necessity of constant watchfulness.

March 28.—Another week nearer my eternal, happy home. “Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time.” I long to quit this vale of tears, and join with the myriads above in a song of praise that will never end. The sermons I have heard of late fill me with gratitude; yet I am astonished at myself and others,

that we are not more *holy*. All other objects sink into nothing compared with this *one*. I long to prove the utmost power of transforming grace.

April 2. Friday evening.—My body has suffered from weakness to-day, occasioned by fasting; but my soul is happy in God. Visiting the sick with dear Mrs. Wilkinson, a mother in Israel, proved a precious season. This evening heard Mr. Lindsey, from “Verily, verily, I say unto you, Ask what ye will in my name, and it shall be given you.” I felt much of the Divine presence. Should the Lord say to me this moment, “What is thy petition?” I would quickly answer, “Give me *holiness*.” Yes,—

“I feel a pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart.”

April 3.—Every day unfolds new beauties and a greater loveliness in the religion of a compassionate Saviour. I feel it is not a “cunningly devised fable.”

April 4. Sunday morning.—On my knees, great God, I covenant afresh to be *thine*, and *only* thine. Go with me to thy table, and cause thy dying love to melt and purify my heart. Several of my Christian friends have stepped into the “liberty of the sons of God.” O! that I could record at the close of this day that the bitter root of sin is wholly extracted. The corruption of my nature causes me more misery than any outward trial I ever expe-

rienced.* *Evening.*—Heard Mr. Pease from, “My presence shall go with thee.” Lord, be thou my leader and friend in every step of my way through this hostile world. I cannot testify that I have obtained the pearl I so much long for; but at the pool I wait until the troubling of the waters. My God only knows the cause of my feelings. I am like Noah’s dove which could not find rest for the sole of her foot.

“Jesus, the hinderance show,
Which I have fear’d to see;”

and if I am seeking by the works of the law, undeceive me speedily.

* The reader will have occasion to notice in several places in the following diary, as well as in this, that Miss Bunting speaks of the “corruption of her nature” after professing sanctification. This is not according to strict theological propriety. In some cases she appears to use this strong expression, “Corruption of nature,” or the like, for those *infirmities* which will be found to consist with freedom from moral corruption. It is not certain, however, that she had at this period obtained entire sanctification. That she had had a view of the blessing as offered in the Gospel, and some special manifestations of the love of God, while her soul was drawn out for it, is quite clear. And it is quite natural, and somewhat common for those who are earnestly seeking full sanctification, to take the *suspension* of the motions of inbred sin for deliverance from it. This was probably her state at this time. But in the progress of the work of grace, she obtained the abiding witness of the Holy Spirit, that the blood of Christ had cleansed her from all moral pollution; and, under this influence, all the fruits of the Spirit were matured in her breast for a considerable time before her death.

April 25.—My continual cry is,

“ Show me the way I have not known,—
The heaven of loving thee alone.”

Surely God is the only object worthy of my adoration! Often I detect my wayward heart dwelling on forbidden objects. Heavenly Power! strike a death blow to all the vain imaginations and evil tempers that lurk within, and let me know thee in the complete destruction of all my spiritual foes. This inconstant world never possessed fewer charms. True, I have every earthly comfort that I can ask; but without a sense of the presence of my Lord, I never know a joyful hour.—Parted with my dear cousin Lydia, which was keenly felt. I long for that country, where parting with near and dear friends is no more.

May 2.—Aid me, holy Father, in the important duty of self-examination. Upon a review of this day, I perceive my negligence. While hearing Mr. Summerfield preach from “ Pray for the peace of Jerusalem :—they shall prosper that love thee;” I determined to be more diligent and fervent in my approaches to the mercy seat. Alas! on my return I found my kindling ardours die. How much is still within me contrary to pure love! O, my God, I know not what to do, but my eye is fixed on thee!

May 18.—The chief object I have in view is, with Divine aid, to make religion the principal business of my life. I am convinced very little else is worth a serious thought.

Daily occurrences remind me of the uncertainty of all that is earthly. My beloved friend and counsellor, Theodosia Petherbridge, has found the rest I still toil to find, and is landed in the arms of that God she so faithfully served. O that I could follow her as she followed Christ ! Why I live is a mystery ; so unfit to act my part as a useful member in the Church. If I cannot *do* good, my aim shall be to do no harm. Should not the death of one and another of my friends give fresh vigour to my soul, make life less pleasant, and heaven more desirable !

June 18.—Upon the broad and immovable Rock, Christ Jesus, I build all my hopes of present and future happiness.

“ How can I sink with such a prop,
Who bears the world and all things up ? ”

June 20.—I possess a confidence that my treasure is in heaven. When I bear the cross of my Master, hard things become easy, and rough places smooth. I had infinite sweetness in communion with my Saviour ;—believe he is preparing me to change worlds. May I be found in a waiting posture, ready to clap my glad wings and soar away.

June 25.—My grand adversary has been doing his utmost to entangle my weak mind with vain speculations. At such seasons I endeavour to cast my burden on the Lord : then I can rest satisfied, nay, pleased to wait, until my faith shall be swallowed up in vision.

June 27.—Prostrate, and with my mouth in the dust, would I adore my Father and God, for the love, joy, peace, and strength I now possess in him.

July 11.—Still feel bound for the kingdom of immortal blessedness, and enjoy an unusual calm, notwithstanding the cares of life are more numerous than usual ;—feel I need something more than this empty world can afford, to raise me above the melancholy of my natural disposition. Numerous indeed are my spiritual enemies : let me speedily know thee, Lord, in their entire destruction. The rod of pain has been laid on me of late, but it has proved as a spur to deeper engagedness.

July 12.—Much benefited by the company of dear Ann Truman, who has lately obtained the witness of perfect love. I listened with eagerness to her simple, but clear relation of the way by which she was put into the possession of this pearl. Every power of my soul and body is on stretch for this greatest of all gifts.

July 15.—How few holy tempers dwell in my breast ! Were I clothed with the righteousness of Christ, my prayers would avail much. My lukewarmness and coldness often bar heaven against me. O that I might from this hour stir up the gift of God within me, and that the evidence of my being wholly the Lord's may grow brighter every day ; and may I stretch forward, through sunshine and darkness, toward the mark for the prize of entire devotedness to God.

July 29.—I shall be much exposed this afternoon. I tremble lest the fear of man should bring a snare. Lord, all my help must come from thee; for “what can earth and ashes do?” Reading a sermon of Mr. Wesley’s from, “We know in part,” silenced many of Satan’s subtle reasonings in my breast. My Father, God,—

“Lift up thy countenance serene,
And let thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconciled.”

I feel an unusual panting after the whole image and full enjoyment of God. Nothing can hinder this work while the arm of Jehovah is on my side. I put myself under his almighty protection, and ardently pray to be settled and established in the faith.

Aug. 14.—My heart is quite melted with the goodness of God. I rejoice that my eyes were ever blessed with beholding such wonderful displays of Divine power as were manifested in the silent grove. Had I an angel’s tongue, I could not fully paint the amazing works of the Almighty. I went to this meeting with a thirst to know more of God, Satan used his utmost skill to depress me. For some days he was too successful. So great was the view I had of my polluted nature, that I almost lost the clear evidence I before had of justification. With a sad heart I took my seat in the congregation to hear Jacob Moore preach. His text was Rom. viii, 16, “The Spirit itself

beareth witness with our spirits, that we are the children of God," &c. I wept freely, and before he concluded his sermon I regained my former peace. With this blessing in one hand, I reached with the other for full redemption.

On Sunday afternoon Dr. Dunn spoke from 1 Thess. v, 23, "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly," &c. The benches being wet, owing to a shower of rain, I was under the necessity of remaining in the tent. I feared that the passing and repassing of the people would dissipate my mind; but my whole soul was absorbed in the subject, and it did not disturb me. On Monday at eight o'clock, a love-feast was held. Such testimonies I scarcely ever heard. After sermon the sacrament was administered. Solemnity sat on every countenance. In the afternoon Dr. Dunn addressed us from John vii, 37, "In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood, and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." I panted as the hunted roe for the cooling water brook. It appeared as though my heart would break with desire. He told us that *faith* was simply taking God at his *word*, and directed us to lay hold on the promises, and draw from the well of salvation, entirely emptying ourselves of self-righteousness, that we might be filled with the Spirit, the living water in the text. I followed him with almost breathless expectation, sitting motionless, and feeling an "awe that dared not move." Satan suggested many obstacles, such as, "If

you obtain the blessing of sanctification, you will soon lose it, and thereby dishonour God," with many others, too numerous to mention. But I was not to be defeated by his artful insinuations. At this juncture these words were forcibly applied, "Believe that you receive them, and ye shall have them."

With a mighty effort of faith I resolved in hope against hope, self-desperate, to *believe*, and leave the event with God. Immediately heaven-born peace and love took possession of my breast, and with the poet I cried,—

" Exults my rising soul,
Disburden'd of her load,
And swells unutterably full
Of glory and of God."*

The testimony of the Holy Spirit was *still* as the *midnight* hour, but *clear* as the *noonday* sun. The First Epistle of John iii, 20–24, was powerfully applied to my case. On my way home the enemy again met me, and injected a variety of painful temptations, such as, "You are going back to an alluring world, and must face various trials. You cannot stand long: even professors of religion will watch over you for evil," &c. This, with a deep sense of my own insufficiency, caused me to cry mightily to God, and my fears were calmed by this passage: "Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, *leaning* upon her *Be-loved*?"

* It was at this time that Miss B. received the witness of perfect love.

Aug. 20.—I went to my class to thank God for his unspeakable *gift*, and openly avow before my brethren what had been wrought for me. The adversary suggested that I should be at a loss, and unable to express myself. Thank God I felt no lack. I find that speaking of his goodness strengthens my faith. Some little fruit concurs in confirming me that what I have of late experienced is no delusion. I begin now more fully to realize what a life of entire dependence on the *sinner's* only *Friend* is. I dare not take thought for the morrow: a piercing sense of my wants causes me to cry unceasingly for aid. I enjoy constant communion with the Father and with his Son, Jesus Christ. Unbelief is taken out of my heart, and my soul feeds on angels' food.

“Nature's last agony is o'er,
And cruel sin subsists no more.”

Aug. 29.—I possess great calmness of mind to-day. Although domestic matters are more confused than usual, they do not disturb me.

Sept. 12.—I sensibly feel that my will and affections are fixed on God;—he has no competitor in my bosom. May I fully answer the end of my creation and redemption. I clearly discern that of myself I *am nothing*: self seems annihilated,—so true is it that grace alone can humble the soul.

Sept. 30.—I have glorious discoveries of the grand provision made in the new covenant for the complete salvation of the soul. At

times I can scarcely discern between temptation and sin ; but by carrying my case immediately before the Lord, by earnest, agonizing prayer, light emanates from above, and makes the path of duty plain.

Oct. 14.—My soul is filled with such faith as I never had before. I eat the bread of heaven ; and when my inward foes rise up as a host against me, I simply cast my iniquities into the abyss of redeeming mercy, and preserve an inviolable *peace*.

“ O love Divine, how sweet thou art !
How cheering is thy ray !”

Oct. 28.—How am I humbled by one very dear, who will not receive my testimony ! She insinuates that every transgression of the Adamic law is sin ; supposing that Christian perfection consists in freedom from ignorance, mistakes, and various infirmities. I can appeal to God, that I wish no one to think I am free from sin. I am aware I neither love him or my neighbour as I ought, or as I hope I shall. All mankind could not persuade me that the bitterness of the carnal mind is not extirpated, or that sin, properly speaking, reigns in my mortal body.

“ Jesus’ blood has cleansed my wounds :
O the wondrous story !
I was lost, but now I’m found,
Glory, glory, glory.”

Nov. 10.—Although I am convinced of my own weakness, yet I feel no hesitancy in saying

the clamour of self is gone : my feet are on a Rock that never can be shaken. The efficacious blood of the *atonement* has set me free from the *law of sin and death* !

Dec. 20.—None but God has known what I for some time have had to pass through. Indeed, my suffering of soul has been so great, as nearly to unfit me for attention to my temporal concerns. My complaint is an affection of the nerves. Lowness of spirits, and at times great depression, have called every grace into action. I can with propriety say uncommon heaviness has been my portion, owing to numberless temptations ; yet through *all* I have felt no condemnation ; my confidence in God has been firm. I am deeply oppressed with a fear that I am not approved in the sight of my Divine Master, because I do not rejoice evermore : pray *I do* without ceasing.

Crosswicks, Dec. 28.—Hither the Lord hath brought me by his supporting grace. I am mercifully kept from sinking into discouragement. Though weak in body, and still destitute of joy, my soul has peace ; and if competent to judge, I am more desirous to glorify God, by living according to his will, than being delivered from my trials.

Philadelphia, Jan. 12, 1825.—God was with me on my going out and coming in. He is much better to me than my foolish fears. My journey has been a benefit to my health. I would, if consistent, pray for my former health and vigour ; but if it be more needful for me

to linger out a life of pain, thy will, O God, be done! Five months past I have enjoyed a glorious liberty through believing. God has the sole possession of my willing heart. Many nights I have been so filled with love, that sleep has forsaken my eyes. What solid bliss, to know God dwells in my heart, and feel he ruleth my will, my affections, my tempers, and desires. I thank him for preventing me by an application of this passage:—"Touch not, handle not,"—from going with the multitude to view the parade that escorted our respected General Lafayette into the city. I grant that he should live in the heart of every true American; but I dislike so much show.

Mary Morris, who has long been a sufferer, has fled to her eternal rest. I passed several solemn, profitable nights, watching by her dying pillow. Not a cloud obscured her sky. Her last words to me were, "God bless you." These amply repaid me for all my toil.

Feb. 10.—Visited one of my Sabbath scholars who is sick, and felt liberty in reproving her parents for selling on the Lord's day. Her mother was affected to tears. I went from thence to see M. P., a poor young creature who has unhappily wandered from the path of *virtue*. I believe her end is very near; but the indifference she manifests respecting her eternal interest is truly affecting. I attempted to pray with her, but found no access. Lord, tear away the veil from her eyes.

Feb. 18.—The desires of my heart are en-

larged to be filled with all the fruits of righteousness. At lovefeast this evening I was refreshed by hearing from Mr. Lybrand, that from side to side of Lancaster circuit there is a general inquiry among the people. Along the banks of the rivers, on the mountains, and in the valleys, the God of power is manifesting himself in the conviction and conversion of multitudes. May victory succeed victory, until *all nations* shall speak one language, and every heart become the abode of God. I feel very importunate for my Sunday class. The advanced age of several of the girls requires their dismissal; and must I, after all, see them leave the school without a change of heart? Surely they will be overcome by the fascinations of this showy, deceitful world. My soul is in an agony for them.

Feb. 20.—This is the last week my dear sister Kitty will call this house her home. O that Heaven's richest blessings may attend the contemplated *union*! I believe it is directed by God. It is no small trial to part with her. She has ever acted a mother's part toward me. The Lord has removed my father to another world: now he calls for another sacrifice. As my creature comforts fail, I will take Jesus as my all-sufficient Friend. Let me lean on thy breast, my beloved Lord, and keep me in thy bosom.

Feb. 22.—Felt my mind drawn out in prayer for one who is earnestly looking where she may find her Lord. One of my Sabbath scholars

also came on Thursday last to request the privilege of attending class. Is not this ominous of some good?

Feb. 25.—Last evening my dear sister was solemnly united with H. D. Haven, a young man who fears and loves God. May their union tend to a yet closer union with the great Giver of all blessings. I must confess a more private wedding would have been more consonant with my views and feelings. For some time I was unavoidably in a bustle; but, thank God, it has been an outward one: my heart did not partake of it.

“Calm on tumult’s wheel I sit,
’Midst busy multitudes, *alone.*”

This evening I broke through all difficulties to attend lovefeast at the academy. My body being quite worn down with fatigue, I did not calculate on enjoying it. Out of weakness surely I was made strong;—had such a manifestation of Divine love as almost overpowered the faculties of nature;—was enabled to bear a public testimony of the goodness of my God. I am now in possession of a long desired privilege,—a chamber to myself, in the silence of which I can devote myself, with all my powers, more exclusively to the Lord.

March 6.—Went out this afternoon with the intention of visiting M. P.; but, alas! she was *no more!* I shall not say what I felt: my painful feelings cannot be expressed. It was an awful event. She has gone, for ever

gone, into the world of spirits, to appear before the all-knowing God. How very different were my feelings afterward, when conversing and praying, with two pious, though severely afflicted widows: the contrast soothed my mind into a pleasing calm. I long for a yet larger measure of the mind of Christ.

March 7.—Have just received the intelligence of the death of Mrs. L. Wilkinson. Dear saint! she has gone to better company, who wait for her above. The last words she uttered were, "I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith;" and I *do know* "there is laid up for me a crown of glory, glory, glory!" Never did the veil which hides the blessedness of eternity from my view, seem so thin as at this moment. No doubt sister Oliver's spirit, which landed on the shores of Canaan a short time before, hailed with joy her arrival. O when shall I get within the enclosures of the New Jerusalem, and for ever gaze on the perfections of the Deity!

March 10.—When I contemplate the power and glory of the mighty Jehovah, I shrink back into my own nothingness. He is the being whose "centre is everywhere, and whose circumference nowhere." May I constantly realize his awful presence, and walk as under his all-seeing eye.

March 14.—I feel much shame before the Lord for my sins of omission. Jesus is my hiding place, and—

“Fully absolved through him I am,
From guilt and fear, from sin and shame.”

When he is near, all things please and delight me; but if he be absent, all becomes disgusting. Communion with such a Friend is heaven on earth.

“Naught but the fountain head above
Can satisfy my thirst of love.”

March 20.—If acquainted with my own heart, I am advancing in Divine knowledge, and daily pursuing after greater degrees of holiness. I can revert to the period when the fear of *death*, *Satan*, the *cross*, &c., greatly distressed me. I have now a portion of love that casts out slavish fear, and feel constantly happy in the enjoyment of the Divine favour.

While God is my Friend, pain and affliction will be pressed into my service. “Frost can warm, or fire cool.” I want a living principle of love to actuate all my performances, that I may not foolishly catch at the straws of my own works, or lean on the broken reed of my own righteousness.

March 25.—Heard Mr. White preach from, “One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his holy temple.” To which my soul replies, *Amen.*

April 1.—Every day lays me under renewed obligations to love and serve God. When I

consider my privileges, I am fearful my attainments are not proportionate. I feel myself but a dwarf in Christian experience. Our respected father Wilmer, one of the first Methodists in America, and upward of fifty years leader of a class, of which my dear grandmother Rudolph was a member, has gone to his long desired home. During his painful illness he maintained a *solid peace*; and in time of excruciating suffering affirmed, with emphasis, "Religion is true; and if this be death, there is no pain in dying." To the Rev. J. Easborn he said he could "almost see the spires of the New Jerusalem."

April 3.—"Lord, thou preparest a table before me in the presence of my enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over."—Partook of the emblems of dying mercy;—love unspeakable filled my soul. The following words of Mr. Fletcher have been the subject of my serious contemplation:—"Behold the man."—"Jesus rested his infant head on hay, and his dying head on thorns: a manger was his cradle, and a cross his death-bed." Surely such amazing condescension demands my heart, my life, my all. Grant, O my Lord, that my soul may be as a "garden enclosed to all but thee."

April 10.—This solemn passage has borne with weight on my mind: "Let us therefore fear, lest a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of you should seem to come short of it." Heard of the unexpected death

of a relation, who was cut down in the bloom of youth. My fears are awake, lest my natural timidity deterred me from visiting, and faithfully warning her of her state. May this be a lesson for me in future. My enemies have stood in array against me. A sense of my remissness fills me with shame: I would rather die than offend my gracious God.

Encouraged this afternoon in meeting my Sabbath scholars. Several of them appear deeply impressed.

April 11.—I have felt much relief from the information I have just received, that my dear cousin, for whom I was so much distressed, died in the Lord.

Crosswicks, April 31.—Aid, Holy Spirit, in the important duty of self-examination. I have been induced to quit my home, with the hope of improving my health. Meeting dear friends is highly gratifying; but I should not feel justified in leaving my home merely for my own pleasure. I desire to be more weaned from persons, places, and things. I know that my Beloved is mine, and that I am his.

“O Jesus, nothing may I see;
Nothing hear, feel, or think, but thee.”

New-York, May 6.—Since I came to this place God has been eminently near. The name of Jesus sounds most delightfully in my ear. I possess a heaven-born peace in my soul, of which I would not be deprived for the universe. Glory, glory to God in the highest.

May 9.—I have for some time been deprived of the means of grace. Went this morning to the John-street church, hungry for the word of life;—was fed and strengthened by hearing Mr. — from Hebrews, “That ye be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.” I felt hearty contrition for my coldness, and promised in the strength of my covenant-keeping God to use in future all the circumspection and self-denial the Gospel requires.

This evening had to appear rude rather than spend the time in company. I had rather appear singular than offend God by deviating in a single point.

“O that my tender soul might fly
The first abhorr’d approach of ill.”

May 11.—I met in spirit with my dear bandmates, who assemble in Philadelphia at this hour. How pleasant is Christian union! Just returned from Mr. Jewett’s class;—felt much united with the dear people. An overwhelming sense of the presence of God was among us. I was pleased with Mr. Jewett’s manner: he reminded me of Mr. Bramwell;—short, but very comprehensive. He spoke of a sister Banker, who had been a member of society eleven years; and though her walk was very consistent, the enemy of souls had so much the advantage of her, as to prevent her from enjoying the direct witness

of the Spirit; but when she came to die, her testimony was, that she “felt as *pure* as though she had never *sinned*.”

May 12.—Was at a private meeting held in the house of Mrs. Dando, who has long been a prisoner through bodily affliction. Mr. Jewett related a dream which had afforded him great comfort in a time of severe temptation. He imagined he saw a tall tree with thick foilage at the top, and a vine twining itself around the body. “Now, my doubting sister,” said he, “though your *faith* be no thicker than a thread, let it twine closely round *Christ*, and you can have nothing to fear.” The language of my heart was, “Lord, give me faith, with faith’s increase.”

May 13.—Had a clearer view of God’s fulness, and my own emptiness, at Mr. Paradise’s class this afternoon.

May 14.—At Mr. Waldo’s meeting this evening;—not altogether pleased with him. I fear a wrong spirit has crept in among some of this people. They speak too lightly of the ministry. Lord save them from delusion and apostasy.*

May 15. Sabbath.—Rose this morning at four o’clock, to attend a meeting held in the

* This is a very judicious remark of Miss Bunting, and shows the soundness of her judgment, as well as the depth of her piety. It is pride and delusion which leads to contempt of the authorized ministers of Christ; and here apostasy generally has its origin. This the history of the Church abundantly confirms.

form of a lovefeast, at a class room in Forsyth-street. I never heard so many witnesses, and such noble testimonies for perfect love. I exult to find this doctrine so fully believed by my brethren and sisters in New-York. God grant a general inquiry may be made for it throughout the world of professing Christians. I am cheered to find several of my Presbyterian friends living in the enjoyment of it. Sat with great delight to-day, and heard Mr. Chase, Mr. Sandford, and Mr. Nichols preach the word of life. I view before me an ocean of love, which has neither bottom nor shore.

Rahway, (N. J.,) May 19.—Came here yesterday;—spent most of this afternoon profitably conversing with my dear cousin D. on the deep things of God. Had a pleasant time in the evening at cousin Ashby's class, while listening to the simple, though clear and feeling details of the dear people. I feel that my visit to New-York has not been altogether in vain. I see nothing so desirable as holiness. I wish to be free from all else, that Christ may be all in all. I would not be found a moment from his side, as I am only safe while there. To get ready to die is my chief concern. O for a *fitness*, that when the summons is sent, I may say with joy, "Lord, I come!"

Crosswicks, May 22.—Since I wrote last I have met with a severe trial, and am still labouring under it; yet, with the psalmist, I can say, "Blessed be the Lord God, who daily crown-

eth and loadeth me with benefits." My mind is in a comfortable frame, and my prospects of eternal happiness are brightening. The country also looks charmingly since the reviving rain. Sweet are its smiles; and all seems peace. I am waked every morning by the warbling of the feathered songsters, who

"Praise their Maker all they can,
And shame the silent tongue of man."

I have enjoyed many solitary walks. Nature never appeared half so lovely! How I enjoy this relaxation! What a privilege to be far away from the busy haunts of men, with my mind calm, and free from the vexing cares of a city life! The stillness that surrounds me soothes my mind into a pleasing melancholy.

"I feel not now my bosom bleed,
Nor yet that *some things* o'er me press;
For O, *religion!* thou indeed
Art love, and peace, and happiness."

Philadelphia, May 29.—My heart is penetrated with the goodness and love of God in bringing me in safety to my residence. He has defeated my expectations with regard to my health. I return much worse than I went. For several days I have raised blood in coughing. I trust in the God of my salvation, "for unto him belong the issues from death." Abundantly more do I enjoy the consolations and sufficiency of grace when at home, than

when travelling, visiting, &c. I only live to know my adored *Father's will*, and glorify him by suffering as well as doing. I sometimes wonder why I feel such an intense desire to be employed, without either power of body or mind, or any qualification for the great *work*.

June 12.—“A father of the fatherless is God in his holy habitation.” Yes, he is with his orphan child, and enables her to bear pain as she never did before, and cheers her weary spirit with a lively hope of, ere long, being released from the shackles of mortality, and brought for ever to bask in the fruition of his boundless and eternal love.

June 21.—I feel as a moth in the mighty hand of Him who rideth upon the heavens. He shows me my weakness, but leaves me not to contend with my foes *alone*. May I lose nothing in this furnace but the dross of nature. I long to be more conformed to Christ, to be enabled to follow the great Sufferer, and rejoice to be counted worthy to suffer with him, that finally I may, “free from pain, his glory sing.”

June 30.—Earthly vanities are not only tasteless but irksome. My infirm constitution admonishes me not to expect long life. I would regard each day as a reprieve from death, and have my conversation and my heart in heaven. I have but one object in view, which is to honour God in my body and spirit, which are his, and only his. My good actions, if any I perform, are *very* imperfect; but as

“mere indifference to good is evil,” I would have every power and faculty occupied in the cause of my Divine Saviour.

July 1.—Disappointment and pain make up the sum of my earthly portion; “but my feet stand in an even place.” I trust in God, and am helped. O for more simplicity, and to be filled with love to the Most High! I firmly believe Jesus is preparing a mansion for me in a land where I shall experience no change, except from one degree of glory into another. When shall I be released from every infirmity, that I may enjoy my God without interruption in that region where tears shall be wiped from off all faces?

“O were I enter’d there,
To perfect heaven restored;
O were I *now* caught up to share
The triumph of my Lord!”

July 2.—Our dear Summerfield has at length landed on the peaceful shores where the storms of trouble never beat. Long and keenly did he feel the chastening hand of the Almighty. Yes, one of the most glorious *lights* God hath bestowed upon his Church, is *gone*!—cut down in the flower of his age by the relentless hand of *death*! I am led to adore this mysterious Providence, and must acknowledge,—“Through clouds and darkness are round about him, yet justice and truth are the habitation of his throne.” But who now shall strengthen our hands in this weary land of shadows? But

I am silenced by the voice of Him who says, "Shall I not do what I will with my *own*?" Summerfield did not sleep as do others. Divine love and benevolence for his wretched fellow creatures burned upon the altar of his devout heart. I never knew one possessed of equal qualifications to advance the cause of God. He did honour to it by his abundant labours. May his mantle fall on our young Elishas!

I would bring a sacrifice of thanksgiving to God that I am still alive in a dying world. I wish so to order my life, that I may say with one, "I am ready to die, but willing to live." Many, this excessively warm weather, have had to obey a hasty *call*. A few doors from our dwelling the summons was sent to a man and his wife in one short week.

"O *time*,—than gold more precious."

Hilton, July 5.—This day I have completed my twenty-fourth year. I am led to wonder at the mercies of God, which have followed me from my *cradle*. I expect they will continue with me to my *tomb*.

I realize that *time* with me is on the wing. Lord, enable me duly to prize and weigh *each* hour. I know "that life is long which answers life's *great end*."

Philadelphia, July 10.—My heart is filled with sorrow, hearing the mournful news of my cousin Daniels severe illness. Lord, support his dear sister on her hasty journey. **From**

our early days Daniel and myself have been much united. There is but a few weeks' difference in our ages. We commenced the Christian course nearly together, and perfectly coincided in sentiment. Yes, he was "lovely in life," and I feel that if he is now to be torn away, that in "*death* we shall not be divided." Our friendship will only consummate in eternity.

I spent last week profitably at Hilton : am better in body since my return. God's *will* is blessed ; and whether it be for or against me, I receive it all as from his hand. Owing to the weakness of my body, I cannot use as much self-denial as in time past. I pray that I may be saved from inactivity and needless self-indulgence. Lord, guide me, and let thy glory be my constant aim.

Three girls of my Sunday school class have been promoted as teachers. I have a godly jealousy over them, and desire they should feel their awful responsibility. I begin to hope the labour of six years will not be altogether in vain.

July 12.—I more fully realize that time is receding, and eternity is heaving in *view*. My beloved cousin, Daniel Ellis, on Sunday last, (July 10,) at four o'clock, exchanged a state of suffering for a peaceful immortality. His dying moments were not those of ecstatic joy, but calm and serene as summer evenings are. Perhaps some, on viewing him cut down in the bloom of youth and usefulness, and snatched

from the fond embrace of an amiable wife and lovely babe, may be inclined to say, "How sad!" But I adore the goodness of God in calling him so *early* to his glory. Daniel laboured faithfully for that which endureth unto eternal life. God set him to work ; and shall he not when he please *call* him away, and give him his hire? All his toils are now ended : he has bid adieu to this passing world, and is *now* enjoying the delights of heaven, seeing things that have never entered into the heart of man, and which in this life are impossible to be conceived. My soul exults in the prospect of soon joining him in the skies. I feel as a stranger in a weary land, restless, and sighing for a better inheritance.

July 21.—Notwithstanding my unworthiness, God deigned to visit me in band to-night. One of my dear sisters has been for some weeks under a cloud. May it speedily burst in blessings on her head. I long for a life of entire devotion to God, and to be constantly employed in his service. I dare not stop to play with bubbles, while souls, bought with the *price* of a Redeemer's blood, are perishing. True, my sphere of usefulness is very limited ; yet God will not despise the day of small things. If I cannot perform great achievements, yet I may be found often in secret places, wrestling for Zion's prosperity. I would press through summer's heat and winter's cold, knowing that when the world's short week of toil is o'er, my reward will be glo-

rious. When I contemplate the felicities of heaven, I am ready to say,—

“When shall I see my Father’s face,
And in his bosom rest?”

July 24.—I desire to be ever on the wing, and watch, saying, “Here am I, Lord; send me where thou wilt.”—Rode twenty miles to-day, to Miss Pepper’s Sabbath school. Verified the truth of this promise, “They that water, shall be watered.” Rev. Joseph Pilmoor is lodged in the garner above. His memory failed on all points but the subject of religion. *This* he was ever alive to. Nearly all the veterans of Mr. Wesley’s time have gone to meet him, doubtless in the paradise of God.—This evening every feeling, every pulse of my heart, is *peace*.

July 31.—I am not left to guess at the evidences of God’s holy religion. The light of the Spirit will be imparted, not only as it respects justification, but sanctification.

Aug. 15.—Let me lose sight of self and self-dependence, that Christ may be all in all. Much devolves upon me. I have no strength of my own. I lean upon Jesus, and am only mighty in *his* might.

Martha Boyl, instead of being in excruciating pain, is now enjoying the blissful realities of heaven! A short time before her dissolution she started from a long silence, and said to her weeping friends, “I have not been with you. A view of heaven and glory has been revealed;”

and then ceased speaking for ever. In lovefeast this evening it seemed as if her spirit was near.

Aug. 20.—Sweet communion my soul has this hour enjoyed with the Father of spirits. The calm of evening fits the mind for contemplation. How are the closing hours of each day calculated to warn me of the approach of the awful night of the grave! Yet I look forward with joy to the period when I shall quit this state of trial, and lay this feeble body in the narrow house of the dead, in the full and certain hope of a joyful resurrection. O then, thrice welcome the shadows of the evening, and the darkness of the tomb, for they are but the way to the realms of eternal glory.

Aug. 21.—How good is the Lord, after such a distressing drought, to bless the earth with nearly a week's rain.—I have been very much secluded, and had but little society of late; but God is with me in all I do: no melancholy void is left in my days. "How oft I look to the heavenly hills," where I expect to meet with those I have loved and lost below. This morning being inclement, I was at a loss to know the path in which to walk: however, I ventured to the sanctuary, and my hungry soul was filled with good things. I believe Mr. Pease is sent of God among us. His discourse was from Acts ix, 31. I am striving to walk in the fear of the Lord. I possess much comfort in the Holy Ghost:—had access to the throne of grace, praying for the conversion of sinners.

Aug. 30.—One year the Lord has had the *entire* possession of my heart. I strive to live each moment as seeing Him who is invisible. Jesus gladdens me daily with his love. I am relieved from all servile fear, and death is robbed of its terrors. I can shake hands with it as with my friend. I have just returned from worshipping again in the pleasant woods of Gloucester. It was as last year, and much more abundant. Surely God was there.

Sept. 2.—I am induced to continue my journal with the hope of correcting my life.

There is an appearance of a revival of the work of God in the Union charge. I never witnessed such a feast of love in the dear church to which I belong, as we were favoured with this evening. I believe the people could have spoken in quick succession the whole night. I trust that those gracious drops are the prelude of a glorious shower.

Sept. 10.—Since my return from the consecrated grove my spiritual appetite has had a keener edge. Sister K. is ill with the intermittent. While attending beside her pillow, and variously occupied, my soul is ascending heavenward in never ceasing prayer for the spirit of *sacrifice* and entire dedication to the exalted Sovereign of my heart. I desire that God may guide my doubtful footsteps aright as it respects changing my residence.

I woke this morning at break of day, with a heart breathing after complete conformity to the image of God. Went to sunrise meeting.

Dr. ——'s subject was, God's command to Abraham, "Walk before me, and be thou perfect." O for an abiding sense of the presence of the Almighty! Then should I be solemn as the grave; and serious as eternity. I love, as Mrs. Dunn says, to "contemplate the unabbreviated word, God!" What may I not expect from an almighty Being, who is ever gracious? I will venture to pour out all my wants before him, until I am lost in the ocean of his love. Dr. Sargent gave a most energetic sermon from, "Remember Lot's wife." I know not why, but I could with difficulty express my feelings, to witness the apathy of poor sinners.

Sept. 18.—There are still intimations of a merciful visitation to this highly favoured city. My heart is much elated by witnessing the clear and happy conversion of S. Barton and D. Welsh.* Despair and agony were depicted in their countenances until the blessed Redeemer whispered, "Go in peace, and sin no more." The fervour of their gratitude to God, and the simplicity of their thanks for the feeble instruction I had given them in school, filled my soul with grateful praise. Several more of my class of Sunday scholars are groaning under the cruel bondage of sin. Lord, speedily liberate them, and fully qualify them to fill the place of teachers in the school when we who are thus employed are laid in the dust.

Sept. 25.—Let me here record the kindness

* Two of her Sabbath school children.

of the God of love to another of the dear girls. The balm of the Gospel, the cordial of Divine grace, has cheered the heart of E. A. Taylor. Her mother was a devoted class mate of mine. How pleasing to see her precious child fill the void (in the same class) which was made by her death. Light from heaven is shining into the minds of many who have long turned a deaf ear to the calls of mercy. Last Tuesday evening fifty professed to be seeking a change of heart. O Jesus, let thy dovelike Spirit continue to brood over us. In private I wrestled in an agony for an entire death to self. The language of my heart is,—

“Only God content to know
Ignorant of all below.”

I feel there is danger of yielding to discouragement at the sight of my numberless foibles. Christ is my *fortress* : in him would I take up my *abode for ever*.

Oct. 8.—Here I would raise my *ebenezzer*, and praise God for placing me so comfortably under the same roof with my dear sister. Surely I have heard the inward voice of the Holy Spirit in this removal, saying, “This is the way ; walk thou in it.” After a day of excessive fatigue, I went to Salem lovefeast. How unexpectedly Jesus met me, and poured the consoling streams of mercy into my drooping soul. Scores of sinners at the altar. S. Norton professes to have obtained the pardon of her transgressions. Knowing her disposition, I am led

to pray that she may stand fast. Surely I may ask in faith for the conversion of all my class of girls. For some weeks have of necessity been much occupied with temporal concerns, but they have not moved me : rather they have had a tendency to draw me more closely to Jesus.

Sunday, Oct. 30.—Left my pillow ere the day dawned, to engage, by the pensive light of the moon, in holy contemplation. While I gazed upon her mild face, and surveyed the starry heavens, a pleasing calm filled my breast, from an assurance that the great Author and source of light, life, and happiness is my Father and Friend. During the present month I have seen the goings forth of his almighty power. This part of his heritage is still watered with the dews of heaven. I am grieved that many of our members manifest so little interest in this important work. Lord, stir up those who are at ease in Zion. Let the proud, the vain, and gay have their pleasures : my aspiring soul can never be satisfied with a superficial knowledge of the depths of the Godhead.

Nov. 9.—A fever deprives me of class meeting ; but Jesus kindly makes up every deficiency. Last Sabbath four of my friends, whose salvation I have wept and prayed for, united themselves to the Church militant. May they so run as to be found worthy to be transplanted to the Church triumphant.

Nov. 20.—The bright beams of the Sun of

righteousness continually illuminate my path. I am wafted forward on the smooth waves of peace. Mr. Pease has a meeting on Saturday evening for the benefit of those under serious impressions. Twenty inquiring souls present this evening. What part can I act in a cause so laudable? My timidity would lead me to hide in a corner; but, as labourers are few, I will do violence to my feelings, and consent to expose my ignorance. "Between the mount and multitude may my days be spent in doing or receiving good; my nights in prayer and praise." My emotions of joy are damped by the irregular walk of too many professors. I am fully of opinion that more is to be done by example than by precept. Though my dear cousin, D. Ellis, is numbered with the pale nations under ground, his holy life has spoken to the heart and conscience of his sister Eliza. Reflection on his uniformity of character constrained her to make an open profession of her attachment to the cross of Christ. May she partake largely of his heavenly mindedness. Lord grant that *my* walk may be such as will have a salutary influence upon all whom I may have intercourse with. I have frequent cause of sorrow on account of my levity and want of that *charity which suffereth long, and is kind*. I want to be saved from resting in externals, or feeding on the stale manna of *past experience*.

"Full of immortal hope, I urge the *restless strife*."

Nov. 27.—My friend, M. Wharton, this morning, with four others, enlisted, I hope for life, in the war for Jesus. Numbers are ranging themselves under his blood-stained banners. God forbid any should prove to be dead weights to the society they are uniting with. I am “jealous for the Lord of hosts.” My soul sickens to witness his honour stained by his professed friends.

Father *Hitt* is gone to Abraham’s bosom! His death, as his life, was calm and peaceful.

Dec. 10.—Lord, I am not what I ought, and desire to be;—never fully answered thy designs and purposes in my creation. Never, no *never*, can I be satisfied until I *awake in the likeness* of my lovely Saviour.—Spent the morning with E. North in visiting the sick and needy. Why have I health, home, and friends? It is no more than my reasonable service to render my little all to the Giver of these benefits.

Dec. 13.—Reading a letter from Mr. Finley addressed to our Female Missionary Society, inflamed my soul with new ardour. Could I see a door of usefulness open in the forest wilds, no tie should be so binding, or sacrifice so dear, as to deter me from devoting the short span of my existence in communicating religious knowledge to the aborigines of my country.

Dec. 25. *Christmas evening*.—Glory to God in the highest, that ever Jesus was manifested in the flesh to take away the sins of a guilty

world ! I rejoice, above all, that by an application of his most precious blood, the deep struck stains of inward corruptions have been cancelled and my poor heart washed from its natural defilement. I have continually the testimony of the Spirit that I *never wilfully* offend God. To thy grace, O heavenly Father, and to Jesus Christ, thy only Son, be all the praise.

Meeting with R. Armstrong, who was with my dear cousin, D. Ellis, during his last moments, caused my tears to flow afresh. While I am imprisoned in a clay tenement, he is chanting a hymn of praise and conquest in a purer region. He has already obtained the greatest of all blessings. My soul appeared to follow him into the world of perfect blessedness.

“That makes our joys complete,
‘There we our friends shall meet,—
JESUS IS THERE.”

Dec. 27.—Embraced an early opportunity of retiring from company this evening. Infinitely sweeter did I find my chamber, where I could pour my sorrows into the ear of my blessed Lord. What should I do in this world without such a Friend? In his light I see light.

“O lead me through the various ways,
My doubtful feet are doom’d to tread ;
And spread thy *shield’s* protecting blaze,
When *dangers throng* around my head.”

Jan. 1, 1826.—I commence this year under favourable circumstances;—bodily health far better than in time past:—permitted to unite with the assembly of saints in spending the first moments of the new year in solemn prayer. I have fixed the “firm resolve,” God being my helper, to spend the little shred of *time* that may yet be mine *below*, in struggling to sink into a much deeper acquaintance with Jesus. Surely he will pity my weakness, and be with me in every emergency. His grace has prevented me for eight years from an open or intentional violation of his holy law: especially would I offer praise for the perfect peace that passeth human understanding, which for sixteen months I have enjoyed. I often drink of the pure river of life. Had I been more persevering, ere this I might have obtained a fuller baptism of the Spirit. Mr. Pease, selecting this appropriate passage for consideration, “Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit ye like men, be strong,” inspired me with fresh energy. Dr. Sargent spoke from, “All the way the Lord hath led me.” The path in which I tread is brightening.

“My spirit panting to be gone,
Can bid the tide of *time* roll on.”

Jan. 4.—Much profited at Ebenezer love-feast. Several fathers in Israel spoke delightfully. How encouraging to hear that Immanuel had kept some fifty, others sixty years in the way of uprightness. Passed an hour

profitably conversing with my much devoted cousin, H. Ellis, on inward holiness.

“Fain would I rise and sing
To my Redeemer too ;
Fain would my heart adore my King,
And give him honour due.”

Jan. 6.—Spent part of this day in company with H. Allibone. I believe we mutually reaped much benefit while engaged for Him “who went about doing good.” Got a farther hold on Jesus while praying with a young female who is wasted to a skeleton with consumption. Satan hath used his utmost to ruffle the tranquillity of my mind, by suggesting that my confidence will fail in the struggles of death ; yet why let the darkness of the narrow passage which leads to eternal day intimidate my soul ? I am firmly persuaded that in the final moment God will suffer no gloomy cloud to interpose between me and the glorious object of my faith. He who is the Divine Author, will undoubtedly become the complete Finisher of my salvation. “My fears begone ; what can the Rock of ages move ?”

Sunday, Jan. 8.—Did not rise in as spiritual a frame as I wished : my mind is somewhat perplexed. Lord, undertake for me : never let me work myself out of thy hands. Through the week ignorantly led into large companies. True, they were sanctioned by the presence of the pious. These religious parties have too much the semblance of the world. I wish our preachers would set their

faces against them. I will use the little influence I may have to prevent every thing of the kind, and care not if others do think me contracted in my views, so that my conscience is pure. O my God, when thus unavoidably exposed, give me something profitable to say, or keep me silent.

Jan. 15.—A day of refreshing from the presence of my Lord. Mr. Pease, from “The effect of righteousness, quietness, and assurance for ever.” How sweetly has my soul verified the truth of this precious promise. Mr. *Pitman* this afternoon, from “Save now, I beseech thee, O Lord: O Lord, I beseech thee send now prosperity.” Yea, my Father God, even now send prosperity to my panting soul, and let grace control all my affections, desires, thoughts;—prayer and praise be my constant employ.

Feb. 5.—Truly it is a great thing to be a genuine Christian. I sink in guiltless shame before God from a sense of my remissness. O for strength to shake off this earthliness of mind, this sluggishness of soul! Blessed Jesus! let suns and moons rise and set apace, and bring a lonesome traveller onward to her home. Let me at all times discern the path thou wouldst have me go.

Feb. 13.

“Pardon’d for all that I have done,
My mouth as in the dust I hide.”

My natural disposition is very irritable. O

to be more guarded in my expressions, gentle in my commands, alive to a sense of my own failings, and more ready to bear with the defects of those around me. I am often sorrowful that the things which are seen should for one moment divert my mind from "perfecting holiness in the fear of God."

Feb. 27—Thank God for the *rest* of the Sabbath, for the *rest* of faith, and for a bright prospect of *eternal rest*. My bodily infirmities make me regard death as near. I fear it not. Why should I dread the grave? Jesus hath tracked the way, and left a long perfume in that bed. Called to see D. Welsh, who has ruptured a blood vessel. Dear child, she has the holy Comforter to sustain her in this hour of trial. I was led to praise God that in health she ensured peace with him through the Redeemer, and can now confidently rejoice in hope of his glory.

March 4.—Dr. Sargent preached from, "O that they had hearkened to my commandments, then had," &c. The latter part of his subject was rendered a peculiar blessing to me. What am I, Father of mercies, that my peace should be as a calm-flowing river! May it deepen and widen, flow onward, and still onward, until it shall be finally lost in the ocean of eternal felicity; and my happy spirit be enclosed in the city of the living God, to go no more out! My soul was filled with heavenly sweetness while I partook at the banquet of dying love. O truly I prize the ordinances of

the Lord's house above my daily food.—Had a pleasing liberty in instructing my Sunday scholars. May all my powers be employed in the service of my Master.

March 8.—Awoke this morning at break of day : not well in body ;—was at a stand whether to rise and attend sunrise meeting ;—did venture, and was amply repaid. This means of grace imparts an elevation of soul, which continues throughout the day.

I realize death as approaching with rapid strides. Soon will the weary wheels of life stand still, and my spirit mingle with the inhabitants of another world. There I shall enjoy pleasure without a mixture of pain, or any alloy.

March 10.—I would acknowledge God in all my ways, that he may direct my paths. From my cradle to the present moment I can trace his more than maternal care. I was never blessed with the example of pious parents : my mother was snatched from me in infancy ;—no recollection of a mother's fondness ; a stranger to her love. A tender father in part has supplied this deficiency. Above all, *Jesus has taken me*, a wild olive branch, and grafted me into the good olive, from whence I derive daily nutriment.

March 14.—I this day witnessed the dedication of my dear cousin, S. Physick, in the solemn ordinance of baptism.

March 17.—"Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." I

long for the complete fulfilment of this promise. Let every word I utter minister grace to the hearers; and may it be to thy glory I have professed a good profession before many witnesses.

March 20.—While preparing to attend a lovefeast, an awful storm of thunder arose: the rain came in torrents. I had the temerity to venture. With much trembling bore a public testimony for my Master. At the close of the meeting experienced such a measure of Divine glory as filled my soul with an ecstasy of joy. Soon will the pinions of love bear me to rest in the bosom of Jesus. While I contemplate the felicity of the happy dead, a sombre hue is cast on all sublunary objects.

March 23.—For two weeks it has rained almost incessantly. Have heard many say, "What gloomy weather." I cannot join in the complaint. Sure I never passed so happy a month;—feel to adopt the language of one, and say, Could every stone, timber, and nail in my room speak, they would bear witness to the many hours of sweet communion my soul hath spent with God. I converse with him as a man with a friend.

"Not life, nor all the toys of art,
Nor pleasure's flowery road,
Can to my soul such bliss impart
As fellowship with God."

March 25.—Learned from my physician that in all probability health blooms no more for me.

Affliction appears to be the portion allotted me through life.

“Thankful I take the cup
Prepared and mingled by thy skill.”

Not ignorant that my frail nature is averse to pain, and recoils at suffering: the burden of my prayer is, for grace to endure hardness as a good soldier. My wily foe takes advantage of my bodily weakness. Awoke two nights past in the utmost distress. The powers of darkness raged: perplex they *did*, destroy they could not.

March 26.—Easter Sunday.—Reading the last chapter of St. Luke was blessed to me. Come, my soul, adore the Scatterer of thy fears; thy rising God adore. Oft has my heart burned while contemplating the sinner's Friend in all his offices.

April 6.—The weather being remarkably fine, I have walked out daily for the benefit of air and exercise. Gladly would I remain within doors, secluded from a gay noisy world. What the Lord ordains is *right*. Going through a course of mercury has for some time debilitated my whole system. I am kept in peace by a simple adherence to the Divine will. Maintaining this frame of mind I can walk securely, though the billows of misfortune beat with impetuosity upon my fragile bark; perhaps the next wave may throw me into port. Glory to God for the prospect of gaining an *early resting place*.

“ Strong death alone can heave the massy bar,
The gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us embryos of existence *free*.”

April 10.—I thank thee, Father, Lord of heaven and earth, for the mercy thou hast manifested toward my dear sister K. May her precious babe become an ornament to society, and the Church of the Most High.

April 16.—Bishop Soule preached this morning, from, “ All the promises of God are yea, and in him Amen, unto the glory of God by us.” This sermon will undoubtedly stand by me through life. Mr. Alder, afternoon, from Phil. iii, 20, 21 : “ For our conversation is in heaven,” &c. My soul was lifted far above time, while he discoursed from this cheering passage.

“ Absent, alas ! from God,
I in the body mourn ;
And pine to quit this mean abode,
And languish to return.”

April 22.—The word of Divine truth, dispensed by the ambassadors of Christ, during the sitting of the conference, was much blessed to me. Parting with my dear cousins, D. and L., was keenly felt—expect to meet in the *same glory*. Now I am more alone, employ myself entirely in prayer to God, that my life may become a constant progress toward heaven.

May 20.—I am still clogged with disease, and find it difficult at all times to rise above the pressure ; especially in secret does this

languor trouble me; yet possess a pleasing calm from a consciousness that I have no other desire than to please my God: which Fenelon says is a continual prayer. Again commenced meeting my children of the Sabbath school on Saturday afternoons—pleasing employ! Astonishing that one so young as Eliza A. Taylor should have such liberty in prayer. This is more than I expected. How it animates me to redouble my fidelity in this laudable cause.

May 29.—Struggling to live above the cares and sorrows of this world; not daring for one moment to depend upon *past or present feeling*, I preserve a settled assurance by relying on the word of God. Friends may change, but Jehovah is immutable. Consoling reflection! I will hang all my cares on his almighty arm, and “be careful for nothing.”

June 12.—Left my pillow at four o'clock. Dr. Dunn lectured this morning from, “Ye are the salt of the earth.” Were it not for the prayers of the pious, Jehovah’s fierce indignation would be poured upon a sinful world. Did professors live as they ought, what an amazing work would be witnessed. Time was when most of our members rested not until they obtained the hope of their calling; now too many view holiness as a distant, twinkling star. It is because the mercy of God endureth for ever, that we are not consumed.

July 12.—Midnight. At this silent hour I would snatch a few moments for self-examination. Shall I never obtain deliverance from

hurry of spirit ? testiness, and impatience under contradiction my soul abhors ; yet how often do I depart from my own principles. This day I detected myself in giving a hasty answer. Did anger ruffle me ?—fear I have not escaped altogether unhurt. I groan to avoid even the appearance of evil.

July 18.—Lord Jesus, in this abstracted hour, draw near, and free me from all that might tend to shackle or unhinge my mind. May I no longer suffer from the baneful influence of inbred sin. Why is it that so little time is spent by me in preparing for eternity ! I most sincerely and devoutly ask for power to improve that immense “revenue which every moment pays.” Though so many ways are afforded me for improvement, I remain ignorant of many of those things that make for my peace.

July 19.—This evening at the lovefeast I sat deploring the backwardness of those who should have stood forth as God’s faithful witnesses. I began to fear my burden was in a measure caused by an unwillingness to bear my own part of the cross—made an attempt to own my royal Master, but, on sitting down, shame burned upon my cheek that I had not done it more worthy of him. I am often at a loss whether I am to do, or not to do ; my suffering of soul on this subject is only known to God, Let my path be pointed out, and cost what it may, I will endeavour to pursue it.

July 29.—A larger earnest of heaven was

given this morning at the five o'clock lecture. Was pleased with the *attendance* and *attention* of my scholars. Mr. Durbin painted the Saviour's sufferings in the garden in a manner I never heard before. Mysterious! My heart was overcharged with a deep sense of the condescension of the Lamb of God, in baring his bosom to receive the stroke due to guilty man. He felt the weight of the wrath of God; and "who knoweth the power of his wrath!"—Bishop M'Kendree preached an appropriate discourse to our Sunday schools.

Hilton, July 24.—Accept, my God, a tribute of praise for the gratification of meeting this beloved family. Make our interview as iron sharpening iron, that we each may apprehend that for which we are apprehended by Christ Jesus. While here enable me to show forth, by every word and action, the fruit of holiness.

Crosswick's Camp Ground, July 30.—While here assembled my expectations have been fully realized; the weather has been remarkably fine—my health far better than when housed in the city. The word of life sounds melodiously: sinners are falling under the power of the Highest.

July 31.—E. Ellis and C. Wright emerged this day from the gloom of nature's night—may they never abuse their Gospel liberty. Mr. Stout preached from, "Ye have hewn out broken cisterns," and Mr. Pitman exhorted. Professors crowded into the altar. I was led closely to investigate my state. The review

caused me to lick the dust. I wept and made supplication before God. A peaceful answer flowed from the Divine throne, and abundantly strengthened and refreshed my spirit.

Trenton, August 6.—Came here to quarterly meeting—fear I rested too much on the means ;—not enough engaged for myself—dullness and wandering were my besetments.—Lord, guard and cover my defenceless head with the shadow of thy wing.

Hilton, Aug. 7.—This has been an hour of peace and solemn nearness to my God: he has raised my stupid soul in heavenly enjoyment. The quiet which surrounds this spot is in unison with the feelings of my mind. In the city, cares, as Baxter remarks, affect my spirits, as the scorching sun doth wither the most delicate flowers: here I am exempt: but O, eternity affords one a still more *glorious prospect*.

Philadelphia, Sept. 8.—My path is strewn with many mercies; not among the least I esteem an opportunity of uniting with thousands to worship the God of Israel. Solemn sight to view the great congregation unitedly groaning for a deepening of the work of grace! it was just such a work as my soul longed to behold. Exposed to several heavy rains while in the grove, but my life and health were precious in the eye of Heaven. Had during this meeting uncommon manifestations of the love of God in Christ Jesus, and often my evidences of the Divine favour much brightened. Such liberty of soul I never before experienced. Have

daily discoveries of my own weakness, and find no resources in myself. Mercy, mercy is my only plea.

Sept. 14.—Was present to witness the closing scene of my dear uncle Philip Bunting's life. Very few have been blessed with greater earthly prosperity. He was strictly attentive to the rules of the society of *Friends*, and a true believer in the divinity of the Lord Jesus. His enjoyments, I trust, were not bounded by this narrow spot of earth.

Sept. 15.—My soul was lifted above the world this morning, while Dr. Dunn spoke from, "Both to hope, and quietly wait for the salvation of God." This afternoon hundreds of children assembled at the academy to hear Mr. Cookman, that able advocate of the Sabbath school cause.

Sept. 16.—What a heaven upon earth did I this evening experience in E. Yard's class. While he approached the mercy seat, it was evident he realized God very near. Such expressions of reverential confidence far surpass the common manner of prayer. Considering the various means I enjoy, I am grieved at the slow progress I make in Christian attainments.

Sept. 17.—I do not serve God for naught: he has not sent me a warfare on my own charges; yet out of Christ I am poor, beyond expression poor. The hold I have upon life is very feeble: O, to be ready for death. Through grace, I fear not his cold embrace. Mr.

Pease has again commenced a meeting on Saturday evening, to converse with penitents. Dear brother C. accompanied me this evening : the concern I feel on his account is only known to God.

Sept. 20.—O God, my Father, with thine aid I resolve to embrace every *cross* ; teach me what to *do*, or *suffer* to become more deeply baptized into the spirit of Christ. I entirely abandon myself to the Spirit's teaching. This evening, with trembling, united myself with Mrs. Dunn and others, in a social meeting in the form of a band : may it result in the building up, and entire sanctification of many souls.

Sept. 29.—Mr. Cookman from, "Righteousness, temperance, and judgment," &c. The last head was awfully solemn.

"He comes, he comes, the judge severe,
The seventh trumpet speaks him near."

Oct. 1.—Rose as the first beams of light streaked the horizon. Dr. Dunn lectured from, "Go, and sin no more." Ability to do this is what I look and wait for. I know I live measurably in the Spirit ; but O, to walk in the full flow of Divine influence continually, under the most discouraging circumstances, is what I want. I dwell in a world liable to constant revolutions ; yet, glory to God, I am journeying to a land where the inhabitants experience no change except it be from glory to glory.

Nov. 5.—Felt a gracious influence while Dr. D. lectured from, "How is it ye do not believe?" To God be honour and glory ever.

lasting for putting me in the way of simple *faith*. Dr. D.'s meeting has proved a blessed means of assisting me to seek after the inestimable pearl of perfect love.

Nov. 8.—Mr. Slicer discoursed from, "Fight the good fight of faith." I feel roused to exert all the feeble energies I possess in this glorious warfare. The insidious tempter has thrustured sorely at me when using the public means. But when I meet with my naked heart in private, I find nothing lost in the conflict but the dross. Yes, "my foes must fly, while I can simply raise the shield of faith, or wield the Spirit's sword." I am much exposed; turn where I may, there is danger. I would be always on the look out, and calmly wait for succour from above. Lord, give me skill, courage, vigilance, and humility in the contest, that I may put to flight the armies of the aliens, and "laugh to scorn their cruel power."

Nov. 9.—In class my heart melted as wax, before the flame. The great Supreme was in the midst of us.

Nov. 14.—My soul has had calm repose in God this day in class. Every power of my mind and body was sweetly tranquillized; in the evening more abundantly watered while I listened to Mr. S., from, "Grow in grace."

Nov. 17.—Mr. Pearce preached from,— "We are pilgrims and strangers," &c.; and in the afternoon T. B. Sargent addressed our Sabbath school. One of our teachers was deeply awakened,

Saturday, Dec. 2.—While engaged in prayer with my Sunday scholars, I was almost carried out of myself, and the veil which hides the glories of the invisible world appeared very thin.

Dec. 3.—This day and week has been a season of deep abasement. How inexplicable are my exercises! Yesterday my soul was filled with heavenly ardours; this morning, even at my Father's board, I was dull, and comparatively barren; yet my heart stands fast, believing in the Lord.

Dec. 10.—Mr. Pease preached with much liberty from, "O Lord, revive thy work." I was weighed down with a consciousness of my own necessities and the dearth in the society. Let not our enemies rejoice against us, O God. Glory to God! there are still many whose garments are not defiled, and whose knees do not bow to Baal.

After a day of toil and trial, quickened anew at lovefeast. Mrs. Harmstead told us she was fifteen years drinking wormwood and gall; all within her revolted at *shouting* the high praise of God; but when the pardon of sin was sealed, with a loud voice she glorified him. One year after, felt the impression of the Holy Spirit cleansing her heart from sin. Twenty-three years she was a witness of "perfect love." Before she received this blessing she was chained down with the fear of man. I was so filled at the close of the meeting, that I was insensible to earth and its *cares*,

Dec. 17.—Mr. Lybrand preached this morning from, “If we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.” He dwelt largely on evil speaking; declared the perfect love of God never could reside in a heart that failed in this branch of Christian charity. O the stupendous height of Christian perfection! I am at least struggling to scale the mount. Great Father! thou art acquainted with my state, trials, and desires; and my groanings are not hid from thee.

Dec. 20.—Jesus, my Mediator, emptied himself for my sake, and has made me nearer akin to him than angels are, and therefore more like him.

“He calls a worm his friend;
He calls himself my God.”

Dec. 21.—In my closet felt of a truth that God was eminently near. Such a ravishing foretaste of the bliss of heaven was granted as made me extremely loth to leave the hallowed spot, and return to earth and its low concerns.

Dec. 24.—Conscience is more tender. Infirmities, so called, which I once indulged in without compunction, now appear hateful to me. Lord Jesus, teach me the *art of holy living*.

Dec. 25. Christmas Day.—Five o’clock meeting was honoured by the presence of the King of saints. One of our male teachers, who has long been burdened with sin, found redemp-

tion in the blood and merits of Jesus. I celebrate the advent of my Redeemer with a heart filled with a joyful assurance that Christ is my only portion, heaven my home, and the way of God's commandments my chief delight.

Dec. 30.—Dr. Dunn, at six o'clock this morning from, "Be ye sober, for the end of all things is at hand." How appropriate his allusions to the dying year.

Jan. 1, 1827.—God is my record, and angels my witnesses, that on the first hour of this year I did sincerely, solemnly, and devoutly, in the might of Him who keepeth Israel—with a glad heart and free, surrender my freedom, friends, health, and fame, with all my soul and body's powers, and engage that the residue of my days and hours shall be solely employed in the service of Him whose fatherly care hath kept me unhurt amid ten thousand snares and deaths. While my mind was thrown back on the closing year, I felt to say it had been the most peaceful one of my life.

Jan. 16.—Much encouraged in meeting my interesting scholars. Dear girls, their tears and groans evinced what they felt. I trust the moments I thus spend in reading, conversing, and praying with them will not be altogether in vain.

Jan. 17.—I viewed with intense gratitude the mercies with which I am surrounded while visiting those who are pining on sick beds.

Jan. 20.—Obtained this evening what I have long wrestled for,—an entire indifference to the

opinions of others. The praise or dispraise of men is nothing to me, if God but approbate my conduct. Upon inquiry into my heart, I know I love obscurity and silence, and dread applause.

Jan. 21.—Went this afternoon, by urgent request, to visit, as I had understood, a Mrs. J., who was in poverty, and nigh unto death. I found her indeed ill, and unprepared for eternity; but in affluent circumstances. Being a stranger, I felt the awkwardness of my situation, but dared not shrink from duty. I trust I was enabled to deal faithfully with her; the event I leave with God.

Jan. 28.—Though much enervated by disease of body, I attended Dr. Dunn's lecture. He spoke exactly to my case, from, "Put on strength." My mind was led to contemplate the power of the great I AM; which is as astonishingly displayed in creating and sustaining the smallest animalculæ, as in hanging this vast globe upon nothing, and marshalling the whole solar system.

Mr. Holdich preached this evening from, "The Lord reigneth," &c. Man is apt to estimate events by reference to time; God governs all things by reference to eternity.

Feb. 1.—S. Physick and myself were favoured to hear Mr. Cookman from, "Thou art a teacher come from God." His sermon was designed for Sabbath school teachers. I esteem it an honour to be found numbered among the instructors of young immortals. O how much

is required to qualify me to fill this office ! Let my soul cast itself on God, and adventure there all its weights and cares.

Feb. 18. Saturday afternoon.—The room filled with my little charge of girls ; serious, and many much affected. I find an inadequacy in language to express the feelings of my heart, in having three of these dear children to assist me in prayer for those who are younger than themselves.

Feb. 19.—Went by the silver moonbeams to Dr. Dunn's lecture. The manner in which he explained these words, "Be it unto you according to your faith," deserves the most serious attention. Many persons, on finding in the sacred volume how much importance is attached to faith, expect it will require a long explanation. Alas ! how many are led into mazes of difficulty by mixing with faith, obedience, love, meekness, &c., &c., which do not belong to its nature, but are the fruits of faith, and its necessary consequences. This is to put the effect in the place of the cause.

Susan Physick and myself passed the afternoon in visiting the sick. O that this dear girl may continue in this path, and throw her influence, leisure, and wealth into the scale of practical Christianity.

Feb. 22.—God revealed himself to me in an unusual manner at Mrs. D.'s prayer meeting. All present professed to be renewed in righteousness and true holiness. Dear E. Watkinson appears to be ripening for glory. Her

manner in prayer is truly solemn. How blessed is Christian communion! With what holy alacrity and fortitude does it inspire the soul, while tossed on the billows of this tempestuous life, to unite with those whose hopes, fears, and joys are one, and are all aiming for the same happy country!

March 10.—Lovefeast at Nazareth. Met by my God in a very gracious manner—made known to him my exercises respecting leaving home, and obtained an assurance that he would be with me.

March 13.—Every barrier is now removed, and I see no reason why I may not visit Baltimore. I would, with the strictest scrutiny, inquire into the motives by which I am actuated; these are to visit the tomb of my dear and lamented cousin, D. Ellis, to show love and respect for his lonely widow, who is in every sense a true mourner; having in the short space of three years buried a beloved husband, mother, and an only sister. I expect also to be edified by associating with the holy persons I have so often heard are to be found among the Methodists in this city.

Chesapeake Bay, March 16.—On board the steamboat, and aground, three o'clock, A. M. Sleep I cannot court: at the cabin window I sit and gaze at the broad expanse of waters, lighted up with the silver moonbeams. I exult in the consciousness that He who holds the winds in his fist is my Father, and is now watching over me for good. O may I breathe no longer

than I breathe my soul in praise to Him who thus deigns to protect a worm of earth.

Baltimore, March 18.—Met a kind reception from my dear cousin Ann. I was much affected by reading a sketch of Daniel E.'s life, in the tenth report of the Sabbath school : so truly he died a martyr to this cause. There is no doubt but that he laid the foundation of his disease by walking seven miles, and sometimes having to ford a stream to superintend a Sunday school at the foundry. My cousin had a heart ready prepared for every good work : he was humble, holy, and devout.

Sunday, March 20.—Awoke with these words sounding in my ears, "My soul longeth, yea, fainteth for the courts of the Lord's house." At Eutaw church this morning, heard Mr. Painter from, "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves," &c. I felt the overshadowings of the Holy Spirit.

Monday evening.—Select prayer meeting at Wesley chapel. Many mourners were crying for mercy : prayer and the singing very animating. Lord revive,—

"O revive thy work in me,
All my help must come from thee."

Wednesday.—Attended Mr. Armstrong's class—one of the best of leaders. I was built up by the experience of the members.

Thursday.—Attended an interesting female meeting. Miss Huet is the leader of the meeting, which is composed of members of different

denominations. An Episcopalian lady spoke with much feeling. This union to me was very sweet :

“ 'Twas the solemn feast of feeling,
‘Twas the Sabbath of the soul.”

Afternoon at Dr. Bond's class. I was cheered by my Father's gracious presence. My dearest wish is that he may abide for ever with me, and keep me for ever near himself.

March 25.—At Eutaw heard Mr. Steel from, “ I and my house will serve the Lord.” Afternoon visited a Sabbath school with Miss Sarah M'Conner—much pleased with the ideas given by the children on a text of Scripture.

Sunday.—Bishop Roberts preached from, “ My peace I leave with you,” &c. My soul was glad to realize that I had been made to participate of a portion of the last legacy of my dying Lord. I was favoured with believing views of him at the sacrament. Afternoon at the Sunday school. Fifty children were crying for mercy, and one found peace.

Monday afternoon.—Was at Mr. Evans' class, composed of those who walk the humbler paths of life ; a soil I believe most congenial with a growth in grace. Mrs. Kennedy was a clear witness of the great salvation from all indwelling sin. I felt a sweet union with her. The time we were together some wept, while others rejoiced ; my soul shared largely, and was steadfastly fixed upon the Hope of Israel.

Friday.—Attended Mr. Flint's class—much pleased with one of his members, being the only one of her family willing to bear the cross. She regularly attended to family devotion: it resulted in the conversion of four of the household. Nothing like being bold for Christ.

Wednesday.—Sister A. Guinn called, and we visited two apparently on the verge of time. Afternoon at Dr. Roberts' class. While I sat musing, the mercies of my God so passed before me, as caused grateful tears to flow down my cheek.

Friday.—Appointed as a day of fasting, which my health does not allow; yet I can abstain from pleasant food. It shall be a season of devout mourning. I will humble and afflict my soul before God for my sins, with all their aggravations. Let me also bewail the inconsistencies of many professors of Christianity, and cry aloud to God to build up Zion, and cause his face to shine upon her desolations. And when I think of the condition of a guilty, sinking world, my soul is overwhelmed with sorrow. O, my heavenly Father, at the beginning of my supplications let the commandment go forth to save them. Every moment of this blessed day my mind has been so shut in with God as I had before scarce thought attainable.

Wednesday.—At Mr. Alfred's class—truly his were living members. A mother and her two daughters professed to enjoy the witness of sanctification. Her husband and sons are

equally devoted. Some call them "the holy family;" I think they may justly be termed a *happy one*. The sister, in whose house this class is held, accommodates four classes. What an example to others! I have always thought it would be my chief delight to open my house, if I possessed one, for the worship of God.

Thursday.—I was at Mr. Brundage's class. He can readily point out the path of holiness, living as he does in the daily enjoyment of it himself. The scenes of eternity were brought very near this afternoon on visiting the sad, solitary spot where the sacred relics of my cousin, D. Ellis, lie. On coming to the graveyard we were at a loss how to enter; the difficulty was, however, removed by the approach of the porter, an old black man, whose head was frosted by the snows of many winters. I could scarce imagine a more lovely picture: the sun just declining; a river murmuring slowly by the mansions of the silent dead; the contrast between the white marble and rich verdure of the grass; many of the little hillocks almost covered with flowers and rose trees, no doubt planted by some friendly hand, all combined, made this to me an interesting view. My cousin pointed out the three narrow houses where nearly all dear to her was deposited. Various emotions swelled my bosom. Dwelling on Daniel's departure caused tears to flow, but they were not unmingled with joy. No, he has taken
a noble flight,

Sunday.—Mr. Ryland preached from, “For God commendeth his love,” &c. My soul was influenced with love to my Divine Mediator. Conscious I do not meditate enough on the great things he hath done for me, I will endeavour to dwell more on this blessed theme. It shall also be my aim when I sing to feel the full import of the words. Mr. Ryland told us that not long since he visited a sister suffering with a cancer, who was dropping piecemeal into the grave; yet she was as happy as a princess. On one occasion she expressed some concern for her family. He remarked that the “promise was to her and her children.” She was never heard to mention the subject again. Just before she expired, on being asked for a sign if she still saw her passport clear, she raised both hands, and looking at her nails where the blood had settled, she exclaimed, “Ah! lovely appearance of death.” O, my Father, continue to befriend me while gliding down the stream of time; but be more eminently near when the fires of life are about to be extinguished, and my feeble frame is called to endure the awful shock of dying.

Monday.—The greater part of the time I have been here has been spent in the sanctuary. Many days, in time of the conference, I scarcely left the house, as the hours of intermission were generally occupied in praying for mourners. I am often ready to cry out, O that I could dwell in the courts of the Lord’s house for

ever. I see that an eternity of growing bliss is just before me.

Philadelphia, May 1.—O that I could sufficiently praise God for the distinguished blessings which have marked every step of my way since I left home; but more especially in returning, starting as I did alone. The orphan's God graciously raised up a kind protector. This renewed instance of his watchful love, greatly increases my confidence in his more than paternal care. I here record that I feel myself a *deep, deep debtor to grace*.

May 14.—Dr. Dunn lectured from Christ's sermon on the mount, and remarked how different, how very different was the blessed Saviour's mode of instruction from that of most teachers of the present day; who divide and subdivide their subjects until the *Gospel* is buried up and lost in subtle metaphysics. I have heard it remarked that ministers preach just as much religion as they themselves possess. How awful is the responsibility of a legate of the skies! Lord, give them much of the Spirit's anointing, which can alone qualify them for their holy calling. O God, stir Christians up to agonize more fervently for those who are entrusted with so high and glorious a commission. Alas! professors too often spend the moments that should be thus employed in criticising, and casting out ill-natured reflections on the characters and inadvertencies of ministers. I lay my hand upon my mouth, and, covered with blushing, cry out that I am a person

of such unclean lips; yet, bless the Lord, I am always checked by the Holy Ghost when I thus dare to indulge. I despise this practice, and hope to get above it. When this gale had spent itself, fancied I should be freed from Satan's wiles. A few days' experience has convinced me of the fallacy of this hope: the foul fiend is watching to overtake me with worldly-mindedness. I have in a good degree resisted the tempter. I know he will be forced from the field if Jesus undertakes for me. What profit can I gain by self-consuming care, either in temporal or spiritual concerns? I would this moment the veil of outward things pass through. Heard Mr. Steward, a missionary from the Sandwich Islands. Never so fully realized the degraded condition of heathen nations. It appears that before the Gospel had been sent among them they had thrown away their idols. This passage of Scripture was literally fulfilled,—“The isles shall wait for his law.”

May 25.—I was quite raised with the Scripture views of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is considered in relation to his people as their foundation, root, food, raiment, head, hope, refuge, righteousness, light, life, peace, portion, propitiation, freedom, fountain, wisdom, way, ensign, example, door, dew, sun, shield, strength, song, horn, honour, sanctification, supply, resurrection, redemption, lesson, ladder, truth, treasure, temple, ark, *all*:—while I write, my soul glows with holy rapture from a persuasion

that he will,—that he does manifest himself in all those characters to a worm like me

May 29.

“When evening spreads her solemn shades around me,
And the world grows dim upon my eyes,
And many stars o’er the vault of heaven,
Call on the spirit to retire awhile
From earth and its low vanities,
And seek the high and *holy intercourse with God.*”

my soul obeys. The neglect or careless performance of this duty is one of the chief causes that bedwarfs my religion, and makes it low of stature. I would, at this still hour, ask myself, for what end was I made, and at what do I aim? Lord, I know nothing of my state if I do not feel as—

“A pilgrim panting for the rest to come;
An exile anxious for her *native home.*”

Wretched indeed should I be if I had no paradise more durable than this poor world. Thank God I have been enabled to choose the unruinable world for my portion,—the heaven of heavens, and the Lord of all for my inheritance.

June 4, 1827.—Although disease pervades my feeble frame, Divine grace raises me above the pressure, and God is enlarging my desires to serve him fully.

Robert M’Nutt lies as a wreck upon the shores of time, just ready to launch into the world of spirits. I asked him if he felt that beneath and around him were laid the everlasting arms? His countenance brightened

while I spoke, and with emphasis he replied, "All glory to God, *I do*." Spent an hour profitably in conversing with dear E. Abbott, who for three years has enjoyed the witness of sanctification. Truly, my soul is knit to those who possess this blessing.

June 6.—Life's last agony is o'er with poor Robert. This morning at two o'clock he exchanged his little garret, where for six years he has been a sufferer, for the bright abodes of eternal day. The weight of anxiety which is removed from my mind by this poor saint being housed above is only known to the Searcher of hearts.

June 10.—Mr. Lybrand preached from "If I go not away the Comforter will not come." In the evening he preached again, from "To die is gain." Truly, I have this day "tasted and handled the word of life."

June 12.—Concerned to know the propriety of visiting New-York. My plans are laid before the Governor of all things.

"Saviour, where'er thy will I see,
Dauntless, untired I'll follow thee."

New-York, June 13.—Rode twenty miles to-day; most of the road led through a solitary part of the pines. The day was bright, and the fresh beauties of spring surrounded me. Could I but feel happy when I marked a Father's hand in the rich livery of nature! My enjoyment too was heightened by the society and converse of kindred spirits.

June 17.—Awoke much refreshed by “balmy sleep.” Went to Willett-street church. Mr. Seney preached from “A conscience void of offence.” While he described the evidences of a clean heart, with streaming eyes I rejoiced in an assurance that that blessed portion was mine, and that I had nearly all my days been struggling for integrity of soul and sincerity of heart. I surely feel that my *record* is on *high*, and my witness in *heaven*.

June 19.—Left New-York in a pleasant conveyance for Belleville camp meeting. Never witnessed so commanding a prospect as is presented to the eye on the Hudson river. Ships and vessels of different sizes, added to the Albany and other steamboats, formed a charming variety. We had a passage of twelve miles over land ere we reached the encampment. Part of our way lay through a beautiful country. The road on one side was skirted by rocks and hills almost perpendicular, ornamented by moss and wild flowers; on our left were meadows of such rich verdure as reminded me of those “fields which stand dressed in *living green*.” In that blessed region is a cloudless sky, a never setting sun; and by faith’s far reaching eye I almost saw the fount of life, and heard the music of the blessed circling the throne of the Eternal.

After crossing the Hackensack and Passaic, we reached Belleville, a neat village, the houses white, and almost hid with shrubbery. Could I gratify my natural desires, I should sigh for

such a retreat, far away from the gaudy show, and noise of a populous city.

Arrived at the camp ground : had the indescribable pleasure of meeting my dear cousins again. Mr. Rusling, this afternoon, spoke in his usual practical manner, from St. John iii, 7. In the evening Mr. Banghart preached. I have never heard the sound of his voice since the first camp meeting which I attended. God has borne with me since that period, and sustained my utter helplessness.

Tuesday.—Cousin Lydia rambled with me some distance from the enclosure of the tents. The warbling of the feathered tribe was quite inspiring. The notes of the wood robin were the finest I ever heard ; our walk was most interesting. Sweet counsel blessed the hour, and we returned with hearts glowing with love to Jesus our king, and ardent desires to have the work of grace deepened in our souls. In the afternoon Mr. Nathan Bangs preached from Heb. xx, 10. Dwelling on Christ's mental sufferings, he said, "Some stoical persons could not comprehend the Saviour's agony, which caused the blood to gush from every pore ; while those of more acute sensibilities might at least form a faint idea of his internal anguish." Do I not, at least in a degree, realize my Master's amazing wo ? All my outward trials bear no proportion to the inward conflicts with which I am conversant. Can it be that he, who was Lord and heir of all things, to shame my sins, blushed in blood ? Had not the great Inter-

cessor stood in the gap to stay the stroke of Divine justice, it had not been with me as *it now is*.

Thursday.—Heard Mr. Luckey, from Luke xxiv, 45 : “Go, preach my Gospel to every creature, beginning at Jerusalem.” This discourse gave me a new view of the day of pentecost. Jews were assembled at Jerusalem from all parts of the country, and were present when Peter stood forth, and the Holy Spirit descended ; and the disciples were enabled to address each stranger in his native tongue. They then returned to their homes and told the wonderful works of God, and thus prepared the way for the apostles to declare the Gospel of Christ.

Friday.—This evening the sky hath cleared, the wind so cold and high it seems as though the tents must fall ; and the ground damp ; yet I could not resist the desire I felt to hear the sound of salvation by Mr. A. Atwood, from, “Joy in heaven over one sinner,” &c. Mr. Rusling exhorted, and related his experience. Every word was powerful ; but the best wine was reserved for me at the close. The former part of the meeting my enjoyment was marred by the extravagance and want of solemnity in the prayer meetings.

I passed the last night in tent No. 10. For several hours I remained in a corner, and poured out my tears and complaints before the Lord. My evidence of perfect love was renewed, and my mind relieved of the load that

oppressed me for the Church and my friends. I took a seat at the entrance of the tent. My soul ran out in ardent desires for the salvation of every soul for whom Jesus died. Many stood gazing with apparent indifference. I ventured to address a gay young lady. She immediately cried aloud for mercy, and went forward to be prayed for at the mourners' bench. Another told me she was convinced, but must wait the Lord's time. O, this gulf of souls, how many it has destroyed! A poor coloured woman stood weeping at the outside; the way being soon cleared, she knelt among the mourners, and was directed to look to Him who can make the Ethiop white. I felt much for two female friends, whose hearts were broken, yet refused to submit to the cross of kneeling among the penitents. Cousin Ashby came at two o'clock, and obtained their consent to be saved on Gospel terms. He urged me to assist in pointing trembling sinners to the Lamb of God. I shrunk from the publicity of this exercise; but as others excused themselves, I did what I could. The severest cross was yet to be lifted: I was soon required to raise my feeble voice in prayer. The hundreds who surrounded me did not daunt me or prevent my trust in God. While I endeavoured to apply the promises to a sincere female, who for two nights and days had been wrestling in an agony for full redemption, the answer came. Her soul was filled with pure seraphic joy. She rose on her feet, and, with feeling and clearness, de-

clared what God had wrought. To my surprise the day dawned. So sweetly had the moments rolled, I had not even wished to close my eyes in sleep. The loud blast of the trumpet summoned us to the last meeting. The voice of the tempest was hushed—the horizon was gilded by the rays of the rising sun. This sight never fails to interest me ; but at this moment it appeared more than ever glorious. Every leaf waved the praise of Jesus. How enrapturing the thought that—

A day without night, I shall spend in his sight,
And eternity seem but a day."

After many interesting cases, our last public means was a lovefeast. My attention was attracted by the testimonies of two men ; one was formerly an actor on the stage ; now it is his aim to dedicate his powers to the service of the Lord his God. The other had been a notorious drunkard, and came the year before to this grove with a bottle of liquor in his hat, intending to disturb the meeting ; but the Holy Spirit arrested him, he threw away his bottle, forsook evil company and indolent habits, and became a new man. Why should any one dispute the utility of camp meetings ?

Saturday.—Returned by the way of Newark. I am perfectly astonished that, though I have been for several days more exposed than I ever was in my life, I have not taken the least cold. Surely the same all-powerful arm that defended Daniel, has *shielded me* from harm.

Sunday.—Heard Mr. Seney at the Allen-street church. Afternoon, attended preaching at the House of Refuge, and was deeply affected to witness one hundred and thirty boys walk in single file, with their arms behind them, into the room appropriated for worship.

Friday.—Visited several public schools, and one in particular, for coloured boys; was much pleased with their exhibition of talent. I believe their understandings are nearly, if not quite equal to the whites.

Hilton, July 5.—Still I am an inhabitant of this ever changing world. Twenty-six years I have lived on the rich bounties of Heaven. I would chide my cold heart for being so unmindful of the blessings which have flowed continually from the Author and Fountain of my being; and,—

“ Now, though flying o’er my head,
 Are youth’s departing years;
 And often though the path I tread
Is water’d by my tears;
 Still *hope*, in many a gloomy hour,
 Through many a weary mile,
 Has cheer’d me with the magic power
 Of her beguiling smile,”

July 10.—Surely the Lord my keeper stood omnipotently near while I was exposed to imminent danger. In coming down a steep hill, the horse turned off the road into a deep gully; we all succeeded in escaping unhurt. I shall dwell in safety if Jesus protects. It has been said that “the children of God are immortal until they have finished the work assigned

them." May this preservation serve me as an impetus to run with alacrity all the length of the way of inward and outward holiness.

Pennington Camp Ground, July 23.—In coming here I have felt some hesitancy. Forbid, O my God, that I should abuse this means of grace. Here I can gaze on the spot where the load of guilt was removed from my oppressed bosom, and with an unwavering tongue I have since been enabled to cry, "Abba, Father;" and he has kept my feet from slipping at a season of my life when most exposed to Satan's devices. I have had many a solitary walk in this extensive wood, and have loved to ascend yonder high mountain which commands so extensive a view. Under the thick foilage of these trees I feel the world excluded, every passion hushed, and enjoy a calm intercourse with Heaven. Surely safety and tranquillity dwell remote from the multitude. I have felt my soul much blessed in witnessing the clear conversion of sinners here. My expectations and desires are centred in God, so that I can say,—

"Nor earth, nor all its empty toys,
Can tempt my meanest love."

Jesus is the sole object of my admiration.

Philadelphia, Aug. 7.—Again find myself pent up in this sickly town. The heat more oppressive than I ever knew it.

Aug. 12.—Left the city to breathe again the pure air. Spent but one day with Mrs. Buckman ere I was shocked with the tidings of my

dear sister K.'s rupturing a blood vessel. I was soon by her bedside. She has just written (for she is not permitted to speak) "that she is assured of this affliction being needful." How comfortable to see her thus acquiesce.

Aug. 15.—A multitude of necessary employments do not separate me from my God. This morning I snatched a few moments for heavenly converse—endeavoured to form some idea of the extent of the Christian's privilege; I asked great things of God in prayer; in contemplation my mind stretched farther, and took a higher flight than usual; then darted itself, if I may so speak, toward God in sighs, groans, and thoughts, too big for expression. I felt the force of these words, "God is *able* to do *far more* abundantly than we can *ask* or *think*." What may I not expect?

Sept. 3.—With humiliation of soul for the small improvement of past favours, I would cheerfully submit to the privation of remaining in the bustle of domestic duties while scores of my dear Christian friends are worshipping in the grove of Blackwood. Succeeded in removing every obstacle that rose to prevent *Ellen* from attending, thinking it may be blessed to the conversion of her soul.

I cannot pen what I enjoyed last night. Such a spirit of intercession I am seldom favoured with.

At the Lord's Supper was so covered with the *atonement* that my powers almost sunk under the view.

Sept. 8.—Class this afternoon was very profitable;—cheered by the reflection that very soon the storms of life will blow over and an eternal calm ensue.

O Lord, engage my affections and desires more earnestly in the pursuit of inward holiness; grant me a zeal tempered with prudence as well as kindled by love; disunite my heart from every undue tie to the earth, and satisfy my soul with thy favour.

Wednesday.—This morning spent profitably in calling on several sick persons;—had unusual liberty in prayer and conversation. Afternoon—too much company. Holy Father, when thus unavoidably exposed, enable me to keep the door of my lips, and let the words I utter have weight in them. I find it impossible to enjoy communion with God without redeeming time, and maintaining a watchful frame of mind.

Thursday.—This morning I have been employed in visiting the sick, and in attending class and prayer meeting. M. A. Williams, M. Apple, M. Milligan, scholars of my class, were on their knees some hours, crying for mercy. Fully convince them, O my God, that they are ruined for ever without the help of Christ.

Sept. 17.—Mr. White preached from Rom. xii, 1, "I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God," &c. He set forth the Christian duty enjoined in the text, and adduced the arguments why we should perform it. An awful

shock of power was felt by the assembly, and the word was indeed delivered with holy unction. My heart flowed as melted wax, and I lay as in the dust under a sense of having fallen far short of my great duty and privilege.

Sept. 18.—Monday. I rose long before day, and was actively employed until the shades of evening, when I dropped every earthly concern, and went to the lovefeast at St. George's. A better one I have seldom known. Such interviews with God and Christians *smooth the rugged path* of life.

Thursday.—Class meeting much blessed to me. I often tremble lest my attention should be unnecessarily occupied with the things which perish with the using:—have much to remind me that here I have no continuing city.

Dec. 2.—Passed this afternoon in company with Mary White, at the alms house; and experienced, while conversing with the sick, a great increase of love to God, and the souls for whom the Son of God died.

Dec. 25. Christmas day.—This morning was at five o'clock meeting;—dull and lifeless until the close, when I felt the soft touches of the Spirit. Spent the afternoon in visiting the destitute sick;—was much affected by reading that he who was Lord of all things, stooped so low as to die for man. I can attest that my wishes, hopes, pleasures, love,—my thoughts and noblest passions are *above*.

Jan. 1, 1828.—Time, with pinions swifter than the wind, is passing and hurrying its mil-

lions into eternity. I cannot recount the blessings of my Lord the year past, for they are numberless. When I survey the dark scenes he has brought me through, in days gone by, gratitude should be written in indelible characters on my heart. I can say without dissimulation, that I am still bending my course upward in the pathway of self-denial; but pained to view my innumerable shortcomings. O that the remembrance of them might reinforce and strengthen my resolutions, and may I learn to resist the temptations by which I have been formerly foiled; and thus make the deficiencies of one day marks to direct my course on another.

Jan. 20.—Again blessed in hearing Dr. Dunn, from “All things have become new.” I do indeed realize a new creation within. My covenant God has given me to feel the work of grace deepened in my soul, by a luminous testimony that no sin has dominion over me. Satan would suggest that my highest attainments are the effects of self-love, acting under several guises; but I see enough of my own weakness and unworthiness to banish all self-complacency. These views only serve to drive me to seek fresh supplies from the “Lord my righteousness.” I know in whom I trust;—it is not on the arm of flesh I lean. He who hath preserved me from the world’s entanglements for ten years is surely able, and will uphold and protect me the few days that may yet be allotted me below.

Feb. 12.—My friend, Mary White, was seized suddenly ill on Sabbath. I watched by her pillow the past night. Never witnessed such excruciating suffering;—only rational at intervals. I am of opinion she cannot survive many hours.

This evening, at our lovefeast, an awful solemnity pervaded my mind, which had received a tone from the scene I had been conversant with in my dying friend's chamber. I viewed all below as vanity, except the means of securing a lot among the glorified. This enabled me to speak for God without conferring with quivering flesh.

Wednesday, 13.—This day has been marked with several events. Visited some who are without the comforts of this life, but rich in faith, and heirs of a kingdom. My much loved friend, M. White, was released at three o'clock this afternoon to mingle with the pure spirits before the throne of God. The nature of her disease, an inflammation of the brain, was such as prevented her leaving a triumphant testimony. Few knew her better than myself. She laid open her whole heart to me. I have marked her Christian walk for five years, and ever found her on the way. Truly, she walked in the path of uprightness. Her journal gives ample proof of the depth of her piety. For some months past she has lived more secluded; and has evidently been more devout. The evening before her last illness she read the parable of the ten virgins, and sung the first and third verses of "The Lord my pasture

shall," &c., and was much affected. She then spent some time in secret prayer, and afterward remarked to a friend, that her "prayers had all been turned to praise." This is now to be her constant employ. "A perpetuity of bliss, is *bliss*" indeed.

I have lost an invaluable friend; one who favoured me with counsel and reproof. There are many who are ready to commend, but few I find who are willing to point out my *errors*. The price of such a friend is far above rubies.

Friday.—Committed the remains of M. White to her original dust. I saw them cover her with the "clods of the valley." I turned away, and shuddered to reflect that the worms would crowd into her silent abode. But why indulge in sorrow and tears? Let the body lie in the earth; it belongs there. The weary soul has cast its tenement aside, and ascended without it. Very soon I shall shed my last tear, heave my last sigh, and go to join the blood-besprinkled band on high.

Feb. 17.—Mr. Lybrand preached from "The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge."

I know that the Lord hath given me in charge to his angels; they encamp about me continually:—let thine *own* everlasting arms environ me.

Philadelphia, Feb. 30.—I am called to leave this city, endeared to me by so many ties. My best affections linger round the church and Sabbath school. A ten years' at-

tachment to those dear scholars is not easily severed.

March 20.—"Truly God is good to Israel,"—even unto me. Came into the city to attend meeting, and knew not that my spirit was to be cheered by seeing my dear and only brother admitted into the Church. Language is too feeble to express the feelings of my heart on this occasion. O that he may be as

"An iron pillar strong,
And steadfast as a wall of brass!"

Frankford, March 10.—My heart is sore within me while I behold the total indifference manifested by most of the inhabitants of this village, with regard to the salvation of their deathless souls. Are not those who bear the name of Christ too much at ease in Zion? Can we witness with apathy sinners pressing their way in unbroken ranks down to the fiery gulf of dark damnation, and not put forth efforts to *rescue them*?

I fear our coldness, softness, and worldly mindedness, hinders the work of God from moving forward. I am following my Master with too lingering a step. May he free me more effectually from the concerns of this world. Nothing less than a daily growth in personal holiness can satisfy my thirsty spirit. Come, Lord, and strengthen my feeble soul:—then I can boldly teach transgressors thy *way*, and sinners even in this place shall be converted unto thee.

In private I had an earnest of the joys of

heaven. O were I possessed of the tongue of a seraph, I could not tell the ecstacy I felt on reflecting that even my trembling spirit shall, if faithful a little longer, unite with the just made perfect at the right hand of the Majesty on high.

Sunday.—"To God eternal glory be," for what he has effected by subduing my will, and bringing my passions under control, and enabling me to rest this day at the sacrament on the Crucified, fully believing that his merits can meet my every want; and that he has made my soul a partaker of that *grace* which will eventually ripen me for the kingdom of my heavenly Father. This day my body and soul seem to have been penetrated through with rays from the glorious Source of light.

Monday, April 7.—Had an interview with Mr. Case, John Sunday, and Peter Jacobs. John was once very intemperate;—learned the alphabet in two hours,—to read in two weeks. Mr. Case told us that the converted Indians attend to family worship three times a day. When the men are absent, the females attend to that duty, and when they are away, the children perform it with much solemnity. Surely this ought to put us, Christians, to the blush. There is a great anxiety among them to learn. A little girl, not being able to procure knitting needles, took an old tin pan, and formed the wire into needles, and with them completed two pair of stockings. Mr. Case exhibited a number of pieces of workmanship, which dis-

played great native genius. Several of the women sent their ornaments to be exchanged for implements of husbandry.

John Sunday spoke in his native tongue. His gestures, expression of countenance, energy of manner, and appeals to Heaven, all exhibited the warmth of his heart and the reality of his religion. What he said was interpreted, but it must have lost much of its edge. Peter Jacobs succeeded him in broken English;—said that “two years ago he was wild man in the woods;—parents and friends all dead;—he was left an orphan at four years of age, and often ready to perish with hunger and cold. When the missionary came, and wished him to live with him, Peter asked, ‘if he could catch one little partridge, and tame him to run with his chickens.’ He was answered in the negative. ‘Then,’ he replied, ‘you cannot civilize me; I am wild as a deer.’ But when he came to hear from the good book of Jesus, he tamed my heart: now me happy, very happy every day.”

It being remarked that J. Sunday had not understood what had been said, from his ignorance of our language, Mr. Merwin addressed him through his brother interpreter, and in the name of the congregation gave him the right hand of fellowship. The flowing tears and broken sobs of this poor son of the forest, added to his loud exclamations of joy, rendered it one of the most melting scenes I ever witnessed.

July 5.—Twenty-seven years I have breathed

the vital air. The scenes of my youth are all fading like night visions.

Blackwood, August.—I never commenced a meeting so free from dissipation. All my soul was recollected. I seem to have but one end in view. The first few days my eyes have been as a fountain of contrite tears. At prayer meeting in Mr. Sterling's tent had a season of great rejoicing with many. Samuel Thockmorton fell under the power of God. I felt no uncommon joy, but a solemn sense of the Divine presence and an unusual power to plead with God for a fulness of every grace of the Spirit.

At evening prayer meeting, four of my young friends, teachers in our Sabbath schools, who have often pained me by their indifference, humbled themselves at Jesus' feet, and two of them were brought to exult in the Saviour's pardoning love. I had ravishing contemplations on his character. O what an immensity of love did I behold in him! My every want shall be supplied from *his* fulness, who filleth all.

Sabbath noon.—While Mr. Pitman exhorted the careless throng who stood gazing around the tent, I experienced a most intense concern for their salvation; and such a sense of the severe purity of the Deity pervaded my soul, as absolutely astonished me.

Philadelphia.—At prayer meeting this evening, was astonished, after the loss of so much rest, that my body and mind were so vigorous. I sat under the shadow of my Rock, and felt that he sustained me.

Frankford, Aug. 8.—At my home,—*dear home.*—I have been favoured with hours of seclusion, and am glad to find that I am invigorated by the invaluable means I have recently enjoyed. I have open intercourse with Heaven;—great liberty in pleading the promises for myself, friends, and the Church of Christ; especially for the prosperity of the Redeemer's kingdom in this village.

Sunday, 11.—Rose ere yet the sun had tipt the hills with his orient beams, and while the family were locked in repose. When I poured out my complaints in prayer, Jesus drew very near, and enabled me to ask for all I wanted. Morning after morning returns with all its sweet and peaceful loveliness, and invites my spirit to commune with God. My feelings are in unison with the glories of creation.

“Lord, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin.”

What an inestimable blessing is a consciousness that I am a child of God. I would not exchange this for all the wisdom, honour, riches in the world. It is better than life itself. How much I prize our little class meetings. Never were they more blessed to me. Jesus can make every means please and profit.

“I dwell for ever on his heart
For ever he on mine.”

August.—Was directed, I trust by the Holy One, this morning to apply (though a stranger)

to Mr. Rains, for a supply of preachers from the local association, for Frankford. On stating the case to Mr. R., he manifested a lively interest for the few straggling sheep who would claim his care, and exhorted me to be active ; which greatly encouraged my fainting spirits.

Crosswicks, Sept. 4.—Our meeting in the grove has been interrupted by three days incessant rain ; yet God has been powerfully at work in the souls of many.

Philadelphia, Sept.—A sermon this morning by Mr. Scott, from “Blessed are the poor in spirit,” made me more than ever desire the *lovely grace of humility*. Might I be permitted to choose my own lot, I should think it much more eligible to want spiritual comforts, than to abound in them at the expense of humility. May I ever be so favoured of Heaven, as never to forget that I am by nature the chief of sinners.

November.—This evening in secret the Holy Spirit rested on me so gloriously that my bodily powers were prostrated. Motionless, and almost breathless, I waited to know what God the Lord would do with his poor creature. Every affection of my soul was captivated with discoveries of the excellencies and beauties of the incarnate Jesus. Glory and honour to his name for a present salvation *from all sin*. He who dwelleth between the cherubim has shone forth, and given a worm a *clearer demonstration* of his Divine favour. I would from this hour give myself solely to God, beseeching him to

do with me as will be most to his glory and my eternal good.

Frankford. Sabbath.—Mr. Cline preached with the demonstration of the Spirit;—prevailed on A. E. to remain in class:—the deep of her heart is broken;—the cries of a worm have reached the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth, —and I am to have a friend for a helper. I had her with me from house to house, searching children to form a Sabbath school. We invited the parents to attend meeting, which has increased the congregation. Lord, help me to stand in my lot, and be faithful, and have my face turned fully toward Zion.

Philadelphia, Dec. 25.—At five o'clock this morning the Lord Jesus, as he has ever been, was present to invigorate my helplessness. The God-man appeared,—

“As when of old confess'd,”

The exalted Son of God.

May he “wrap me in his crimson vest,

And tell me *all his name*.”

Jan. 1, 1829.—Old time in its rapid flight has borne away another year. At watch-night, while the fragment of but one minute of the past year remained, fell on my knees, and in silence adored my merciful God, who had spared me to hail 1829. “With vows and anthems new,” surrendered myself to the Lord and rejoiced in the glorious hope of gaining that heavenly world, where

“Rolling years shall cease to move.”

I am incapable of recounting the favours of the year gone by,—far the most interesting of my life, though debarred of many of the public means of grace.

“ I have loved to steal away
From every cumbering care,
And spent the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.”

Feb.—Quite unwell : while preparing to attend the Sabbath school spit some blood, and was obliged to keep quiet at home. Preaching as usual in our parlour ; an overwhelming influence pervaded the meeting : several were awakened, with whom I ventured to converse. Mr. Jones called on me to pray. It was suggested to my mind that the exertion would be more than my lungs could bear. I committed my cause into the hands of Him who hath the issues of life,—who was my strength in the performance of *duty*. The cloud which had obscured my faith, now “burst in blessings on my head.”

February 29.—The Lord owned the word preached by Mr. Jones to-night : eight persons came forward to be prayed for. After the many discouragements I have waded through in this place, the Searcher of hearts only knows my joy at this intimation of his favour.

Frankford, March 21.—Have had many evidences of the strength of prayer, and realize more fully the extent of that promise, “All things whatsoever ye ask in prayer, believing,

ye shall receive." Our Sabbath school prospers beyond my most sanguine expectations; fifty scholars attend. Ann Walton, an orphan of fifteen, on entering, could only spell in three letters, but can now read in the New Testament:—has experienced a change of heart, and joined the society. Not one of the female teachers was pious at the commencement of the school; and I was ready to faint at the idea of placing those to teach who had never been enlightened themselves. But what hath God wrought! Six of the female teachers, and two males, give evidence of a genuine conversion, and have united in Church fellowship with us. There are now upward of twenty-eight persons in the class, and many more under awakenings.

Philadelphia, March 29.—Continual experience of my own weakness makes me pitiful to my wayward, erring, sinning fellow-creatures.

April 1.—How desirable has heaven appeared to me to-day. Grant me courage, Lord, to act aright, however appearances may be to my disadvantage. Thy favour is infinitely more to me than the opinion of men, or even life itself; yet I long and pray to appear in the eyes of others without guile, that the Gospel be not reproached.

April 20.—Afternoon Mr. Cookman preached on "a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." Yes, my Saviour, thou hast ever proved an inviolable friend to me. Thou hast been with me

in thy ordinances, in the sanctuary, in secret places, and in all my duties and trials; and my meditations of thee have been exceedingly sweet.

Evening.—Mr. Thompson from 1 John iii, 2: “Beloved, now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be,” &c. The lustre of this world has been quite eclipsed by the discoveries I have this day had of eternal realities. My soul pants, and is eager to be gone, that I may see my Father as he is, and behold the glories which surround his throne.

May 10.—Mr. Higgins preached from, “Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent, that ye may be found of him in peace, without spot, and blameless.” Interested and profited. Lord, what manner of person ought I to be, whose days are dwindling to a span? Soon these feet will tread the depths of Jordan, and my eyes be closed in death. Jesus, lead on my steps in all the way I have to go.

Evening.—Sorrow possessed my soul, that I had not kept the righteous precepts more faithfully. My life is marked with imperfections; but they do not separate between God and my soul; for never will any works of righteousness that I have done, or can do, recommend me to his favour. I dwell in a poor shattered house of clay, that presses down the immortal part; and if ever so blessed as to gain that endless bliss, it will be *grace* that brought me there.

“I languish and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus hath fix’d his abode.”

Monday 11.—Worldly difficulties assailed me to-day, but do not daunt me in the way to the kingdom. Ill indeed would doubts and anxiety become me. On reviewing the past I am forced to say, “Thus far the Lord hath led me ;” and looking forward, though rough and uncertain my path may be, I would rely on my bleeding, dying Surety, and lift a tranquil eye to Him who sits on the throne of the heavens, holding the reins of universal dominion, and trust never to pervert his designs. Death appears desirable to me, as an entrance to a place where the weary are *at rest*.

Friday, 22.—I have for some time past observed this as a day of abstinence and humiliation, while my soul, contemplative, rose, cheered by refreshing views of eternity.

“Though in a foreign land,
I am not far from home ;
And nearer to my house above
I every *moment* come.”

Sunday 24.—Indulged with a comfortable opportunity for explaining the eleventh chapter of John’s Gospel to my scholars. The interest I felt for their salvation was unusually weighty. Ere I entered upon the duties of this day I supplicated for the fulfilment of this promise,—“That every thought shall be brought into captivity,” &c. Not often have I had my mind so stayed on God.

June.—How dull the day seems when spent without having my usual opportunities for retirement, and pouring out my prayer before the sprinkled throne. This privation makes visiting irksome.

Thursday.—Opened the sacred volume on these precious words, “The Lord is a strong hold in the day of trouble. He knoweth those who trust in him.” The impression they left on my heart was very sweet.—Comfortable assistance from God in secret devotion.—Pain and disease are to me sure indications that death is not distant. Baxter says, “When is it more seasonable to walk to heaven than when we know not on what corner of the earth to live with comfort.” At class my soul was fired with fresh hopes of finally gaining my glorious home. Lord, cover me with thy *feathers* from the storm and from the shafts of the enemy.

July 5.—Twenty-eight years I have been suffered to tabernacle among men, unworthy as I am. I have finished reperusing Mr. Wesley’s account of Christian perfection, which often brought me to my knees, and wet my face with penitent tears. O when shall I bear more deeply the impress of my Master’s image? Entered the courts of the Lord’s house this morning under a deep conviction that I was *too cold in my approaches to Him*. Mr. Higgins could not have selected a subject more in unison with my feelings,—“Ask, and receive; seek, and find.” I did ask, and was blessed with rapturous contemplations of God.

July 29.—The time spent at Blackwood meeting was a season of holy mourning; yet, on some occasions my complaints were sweetly lost in praise. Though a pilgrim in this world, I can at times look into the promised land,—

“While faith, with her glass of softest light
Displays it to my wondering sight.”

Felt a great solicitude for souls—much interested to witness a pious mother rejoicing over three daughters, who had been brought into the liberty of the children of God. Their father was a holy man, and in the dying hour had warned them to prepare to meet him above. This is an instance of the seed springing up after the hand that planted, and the eye that watered it, are *at rest* in the *grave*.

Saturday, August 1.—Have full proof that the seeds of death are thickly scattered within my system. Have been asking for some days for that faith which defies pain and death, and is most vigorous when the body dies. In prayer meeting this evening I was lifted far above my infirmities, and enriched with the grace of the Spirit.

“O God, of good the unfathom’d sea,
Who would not give his heart to thee?
Who would not love thee with *his might*?” &c.

Crosswicks, Sept.—The time I have spent in this quiet retreat has been reviving to my spirit. The world cannot ensnare me by any of its grosser allurements; but the temptations it

holds out to me, under the form of pure, refined, elevated enjoyment resulting from earthly connections, is ensnaring. I will strive to feel that the place which God assigns me is the *best*. O that in humility of mind I may ever prefer that condition which leads to the most intimate knowledge of myself, and the closest union with my Lord and Saviour.

Sept.—How salutary has a discourse from Mr. White proved, from “This one thing have I desired of the Lord, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.” How trying to return to earth and its cares after possessing high and holy intercourse with God.

Frankford.—Lovefeast to-day was more blessed to me than any means of the kind I ever enjoyed. Blessed be God, fifty persons are united in Church fellowship here. M. A. E., to my surprise, has become a Methodist. Her conversion is a manifest answer to prayer. The seed sown will yet I believe produce abundant fruit.

Thursday.—Forced my way through a crowd of hinderances, and got to the class soon after it commenced. Blessed with an overpowering sense of the Saviour’s love. My constant design is with steadfast eye to mark every step my Saviour took through life.

Sunday.—Mr. Higgins preached from—“What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world?” &c. Sinners were warned of their danger in an unusually solemn manner; and shall any of them endure the gnawings of the

undying worm? My soul shudders at the thought. "What! to be banished from thee, Lord, and yet forbid to die!" The solicitude I feel for consistency of life in professors, and the conversion of souls, is paramount to every other wish of my heart, and *next to my own salvation*; yet fear I indulge in an unnecessary anxiety to be *actively* employed in the cause of Christ, when he needs not my *exertions*.—Charged by a minister with being "too serious." The concern I feel for the unconverted, and beholding Jesus so often wounded by his professed friends, added to the secret contests with my own bosom foes, affects my *countenance*, my *heart*, and my *eyes*. O Father, thou art leading me by a way I knew not; possess me of that sober, chastened, dependent frame of mind which will prepare me for every event.

Friday—Was set apart by our beloved pastor as a day of fasting and prayer for a revival of vital godliness. While I besought the King of heaven to guide my footsteps through the mazes of this mortal life, this promise was so forcibly presented that I laid hold of it as my own,—“Behold, I will pour out my Spirit unto you, and *will make known my words unto you* ;” and while wrestling for a manifestation of Divine grace in our Church, these words were given me,—“Until the Spirit be poured from on high, and the wilderness be a fruitful field.”

Sunday, Nov.—Mr. Durbin spoke from “Godliness with contentment,” &c.,—much profited. In the evening, Mr. Higgins,—

"They who sow in tears shall reap in joy." He remarked, that the weeping Christian is the happy one. This consoled me; for it has been suggested that my face is too often wet with tears.

Dec. 25.—Left my pillow long before the sun had reached the horizon with his cheering rays. The meeting house resounded with grateful praise to Him whose appearance on earth was the theme of angelic anthems, and exultation of the heavenly hosts. The first three prayers were peculiarly adapted to the occasion. While I looked forward to another year my soul was filled with solemn forebodings of the changes that would probably occur in our family, and a faintness seized me. I rose to leave the house, but sunk senseless to the ground near the door. When gasping for breath, felt that it would be gain to die; but ah! my passport was not yet given; I could not yet go home. Though very feeble, I heard Mr. Higgins at ten o'clock, from "Christ was manifested in the flesh to take away sins." In the afternoon, at the lovefeast, was encouraged by hearing some clear witnesses of the *great salvation*.

Jan. 1, 1830.—I greet the first moments of the new year with feelings new. Can it be that my thread of life is not yet snapped asunder? Alive by a miracle! I calculated long since to have rested with the dead, free from all my toils. I stand and look with wonder on what God hath wrought for me the last twelve months; his

calls, helps, mercies, forbearances, deliverances, rescues from evils, support under the fatigues of moving twice; evident answers to prayer. What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits?

I am resolved to be more circumspect in all I say and do, and hang from moment to moment on a crucified Saviour. Never will I *unloose my hold on his promises*. I am persuaded that it is his will that even a worm so weak as I am may live unspotted from the world.

Jan. 23.—Rose at break of day desiring to be employed for God. Flesh was ready to shrink from fulfilling an engagement to walk three miles to a mission school this severely cold morning. Is there a lamb in all my Father's flock my soul disdains to feed? I resigned my own ease, and the enjoyment of public worship, and am amply compensated by the Divine presence.

Friday night.—Mr. Nicholson, from "Men ought always to pray, and not to faint." My petitions are too general. I will endeavour to have stated periods to wrestle for special blessings and particular persons.

Saturday.—Last night the Lord bid me, even in sleep, go on, and made my very dreams devout; and while attending to secular concerns to-day, my mind has been fully taken up with futurity.

Friday.—Called on D. Welsh—found her exceedingly debilitated from raising blood. I

remarked, that her weakness of course prevented her from reading much ; her answer was, that "she had been only able to read the Gospel of St. Luke through during the day." She then repeated nearly all the eleventh chapter of Revelation, saying it afforded her great consolation, and that an application of these scriptures had "Satan's every dart repelled."

How important, thought I, are Sabbath schools, where the mind is stored with Gospel truth. O that God would enable me to place it before the children in such an attracting light as to induce them to fall in love with its Divine precepts.

Feb. 20.—Mr. Higgins—"Search the Scriptures." Nothing could be more appropriate to my feelings than the subject chosen for discussion. Since my visit to D. Welsh, have felt convinced of my deficiency in attending to this important duty. I would have the sacred pages written on my heart.

Feb. 28.—Attended the courts of Zion—much profited from a discourse of Mr. Thatcher, "Be ye holy, for I am holy," &c. I long to possess all the Divine fulness as far as is attainable by man. I am perfectly astonished that professors should raise so many objections to the doctrine of perfect love ; yet why should I wonder ? The carnal mind in myself once strongly opposed the simplicity and power of faith.

March 13.—Ill, and fatigued in body and soul, exulting in Christ Jesus. I rest in his

love, and all my powers are engaged *to do his will*.

Thursday, March 16.—At class. Surely my lines have fallen to me in pleasant places. My settled and immovable purpose of soul is to be more devoted, both day and night, to the service of God.

Friday.—Always held sacred to the service of God. Ere I left my pillow experienced an unusual going out of soul after more of the life of love. Before I left the room my soul was filled with earnest agonizing prayer. When my hands were occupied with domestic duties, the goodness of the Lord so passed before me that I was led to exclaim, “Surely I am blessed with a *goodly heritage*.”

Sunday, March 19.—While in the sanctuary, the fixedness of thought I enjoyed convinced me that I was under Divine influence.

April 5.—At the table of my Father the bread of life was broken. Surely his grace is as the dew of heaven to my thirsty soul. Christ is a firm and sure resting place to me, while tossed on the troubled sea of life.

April 25.—Bishop Hedding preached from, “Except a corn of wheat die,” &c. My heart was enlarged, and faith strengthened by the rational view he gave of the scheme of redemption, and the resurrection by Christ Jesus.

May 20.—I never had freer access to a sprinkled throne than for some days past. What admixed joy and fathomless delight to walk in the sunshine of a Father’s love from

day to day, from month to month, and year to year.

“Each following minute as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve my joys.”

May 23.—Mr. Patrick, a Presbyterian clergyman, occupied our pulpit—pleased to see him there, and profited by his sermon from, “Come, for all things are now ready.”

June 6.—Mr. Higgins, from, “These words spoke Jesus, and lifted up his eyes to heaven,” &c. Attended the ordinance of the Supper. While at the hallowed board, at every breath I cried,—

“If the Son hath set me free,
Let me taste my liberty;—
Now thine inward witness bear,
More strong, more permanent, more clear.”

Suffered much from pain in my side—death never wore a more amiable aspect. Shall I declare that I am weary of lingering here? no; let me rather say with a child at a boarding school, “I am willing to learn every lesson that is needful, but long to be in my father’s house.”

June 20.—The past week has been as a bright spot in my mortal career. Cousin L. Bunting’s society has proved a cordial to me at this season of deep trial.

“Naught that is seen or heard is half so fair,
As face of faithful friend,
Fairest when seen in darkest day.”

June 22.—The sympathies of my soul have been wrought up to the highest pitch for ———,

who will no doubt very soon tread death's silent shore ; yet, alas ! quite unprepared for the world to come. Affecting sight !—young and beautiful. Surely death loves a shining mark. Closed this day reading Pollock's Course of Time. What an astonishing mind for one so young. How have his descriptions raised my scanty perceptions !

June 24.—Rode eight miles this morning through the pines.

“ Pleasant are many scenes, but most to me,
That solitude of vast extent, untouch'd
By hand of art, where nature sow'd herself,
And reap'd her crops ; whose minstrels are the
 brooks,
Whose lamps, the moon and stars.”

A solemnity always steals over me on passing through the cedar swamp ; the lofty trees extend a quarter of a mile, and nearly exclude the light of heaven. We rested at Union Hall, the resort of hundreds for dancing on the green. With what different feelings should I have viewed the scene, if this lovely spot was rendered sacred, by happy multitudes coming under these lofty boughs for prayer and praise to the God of nature. Lord, I want to feel nothing but thee, to see nothing but thee, to think of nothing but thee ; whether in the temple or the grove, whether in society or solitude.

June 26.—Walked to the village to attend female prayer meeting. The setting sun's last rays gilded the surrounding prospect, when S. A. Budd and myself reached the spot where

dear E.'s cold remains have slept in solitude three years. O'er her silent dust the storms of life now beat, unfelt while I am wandering up and down, conversant with temptation and severe afflictions.

“My soul and body I can trust
With Him who numbers ev'ry dust.”

How much ignorance of God, and neglect of his precepts prevail in this neighbourhood. I have dropped a tract at many of their doors. Lord, bless these silent messengers. Relieved my mind by speaking plainly to Mr. — on the importance of a change of heart. Boarding and travelling causes me to mix more with the gay world than I wish.

Asbury, New-Jersey, July 31.—The Lord hath graciously upheld my dear sister K. thus far in extreme weakness. He only knows what I feel on her account; nevertheless, holy Father, not our will, *but thine be done*. May the clouds which obscure her evidence be dispersed “by thy all-piercing beam.” Crossed a high and steep mountain for the benefit of a mineral spring; the ride was not only interesting from an extended prospect, but rendered profitable by conversing on the momentous subjects of death and judgment. My intercourse with the holy God, in this dwelling since my arrival hath been very sweet. The moon, with her maiden face, and a host of glittering stars, looked meekly forth this evening, lighting the lofty mountain tops, which are visible from my chamber window, and inspired my devotions.

Friday.—At the family altar the Lord gave me my full soul's desire, and assured me that he would be a refuge in the day of calamity ; and though the earth be removed and the mountains planted in the midst of the sea, yet will he never forsake those who trust in him. During the time spent here I have been filled with pantings for more constant fervour toward God. While mingling with my dear cousin D., whose heart is cast in the same mould with my own, I have experienced a flow of soul which surpasses description ; but we had to endure the pang of parting. Cousin A. saw us safe up the rugged steep of the Muskenetong mountain four miles. As we descended, the valley lay in full view before us, the plantations appeared like little garden spots, and the lofty forest trees which grew in all their strength and majesty far below us, looked from the height like small bushes. While contemplating these scenes my mind was led from "nature up to nature's God." O, who, my wondering soul asks, can, with the volume of nature open before them, deny the being of a great First Cause ?

"Thy parent hand, thy forming skill,
Firm fix'd this universal chain ;
Else empty barren darkness still
Had held his unmolested reign."

Frankford, July 24.—Attended a prayer meeting in a private house, which I entered more than a year ago to solicit Sunday scholars. It was the first in a row of humble cottages,

whose inhabitants were invited to attend our meetings. Three out of eight have made a profession of their faith in Christ. Two of the men astonished me this evening by their freedom in prayer, who a short time since were in the gloom of nature's night.

July 27.—One of the boarders said to me, "It is folly to dress so odd." I would not appear singular for singularity's sake, as humility and courtesy require me to conform to the costumes of my country. I wish not, I dare not follow fashion, or indulge in idle talk.

"Mild, sweet, serene, and tender be my mood ;
Not grave with sternness, nor with lightness free."

Jenkentown, July 21.—We are now boarding with a private family, situated more to my mind ; yet, alas ! there is no place of worship in the town. The irreverent manner the holy Sabbath is kept by most of the inhabitants has shocked, and filled me with keen anguish. O Jesus, hasten thy kingdom ; come and put an end to sin and misery. Though shut out from the public means, and my acquaintance out of reach, still I have found the Saviour near.

Friday, Aug. 19.—This day, as is my custom, has been more solemnly passed in devotion. He who fills heaven and earth is witness to the many hours of earnest wrestling I have passed beneath this roof, for its inmates, and the inhabitants of this section of country. I believe there is great efficacy in prayer.

“To tell our Jesus all our wants,
How pleasing is the task.”

Aug. 20.—When riding this morning, I was reminded of the state of the natural heart by seeing a garden filled with weeds. It led me to ask what I should be were it not for transforming grace. “This keeps me inly poor, and O that grace may keep me evermore.” Lord, Jesus, make me after thine own heart. I have been charmed with the scenery which surrounds this village. From an eminence we had a view of twenty miles’ distance. I walked half a mile to visit a young creature whom consumption is carrying to her long home—had a most interesting interview, and left the mother and her three children in tears. God grant that this youth, cut down in her loveliness, like a morning flower, may bloom afresh in the garden of paradise.

Aug. 22.—Several Sabbaths I have attended Miss Pepper’s school—took leave of my interesting class of boys. I am led to hope, by their solemnity and tenderness of heart, that truth will fasten on their minds. I lament to see many portions of my time spent to no purpose. I am fully convinced that my constant concern is to bring each day a revenue of praise to God. As the branch derives nutriment from the root, so does my dependent soul from Christ.

Aug. 25.—I was aroused last night by coughing, which was a sure prelude to me of raising blood. I sat up for some time filled

with awful reflections, and earnest pleadings with God for a *constant and habitual preparation for death and judgment*.

I have taken a ride to Germantown, though an entire stranger, to request the circuit preachers to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation to this dying people. For two weeks I have been very unwell, and this morning so ill as scarce to be able to sit in the carriage; but such is the anxiety I feel for Jenkentown, that I am willing to forego any convenience, so that a faithful ministry may be established there. I can see a Father's hand in all my goings, and delight to retrace the way he hath led me.

Philadelphia, Aug. 26.—Came in safety to my long desired home yesterday; yet I am aware that change of situation will only be change of trials; and that happiness and consolation can only come from God. It hath been said that he had one *Son* without sin; none without affliction. Though I am called to endure all the heart-breaking certainties of actual affliction, and all the anticipations of unknown difficulties yet to come;—

“Still I will triumph in the Lord,—
The God of my salvation praise.”

I am unable in the language of mortals to express what I have this day enjoyed. Went to class, though scarce able to walk there; and was humbled under a continuation of the undeserved mercies of my God. I have taken Jesus for my *chief good*, and ask no better portion.

Sept. 4.—Taken the twenty-seventh of last month to my bed with the intermittent fever. My soul was watered during this attack with the peace-giving influence of Divine grace; and was enabled to tell my sorrows in flowing language to Jesus, my invariable Friend. He screened my head in the day of battle, and delivered me from the powers of darkness.

Sept. 14.—I write by stealth, as my friends have prohibited it, or even talking.—Was seized on the fifth instant with raising blood, and have had two attacks since. I was kept perfectly calm under my most terrifying symptoms. It is a solemn thing to look death *steadily in the face*. Thank God, that when my bodily afflictions have been raised to the greatest height, the consolations of grace have been much more abundant. This sweet promise has been a stay to my soul,—“As thy day is, so shall thy strength be.”

Sept. 25.—Had the privilege of spending a week at Mr. Buckman's delightful retreat. I am much recruited through their kindness. The beauties and stillness of this scene tended to elevate my soul. Experienced many sweet seasons of union with these dear friends, and holy intercourse with the great I AM.

Nov. 14.—Complicated and deep have been the exercises of my mind since my last date; while I have with trembling struggled to perform the many duties incumbent on me. Jesus has been by my side. As long as I am capable of thankfulness, I shall never be in want

of a *cause*. I will magnify the Most High for the firm foundation which is built for my *faith* in his *excellent word*. My soul was warmed with heavenly rapture while meditating on the unutterable glory spoken of by St. Paul. I am seeking a complete fitness for an entrance into this bright abode, and crying that God may not only wash my feet, but my hands from every action unworthy the dignity of a Christian ; my head from vain imaginations ; my heart from every undue attachment ; and let my life and walk be as a living epistle, seen and read of all men.

[The following extract is inserted here for its uncommon interest :—]

My dear sister, Christiana Syng De Haven, daughter of Charles and Ann Bunting, was born at Octoraro, West Nottingham, (Maryland,) on Monday, March 28, 1796. At an early period of her life her parents removed to Philadelphia, where she received her education. While she was a child she attended the meetings of the society of Friends ; but as she grew in years her mind was visited with deep convictions. She felt the necessity of giving her heart wholly to the Lord ; of coming out from the world, and making a public profession of religion. In the nineteenth year of her age, under the ministry of the Rev. Joseph Pilmoor, she was brought to a saving acquaintance with Jesus Christ, the friend of sinners, and united herself to St. Paul's Church, of which Mr. Pilmoor was rector. From the commence-

ment of her Christian course she manifested a zeal in the cause of God seldom witnessed. She took a decided stand on the side of Christianity, and neither the vanities of the world, nor the temptations of Satan, ever allured her from the path of duty.

She assisted in establishing one of the first Sabbath schools that was formed in Philadelphia, of which she was for more than ten years a faithful teacher. It may indeed be said her heart was in this good work : her fervent prayers were heard in heaven for the children under her care, and several of them were brought from the darkness of nature to the glorious light of the Gospel.

In the year 1825 she was married to Mr. Hugh De Haven, who truly proved a helpmeet to her in the way to the kingdom. After her union with Mr. De Haven her sphere of usefulness was in a measure enlarged. Her heart and house were open to receive the friends of Jesus ; and though a member of the Episcopal Church, her warm heart embraced Christians of every name and sect. She has often been heard to say, " I love the image of my Master with equal affection wherever I behold it."

The poor and the destitute were ever taught to look up to her as their friend, and never were any known to ask her assistance in vain. With a liberal hand she aided in sending the Gospel to heathen lands. She was especially interested in the work of the Lord among the natives of our forests, and rejoiced greatly in

the conquests of the Redeemer's cross amid these long neglected people. In the spring of 1828 her husband removed to Frankford, Pennsylvania, for the benefit of her health. There being no Episcopal church in that village, they opened their doors for Methodist preaching, and they had the satisfaction to see their house crowded with attentive hearers. The blessing of the Lord attended the ministration of the word; and though ineffectual efforts had been made for twenty years to raise a society there, the preachers now succeeded in forming a class. The work of God from that small commencement, has continued to prosper, and they have at this time a comfortable place of worship, a Sabbath school, and more than sixty members in Church fellowship. In the year 1829 her health became much impaired, and it was soon apparent that consumption had marked her for its victim; and although no immediate danger was to be apprehended, yet she was sensible that death had received his commission to destroy. Being naturally of a cheerful, engaging disposition, it kept her long from sinking under the ravages of the disease. Through the whole of her affliction her confidence in God, through the merits of Jesus, remained unshaken. But her affections were so strongly placed upon her husband and children, that the idea of leaving her babes motherless cast a gloom over her mind as she advanced toward the grave; and though she had ever been a uniform cross-bearing Chris-

tian, she felt her nature to shrink when she thought of *dying*.

In October, 1830, she was entirely confined to her room, and it was plainly seen that death was approaching fast. Her friends were constantly engaged in prayer, that she might, with holy resignation, give up all that were dear to her into the hands of God, and that every cloud which obscured her spiritual sky might be dispersed.

Friday, November 18.—Mr. De Haven expressed a wish to sit up with her; on which she observed that her death would be a great relief to him. Mr. D. begged she would not talk thus. “Why,” she answered, “conversing on my change will not hasten my departure, and I think it profitable to become familiar with my *final foe*.” She then informed him where she wished to be buried, and continued, “My soul doth magnify the Lord; for though my brother C., sister H., and myself were left very early in life almost without a Christian friend, yet he has been our guard, and brought us all to a knowledge of himself. Then why should I shrink from committing my sweet babes into the hands of the same almighty Friend? My dear husband, let them be brought up in his fear, and my last and dying request is, that they may never be intrusted to the care of any person destitute of vital godliness: and do be very particular to dress them *plain*.”

Saturday, 19.—She talked to me with the utmost composure relative to her leaving us,

and told me how she wished her effects disposed of among her friends, and declared if the Lord should ever raise her again to health, it was her design to unite herself to the Methodist Church, as she found their ministry and means better calculated to promote a growth in grace than any she had known. For two weeks she took no solid food. All that refreshed her was rinsing her mouth with cold water. After using some in this way, with gratitude beaming in her eyes, she said, "This is very reviving; but bless the Lord for the prospect of shortly drinking from the river of life."

Wednesday, 24.—"Dark post of observation."—I seem almost to taste the bitterness of death with the dear sufferer. Her room is a hallowed spot. It has been sanctified by the prayers of the saints. This day she changed for the worse. Having frequently asked me the hour, I was desirous to know if it proceeded from impatience, and asked her if she felt any disposition to complain, or wish her sufferings less. She quickly answered, "O no!" and then, with a look of surprise, added, "I never thought of such a thing."

Friday, 26.—I felt it my duty to inform my precious sister that Dr. Brinkle thought her end was near, and that perhaps this day would be her last. She appeared to realize fully that the time of her exit was at hand. She burst into tears, and with much earnestness exclaimed, "O! Hannah, do you think it is all right with

me now ?” I told her I had not the shadow of a doubt that she was accepted with God. “But ah !” she added, “I have grown too cold ; yet I know that I have been sincere in my efforts to glorify God : but what are works now ? I have nothing to lean upon but the Saviour.” Mr. Higgins came, and again engaged in prayer and praise. She then said she felt a firm trust in Jesus, yet could not claim the promises as she wished. He exhorted her to continue confiding in God, and she would never be confounded. From this time she appeared more fervent in spirit.

Saturday, 27.—Had a visit from the Rev. T. Allen. After he had prayed she took but little notice of what was passing until the dusk of the evening, when she called me to her, and wished to know if I was lifting up my heart in her behalf. This had been her constant practice for some time, and continued so until the last, whenever her medicine or drink was administered. “Hannah,” said she, “I have no wish to be restored ;” and then, with clasped hands and raised eyes, cried out, “O ! for one bright view of heaven, one sweet smile from Jesus ;” and frequently through the evening repeated the same language. She passed a tolerably comfortable night, and on Sunday frequently asked Mr. De Haven to read short portions of Scripture, she not being able to bear much at a time. In the afternoon S. R. called, for whose salvation my sister had felt long interested ; and though exceedingly weak, she

faithfully warned her to give up the empty vanities of time, and prepare for the dying hour, that they might meet in heaven.

At ten o'clock in the evening she thought she was entering the dark valley, and called on those around her to pray that she might have a clearer witness. All present knelt in silent agonizing prayer; a peaceful answer was sent, and she broke the silence with the voice of praise and thanksgiving. She continued speaking for two hours, with strength and tones altogether supernatural.

The first words we caught were, "My Jesus, my Saviour, come, for all things are now ready." After interceding in a particular manner for all that were near and dear to her, she thanked the Lord most fervently for providing her so tender a companion, and one that feared and served him. "Mr. De Haven," said she, "none but God and my heart knows the warm affection I have for you. Be faithful, and we shall soon meet in the skies." Then taking her marriage ring from off her hand, put it on his in the most impressive manner. I remarked, "You are now *wholly* wedded to Christ;" to which she assented. She continued to offer up her grateful acknowledgments to the Father of spirits that her dear brother Charles was on his way to heaven; bade him persevere with all diligence, until they should unite on high in adoring the great Three One. Turning to me, she said some tender things, which much affected me,—urged me to live

near the Lord, and requested me to take charge of her darling children. "Hannah," said she, "take my sweet babes; hide them in your bosom; and O may they, and all of you, be hid in Christ! Watch with special care over my little boy; and as soon as his and dear Susan's mind expand, strive to impress their hearts with religious truth." While giving me those charges her eyes were bent upon me, as if they would have left one of their bright unearthly rays as a seal to her death-bed charge.

At her desire, the domestics were brought to her side, that she might give them her last admonition and blessing. Ellen had been long under her care in the Sabbath school, and is now in a fair way to unite with her beloved teacher in the mansions of eternal rest. Harriet she took very young, and fully discharged her duty to this poor orphan, and has now with her dying breath warned her to forsake the ways of sin. She went on to say, "Tell all my friends how cheerfully I am enabled to resign my husband and children, and all that are near to me, to the Lord." Then with feeling repeated,—

"There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers."

She seemed now to draw very near the gates of death; her voice was, at last, like music dying on the ear. We thought her freed spirit had winged its way to the paradise above; but to

our great surprise she again revived, to suffer more than language can describe. For a few hours she appeared to sleep sweetly; on awaking, with a tone of disappointment she remarked, "I thought the last struggle was over, but I find it is not."

Monday.—It was with the utmost difficulty she could breathe or speak; for some time the doors and windows had been kept open to admit the air; now she could not bear the least fire, though the weather was cold and wet. We had a soothing visit this morning from Mr. Higgins. It being said to her that "religion was no cunningly devised fable," "No," was her reply, "and the power, the *power* of it is what I *want now*." Her soul was filled with the love of God. She exclaimed, "O, precious Jesus, what should I do now without such a prop? My great High Priest above! O that I had strength to speak in honour of his name. From Pisgah's top I view the promised land. At seven o'clock this evening I retired to take some rest, but found I could not lie. On reaching the door of my sister's chamber, I heard her say, "Where is Hannah? I can do no longer without her." I was in a moment by her side, and found her almost exhausted. She asked me with much earnestness, if I did not think this struggle would be the last?" "Yes," I said, "the strife, I believe, will soon cease." "O," she cried, "that the Lord might come and release me, and all of you," (alluding to our exposure to the damp cold wind,)

“nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done. Where am I now? On the stormy banks of Jordan, just entering the cold stream;” and such it proved, for Satan was permitted to assail her; the powers of darkness seemed combined to destroy her faith. During the night watches she was exercised with expiring sufferings too exquisite to be imagined; but through all no murmur escaped her lips; the disposition she manifested was, “Though He slay me, yet will I trust in him.” Through the long night the house resounded with the voice of prayer, and the power of God was displayed in a manner that will never be forgotten. In the morning her language was, “Blessed Saviour! bid me stretch out my weak, withered hand, and lay hold on thee; I have a faint view of the New Jerusalem, and, severe as my anguish is, I would not exchange situations with any of you, my friends.” The continual cry of her soul now was, “Why are his chariot wheels so long in coming? The world is nothing to me now.” Her faith strengthened in the prospect of a speedy release; she testified to me, that “Satan no longer held her in bondage through fear of death.” Her dying words were, “Come, Lord Jesus, and come quickly. Amen.” The expression of her countenance in the last agony was more Divine than human; “her eyes grew bright, too bright for us to look upon;” and without a lingering groan she more than conquered the king of terrors, and entered the haven of everlasting repose at three

o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, the 30th of November, 1830.

Wednesday.—I have just left the room whence my dear sister so recently escaped to the bosom of her Father. It seemed more to me like the portals of heaven, than the gloomy vestibule of the tomb; yet how solemn to gaze on the corpse when the spirit is fled. My little Susan has been my companion, and is much impressed with the scene. Lord Jesus, endow her and little Charles with grace to tread in the footsteps of their mother, who now sleeps in Jesus and is blessed. And would I awake her out of sleep, and call her spirit back to reanimate that cold frame, to mingle again in the toils of earth? No. This is the triumph of our holy faith. The saddest, most dreary, and most heart-rending moments of life are occasions of the most Divine consolation and support. This has been amply verified in my case. God gives a martyr's grace in a martyr's suffering. He has given me extraordinary support under extraordinary trials. I always did contemplate death with a degree of awe; and how tremendous was the shock my angelic sister had to encounter! Yet I will praise thee, O Lord, for the victory, and that she had her faculties and speech until within ten minutes before nature entirely failed, and death closed the scene. The dark sepulchre appears to me a place of glory, and the burial of those who are dearest an occasion of exultation. We intend to-morrow to lay up her dear remains, in

comfortable hope of a glorious resurrection ; and while her pure spirit is welcomed by the songs of angels above, is it not right that our voices below should join the consoling, the enrapturing strain ? Yes, dear companion in affliction, go from a suffering Church beneath, to a reigning Church on high.

“ ————— Her end was peace,
Fitting her uniform piety serene ;
’Twas rather the deep, humble calm of faith,
Than her high triumph ; and resembled more
Th’ unnoticed setting of a clear day’s sun,
Than his admired departure, in a blaze
Of glory, bursting from a clouded course.”

Jan. 21, 1831.—What progress have I made in piety the past year ? how passed the fleeting moments ? It has been, I am confident, my settled and habitual purpose of soul, to be wholly the Lord’s. I have had many gracious seasons of communion with my glorified Saviour. “ I will be glad and rejoice in thy mercy ; for thou, O Lord, hast considered my soul in trouble : thou hast known my soul in adversities.” Though my path hath been rough and thorny, still I can praise God for every sorrow.

Thirty hours after my sister’s spirit left the clay, to human appearance, I was brought near death from the rupturing of a blood vessel ;—raised more than a pint of blood. I did, indeed seem to breathe the chilling airs of death. Satan would fain have made me fear that the pains of death would be so excruciating as to

destroy my faith ; yet he found no place in my heart. I felt an implicit trust in the veracity of Jehovah. Peace, permanent peace was my portion. O, the Divine sweetness I found in having *no will of my own* ; my soul was inconceivably happy, and heaven looked much brighter to me than earth.

Jan. 23.—Mercies singularly great crowd my days. Especially let me record the compassion of the Lord in raising up so many kind friends in this time of need. My *dearest Lydia* tested her love by travelling one hundred miles at this severely cold season, and has been my comfort and solace during near two months of languor and disease. This day the Lord hath required the loan, and enabled me to resign her with a cheerful heart, by filling my soul with most sensible manifestations of his presence. All the day I have been basking in the love of God in Christ. I seemed for two nights past to have intercourse with the spirits of the departed. This morning I awoke two hours before day, and closed my eyes no more. All within was attuned to praise from an impression left by a dream, in which I imagined having an interview with the Rev. J. Wesley, and was greatly encouraged by his words.

I rejoice to testify that my hope of final salvation has acquired stability by my recent trials, which amply compensates for the loss of my *dear sister*, health, and the public means of grace.

Feb. 12.—While the sun was darkened by an eclipse, my mind was absorbed in a train of profitable reflections. This same luminary, at the command of Jehovah, “stood still upon Gibeon,” till Israel were avenged of their enemies. What a scene of confusion and distress would ensue if our globe were deprived of the sun’s bright rays! yet, that would be nothing to the effect of the absence of the Sun of righteousness. How void of light and comfort would my heart be without his cheering illuminations!

Sunday, Feb. 13.—My flesh impedes the impulses of my spirit to be found in the various walks of usefulness. My affections linger round the Sabbath school. It is a great privilege to be permitted to do good. I should think some months past were lost, did I not hope that it has been a season for the exercise of patience. This fainting, weakness, and pain, are the cup my Father hath given me, and shall I not drink it? Through the communication of his Holy Spirit, I do enjoy an humble and resigned frame of mind. Though shut out from the assembly of the saints, I exult in the thought that prayer and praise are offered up in faith at the same hour, and to the same God, by ten thousand voices. My heavenly Father, I believe, will be with me,—

“Till like burnish’d gold I shine,
Meet, through consecrated pain,
To see thy face Divine.”

Feb. 15.—I see myself in great danger from

the spirit of ease and self-indulgence which the slender state of my health appears to demand. Lord, if I can do no good in the world, suffer me not to live to *do harm*.

Feb. 18.—Time, with swift wing, is brushing away all things that are not immortal. O, my soul,—

“What though thy pleasure may depart,
And darksome days be given;
And lonely though on earth thou art,
Yet bliss awaits the lowly heart,
When friends rejoin in heaven.”

Not one trial could my heavenly Father in faithfulness have spared me. He has kindly broken up the enchantments of this world, at which I might have sat and sipped, to my everlasting destruction. God has entirely sundered my heart from the hope of unalloyed felicity on this side Jordan; yet he has set a firm stepping place for me upon the stormy surge. How sweet to find myself sheltered in the cleft of the rock, while the storm is raging around.

Feb. 28.—How has the lustre of the world faded in my view, and its fascinations been broken by bodily and mental anguish. It is all of grace that I am what I am. Death is certain. On a worm none can safely lean. I am convinced of this from my own feebleness, and have ample proof of it by the removal of others out of time. My dear cousin D. Wiggins is numbered with the pale nations under ground. Her happy spirit has taken its flight to endless glory. What a transition!—an earthly de-

cayed tabernacle exchanged for "a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;"—a bed of suffering for a throne,—weeping circles, for shining ranks of angels, and all the multitude of glorified spirits. My dear cousin's end was peaceful. She and my beloved sister are landed safe where there will be no more parting.

March 13.—My heart is drawn out in grateful acknowledgments for an unexpected opportunity of hearing a discourse from Mr. Massy. The psalm he read had been the subject of my morning's meditations. How I then longed to see the goings of my Lord in the sanctuary as in time past. This afternoon the favour was granted. The hymns were on the subject of the Christian's warfare. The text too exactly suited my frame—Eph. vi, 10–13: "Finally, brethren, be strong in the Lord," &c. I have reaped benefit from affectionately endeavouring to point out to several of my Christian friends what I judged to be a hinderance to their growth in grace. Since I am laid aside as a broken vessel, I pray to be useful in promoting personal holiness among those I am conversant with. Above all I would watch, not only the exterior, but also the interior movements of my own soul. I long to obtain a *maturity* of every grace.

March 29.—Striving to lessen the anguish of others has mitigated my own. The Lord has made providences effectual instead of ordinances. He upholds me with his own right

arm, and keeps me as the apple of his eye. I have had some close trials of late, which convince me that I must not suffer my affections to settle on the empty shadows of this dying world. Still blessed and comforted by visions of the night. I am thankful for strength again to pray vocally.

April 2.—Infinite wisdom still protracts my stay on earth. The mercies of my life are too diversified to enumerate; and not among the least I esteem the strength afforded me to attend the courts of Zion, where Mr. Higgins preached, what I suppose will be his last sermon, from "Wherefore, comfort your hearts with these words." How many thousand ills is flesh heir to! yet, blessed be God, I sorrow not as one without hope. I have seen many of my friends laid in the mansions of the dead through weakness, but they shall be raised in power. Here all comparison fails. O how spiritless and paralytic are my present thoughts of heaven! I was covered with blushing while bowed at the sacramental board, and my mind intensely bent on seeking more of God. I want every branch and degree of holiness.

April 3.

"Have I consider'd what it is to die?

In native dust with kindred worms to lie?

To sleep in cheerless, cold neglect,—to rot;—

My body loath'd, my very name forgot?"

I fully feel that I shall take but a few more turns in this world. Happy shall I be if my day's work here keeps pace with my

fleeting moments. If any things earthly had too much of my heart, it was my friends. The dearest are removed out of time, so that I am forced to raise my thoughts toward heaven when I think of them. Thank God that chastisements, though they be not joyous but grievous, have in a great measure lost their sting with me. The rod, as well as the staff, comfort me. I am enabled to kiss the hand that is smiting me, and derive enjoyment from its severity. I am truly glad that I have kept a journal; I had otherwise forgotten much of what I have done against God, and of what he *has done for me.*

April 12.—Mr. Higgins met our class for the last time. It was a season never to be forgotten. I shall oftentimes revert to the sermons I have heard, and classes I have enjoyed, under dear Mr. Higgins. May the Lord render unto him double for all his labours of love. Since it is thy prerogative, holy Father,—

“Every arm of flesh to remove,
Stay, O stay me on thy *only love.*”

April 17.—Though the morning was dark and lowering I ventured to enter the courts of Zion, and was favoured to hear a most able discourse from Mr. Wilbur Fisk. Text, 1 Tim. iv, 10, “For therefore we both labour and suffer reproach,” &c. I enjoy a sermon which breathes Divine influence, and directs me to implore the aid of the Holy Ghost. Heard

Mr. White, with his usual pathos, from "Be ye reconciled to God." O could the influence of the great world be thrown into the scale of religion!—but alas! alas! neither the terrors of eternal darkness, nor the charms of eternal light, appear to rouse poor sinners from their awful lethargy.

May 1.—"With a glad heart and free," this holy morning I repaired to the temple of the Lord of hosts: felt the moment I entered that the sacred Shechinah rested there. Mr. Holdich opened his embassy among us by speaking from these very appropriate words,—“We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus, the Lord,” &c. I never heard a Gospel minister more fitly described. My ceaseless cry to God is, that all these qualifications may be fully concentrated in our pastor. The emblems of the Saviour's passion were administered, and I was enabled to adore him for a perpetuation of his favours, and felt that my heart was fixed, trusting in the grace and love which bought me. O that I may daily plunge me in the fountain “filled with blood.” My soul was burdened on noticing among many of our members so much copying after the customs of the world. What egregious folly to suffer such petty gewgaws to drive the life of God out of their hearts. On surveying myself and others, I am led to exclaim, O my much injured Father,—Spirit of the living God, purge Zion, and leave thyself a pure remnant.

May 8.—With unexpected pleasure heard Mr. Taylor this evening from Isaiah, “The abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee.” My heart was enlarged to ask for the conversion of all that go down to the sea in ships.

May 10.—This afternoon the mournful gratification was granted me of tracing my sad footsteps for the first time to the lovely yard, decked with all the bright verdure of spring, where she whom I most loved now sleeps. But the companion of my childhood, my sister, did not greet me as formerly with her cheering voice. Ah no ! her voice is hushed in death ; but tears were denied me.

“Thou art gone ; the dread hour of our parting is
past ;

Yet I felt while I mutely hung o’er thee,
Such a mantle of holiness around thee was cast,
I could not have dared to deplore thee.”

May 14.—Heard a sermon from Haggai ii, 6–8. Had under this discourse clearer soul-transforming conceptions of thy adorable perfections, O King of saints. Just and true art thou in all thy ways. I find that in prayer I make the nearest approaches to God, and lie open to the influences of heaven. Then it is that the Sun of righteousness doth visit me with his directer rays, and imprinteth his image on my soul.

May 17.—I was struck with this remark of Mr. Wesley, “Do not speak of joys and com-

forts only : this is well pleasing to flesh and blood ; but speak also of sorrows, weaknesses, and temptations : this is pleasing to God." These ideas solaced me much ; for of late I have been led to converse freely with a few chosen friends on my particular difficulties. I have trembled because of not possessing raptures of joy to the extent I have in former days. Still there is not the most distant desire harboured by me after any thing but "fellowship with God." Indeed there never was a period when I took less pleasure in the things of time, or felt so completely dead to all below. I am tempted ; but sin, though offered with a gilded bait, can find no entrance. A mistake through ignorance, weak memory, hateful injections from the enemy, dulness of spirit, occasioned by the body, flutter of spirit, caused by surprise,—none, or all these things put together, says a holy divine, is a sufficient reason why I should cast away my confidence. No ; for until my will gives way I have not sinned. God, my keeper, smiles, and Satan's every dart repels.

May 29.—At Jenkentown attended the Sabbath school. A young gentleman and lady have been awakened under our preachers. The female has been prevented by her father from attending our meetings. Opposition had such an effect on her, that it drove her to despair of the mercy of God, and caused her, in a fit of delirium, to jump into a deep well, from which she was taken up for dead. How-

ever, she has been revived, and I trust will be kept by the mercy of God from another such attempt.

How I long to see the upbuilding of Zion here.

Haddonfield, N. J., June 4.—Spent four days in this sweet village with my dear friend, M. Walker. Have found it very profitable to engage with her in Christian converse, and to be excluded for a week from the charge of a family. I have endeavoured to improve this interval from care in investigating my present state: obtained an assurance that I have no other *end, desire, or aim*, than to be wholly given up to God. Though I find it sometimes a trial to be taken off from active service, and laid aside as a foot out of joint; still I am fully satisfied that God should appoint to me a life of weakness; and I cannot feel a wish with respect to the continuance of my life, should he refer the matter to me.

“Pleasure, and wealth, and praise no more
 Shall lead my captive soul astray;
 My fond pursuits I all give o’er,
 Thee, only thee, resolved t’ obey:
 My own in all things to resign,
 And know no other will but *thine*.”

Philadelphia, June 14.—I know full well that length of days is not a gift for me. A severe pain in my breast, violent cough, and raising more blood, have called me to be decked for the Bridegroom, and ready to be gone.

June 16.—Heard Mr. Parish, from Heb. x, 39, “But we are not of them who draw back to perdition, but of them who believe to the saving of the soul.” As he proceeded I was led to take a close and impartial survey of my state and condition in a spiritual point of view. Hallelujah to the Lamb ! While thus occupied, my faith took a much firmer grasp on the promises ; had a luminous evidence of the power of Jehovah to sanctify wholly ; experienced an increase of this grace in my own soul, so that I can find no words to express the half I feel. Formerly my joys were tumultuous ; now they are deep, and glide evenly on. “I will rejoice in thy salvation, and in the name of my God set up my banners.”

Crosswicks, July 1.—How often in “childhood’s happy hours” have I roved over the lovely grounds of Hilton in the society of my dear cousins,—

“When nature pleased,—for life itself was new,
And the heart promised what the fancy drew.”

Where are those days ? Fled with the friends of my youth for ever. The golden rays of a setting sun have this evening flung a softening radiance over the fair landscape. My prayer is, that, like this bright orb,—

“At the end of my day
I may retire from the world in a beautiful blaze,
And enter my rest in a concert of praise,
And set in eternal repose.”

New-York, July 8.—The Most High hath kindly upheld my feeble frame during this

journey. The direct witness of the Spirit never shone so clearly as it has this day. My soul hath been carried away from all sublunary things by the bright visions of immortality. The renewal of the signature of love Divine which I received on the 16th of June has confirmed me more steadfastly in the faith.

July 16.—Had another serious attack of raising blood. The Lord had prepared me for this stroke the day previous,—when I was struck with this remark of Baxter :—“If you are comforted now, you must not expect comfort always ; for God sees you need hours of very different exercises.” It is a solace to me to know that afflictions are God’s arrows ; but they are all pointed with love. I think I feel weaned from all hope of pleasure God sees fit to blight.

July 17.—My heart inexpressibly filled with gratitude to Israel’s God, to find myself seated this morning in Allen-street church, where the Lord hath of late liberated hundreds of captive souls from the iron yoke of Satan. Prayer meetings are held in this house from nine in the morning until ten at night, with the exception of the hours for preaching. I was struck, on entering this hallowed place, to find the altar filled with penitents ; while Mr. Waugh engaged in prayer before he commenced his sermon, such heavenly influence descended that a general burst of supplication was heard to ascend from the overflowing congregation. Light from eternity burst into the benighted souls of

the mourners. Mr. Waugh's text was, "He remembered us in our low estate; for his mercy endureth for ever." The Sun of righteousness shone on my soul with full-orbed splendour. No doubts obscure the "sunshine of my mind." Yes, I hope to gain that world which is constantly receiving the wisest and best who have lived in this.

Hilton, Aug. 3.—It is a trial to be deprived of the power to sing, or to endure the fatigue of prayer meeting; but I feel the anchor of my hope holding me firm, while the billows are tossing me hither and thither, every moment threatening me with shipwreck.

"Though waves and storms go o'er my head,—

Though *strength* and *health* and *friends* be gone

Though joys be wither'd all, and dead,

Though every comfort be withdrawn :

On this my steadfast soul relies,

Father, thy mercy never dies."

Aug. 12.—Had many sweet visits from on high of late. This morning, while I mused on these words of the Psalmist, "Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God," my soul was filled with an indescribable joy.

Aug. 15.—Led to search my heart with impartiality, while Mr. Buckley discoursed from these rousing words: "Nevertheless, I have somewhat against thee," &c. God forbid that I should ever sink into such a state as to be insensible when he is grieved.

For a week past I have had many pleasing evidences of a union with Jesus. Joy and glad-

ness winged those favoured hours, and made me feel that my home is on the other side of Jordan.

Aug. 17.—I feel that the day is like a bird in hand, struggling to be gone. How shall I improve it for the glory of God? I have found it profitable since I came here to wander among the beauties of nature, and *mark the finger of God in his various works*; but I pity the person who can see more beauty in a daisy or tulip than in the lovely character of Jesus Christ; who can hear more harmony in the melody of the feathered tribe than in the glad tidings of salvation.

Aug. 24.—Mr. Ford preached from Heb. iii, 1: "Wherefore, holy brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling, consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Christ Jesus." My soul expanded with adoration while I endeavoured to contemplate the inimitable perfections of the Deity:—

"What are ten thousand worlds compared to thee?
 Heaven's unnumbered host,
 'Though multiplied by myriads, and array'd
 In all the glory of sublimest thought,
 Is but an atom in the balance weigh'd
 Against thy greatness; is a cipher brought
 Against infinity. What am I then? naught!
 Naught! but the effluence of thy light Divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reach'd my bosom too;
 Yes! in *my* spirit doth thy Spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew."

Pemberton, Aug. 29.—Passed a week very pleasantly with my friend S. A. Budd; enjoyed

many hours of "hushed and holy thought" in the chamber where my sainted friend Theodocia has often held converse with her God. Many years have elapsed since she has been singing among the angels. Methinks I hear her spirit cry, "*Frail child of earth! tried, tempted one!* shrink not, despond not; strive as I have striven in the stern conflict; and yet a little while, and thou shalt be as I am,—thou shalt know '*how far the recompense transcends the toil.*' " My soul hails with emotions of rapture that long looked-for period when I shall be released from this weakness, and be where I can praise God continually without weariness. It would be impossible for me to express what I feel in living on the fulness of Jesus. I nothing have, I nothing am,—I live out of myself, and rest under the covert of the Almighty, and hide under the shadow of the Most High.

"To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice."

Philadelphia, Sept. 4.—I experienced a holy, awful nearness to the Father of spirits; yet my heart checked me for not having been more watchful. I discern the strength of grace which hath been vouchsafed to me during three months of severe bodily suffering and absence from home; and now that I am brought back again with renewed vigour, and find my interesting charge well, shall I not offer *praise* unto thee, O Lord?

“Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.”

Sept. 18.—At six o'clock this morning my devout friends, H. Crispen and others, united with me in a female prayer meeting, to plead with God to be renewed in inward holiness, which is the masterpiece of religion. At ten o'clock heard Mr. Durbin preach from Col. i, 12, 13 : “Giving thanks unto the Father, who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.” &c. What joy in the Holy Ghost I experienced while he expatiated on the consolations the child of God possesses in this life, but more especially in the world to come. Thank God, death and pain gain no admittance into that bright region.

Frankford, Sept. 24.—Came here to attend a three-day meeting ; rejoiced to find my dear friend, M. E., still bending her course to the skies. Met with a praying female band in the house of Mrs. Hall, a holy woman, who, with her two daughters, is not ashamed of the cross of Christ. I was thankful for a voice to unite vocally with them.

Jenkentown, Oct. 19.—As I rode to this place the varied hues of autumn charmed me ; but the undressing of nature always occasions a pensive train of thought. O ye languishing fields, ye sighing winds, and falling leaves, dying emblems of the destiny of man ; ye remind me of that eventful period which is so rapidly approaching,

when I too shall "fade as a leaf." I believe I have had the direct beams of the eternal Sun of righteousness to illumine my pathway in coming to this village. A door of usefulness has been opened to me here among my acquaintance. I called on the young lady who, some time back, jumped into the well, and her mind is in a most interesting state.

Oct. 27.—Yesterday taken again with spitting blood. The doctor ordered me cupped. While enduring this severe operation, the Lord threw the mantle of love around me, and my mind was led to consider Him who meekly bared his back to the smiters, and by whose stripes I am healed from all my spiritual maladies. Wan disease has marked me for its victim; but I am kept by the power of God from sorrow, fear, and sin.

Nov. 1.—The mercy of my God is unparalleled :—

"Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes his gifts with joy."

Last evening a class commenced meeting under our roof—a privilege for which I have long prayed. Mr. Owen is our leader. This evening heavenly influence filled the room. Every member rose, and spoke intelligibly. For two nights the Lord hath visited me most graciously. When asleep, my soul was as the chariots of Aminadab.

Nov. 13.—Mr. Hodgson preached from, "And there was a murmuring among the people" &c.

He advanced many lucid proofs of the divinity of my blessed Lord. I want words to express half his goodness. I expect to be delivered from every foe, however gigantic. Sudden death would be to me instant glory. Have sweet anticipations of full victory, and final triumph over all my enemies.

Nov. 30.—This day the anniversary of the death of my dearest sister calls for much seriousness and deep humiliation before the righteous God who has smitten me. How impressive the idea that I am never to have another interview with her “till the heavens be no more.” I am on the threshold of the spiritual world, and it becomes me to be constantly stretching the pinions of my soul beyond this present life. This evening I had a blessed earnest of that better inheritance,—

“Whose bursting radiance shall disclose
 So pure, so bright a ray,
 That *hope* shall joyfully repose
 Upon the breast of day,—
 And faith shall cheerfully proclaim
 Its exercise is o’er;
 Triumphant vision’s strengthen’d flame
 All mysteries shall explore.”

Dec. 4.—D. Welsh has been with me some time. Met in our female meeting. I rejoice greatly to know that a few of the friends of my heart are made clean through the word my Saviour hath spoken. How profitable to be able to commend each other to the Father of spirits. Mr. S. preached from, “O Lord, I beseech thee, show me thy glory.” While I

partook of the sacred eucharist the goodness of redeeming mercy so "passed before me," that all within shouted the praise of Him who bought me with his blood.

Sabbath, Dec. 11.—I would begin this day with God. When in the sanctuary this morning the truths of Divine revelation distilled upon my soul like the dew on Hermon. Mr. Cookman preached to the Sunday school children from, "Feed my lambs." O how I longed to be again in this delightful field; but I am consoled to know, in my useless inactive state, that "while life, or thought, or being last," I can breathe out my soul in prayer for the advancement of my great Redeemer's kingdom.

'With fraudless, even, humble mind,
Thy will in all things may I see;
 In love be ev'ry wish resign'd,
 And hallow'd my whole heart to thee."

Dec. 25.—I am carried forward on the stream of time, and am making rapid haste into eternity—expected ere this to have realized a glorious termination of all my sufferings in the world of bliss. On taking a circumstantial review of the past, I would recite the kind dealings of a God of infinite compassion; but as I have no thought or feeling that glows, it would be worse than useless to affect words that burn. Awoke this morning at five o'clock, and my mind was filled with solemn musings. I was ready to wonder that the King of glory should divest himself of heavenly radiance, visit our wretched earth, and work out the

expiation of sin for an ungrateful world. Mr. Holdich preached from John i, 14: "The Word was *made* flesh." Previous to my entering the Lord's courts I was contemplating on the grandeur of his power, and the immensity of his works; and was doubting if a paltry worm would elicit the notice of one so holy and so high. While Mr. Holdich dwelt on the incarnation of my adorable Saviour, I was allured by his attractive loveliness into the comfortable persuasion that "he will not live in glory and leave me behind." My heart leaps with joy at the near approach of my emancipation from clay. I have many relationships above; feel a peculiar, peaceful, melancholy satisfaction in this consciousness daily; it seems like a still small voice from the world of spirits, admonishing me to be girding myself for my journey, and *setting my face homeward*.

Philadelphia, Jan. 1, 1832.—Is it possible that another year has taken its everlasting flight? "Behold, Lord, thou hast made my days as a handbreadth, and mine age is as nothing before thee." When I remember that it is the beginning of another era in time, I feel that it ought to be, in deed and in truth, altogether new with me in energies, both of body and mind. How singular the way in which God hath led me! how important the point at which I now stand! In my ideas of what may be—of what would be my happiness—of what may be *his* appointment; I am confined to no former range—I wish to be led along by his

almighty hand. I view myself, as one observes, "standing on the ridge which separates the two worlds; the future acts as a much stronger magnet, and draws my heart away from this." How wary then should be my footsteps. I still possess a steadiness of determination, singleness of purpose, intenseness of desire, in the pursuit of those Christian graces which alone will prepare me for the skies. The Most High has long had, and shall continue to have, the sole possession of my poor heart. For sixteen years I have endeavoured to give it to him; and should I withhold from him now the wreck of my being, and grow slack with *home in view*? As thou hast seen fit to lengthen out my trials here, O Lord, go with me through the unknown conflicts of another year. Whether I shall live to see its close is a great uncertainty. He hath sundered many of the cords which bound me to earth. The sun shines the same, nature rejoices, and all the great machinery of universal providence moves on without interruption; but no revolution of time can restore that which hath been smitten by the touch of death. To look back overwhelms me with recollections too interesting to be resisted—too agonizing to be endured; but I am enabled to look forward into the land of perfect blessedness, and do firmly believe that divided friends shall there meet to part no more. There is a solemn foreboding of ills approaching me; yet I am resolved with cheerfulness to leave all events to the wise disposal of my gracious God.

Jan. 22.—Mr. Hodgson preached from Rom. viii, 2 : “For the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death.” “Unless *thy law* had been my delight, I should have perished in my affliction ;” but through thy grace, thankful I take the cup from thy hand, knowing it is prepared and mingled by the most skilful physician. I could not put forth a finger to direct God’s disposal of me ; and however *dark* and trying my future condition may be, I feel it is enough for me to *know* that Jehovah is *my God*.

“Master, I own thy lawful claim,
 Thine, wholly thine, I long to be ;
Thou seest, at last, I willing am,
 Where’er thou goest to follow thee :
Myself in all things to deny,
 Thine, wholly thine to live and’ die.”

Jan. 29.—For a week past have endured great bodily pain, and am much weakened by a blister. The continued fever raging in my system is slowly burning up the springs of life. Surely I stand in need of a God to help me. O God, the Lord, the strength of my salvation, thou hast covered my head in the day of battle. Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou shalt revive me,—thou art my shade. I have quieted myself as a weaned child.

Feb. 11.—Before I rose this morning the curtain of mortality seemed drawn aside, and I got a view of my glorious inheritance. How joyfully could I have bid adieu to all below. I had to come down again to earth, and pass a

day of severe suffering. 'Thank God the favour of Heaven continued on my spirit. For some nights I have had sweet intercourse in sleep with my departed sister.

Feb. 12.—I never before experienced such a firm reliance on the Divine promises ; all of which are yea and amen to the glory of God. Yes, he hath pledged himself to defend me against all the assaults of my enemies. What is impossible to me, is possible to him. I need much grace to enable me at *this time* to beware of idle, curious visiters. "In a multitude of words there wanteth not sin." Keep thou, O Lord, the door of my lips, and assist me to—

" Hang on thy arm alone,
With self-distrusting care ;
And deeply in the spirit groan
The never ceasing prayer."

THIS is the last entry I find in the diary of Miss Bunting, and is dated Feb. 12, 1832. From this time her health declined apace, and a few days over three months brought the end of her labours and sufferings on earth. The pious reader has, no doubt, marked the progress, not only of the disease which terminated her earthly existence, but also that of the work of Divine grace in her soul, as manifested in her intercourse with those around her, and

more especially in her diary, where she records the state of her mind, the workings of gracious affections, her temptations, conflicts, and victories, with great faithfulness. And the result of the whole is, that long before her death she obtained the unspeakable blessing of entire sanctification, and the *maturity* of all the fruits of the Spirit. Her humility, patience, resignation, charity, and all the Christian graces and virtues seem to have been *perfected* in her, in the Gospel sense of that word, for several years before she left our world. With St. Paul she could say, I have fought a good fight ; I have finished my course ; I have kept the faith : henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day : and not to me only, but to all them also who love his appearing." The closing scene with her is a full justification of what is here said ; an account of which will be found in the memoir.

It may be remarked here, also, that during the years of Miss Bunting's Christian life, much was thought by Christians in many places of the work of entire sanctification ; and there were many witnesses of it. The ministers of the Gospel, it would seem from the foregoing diary, were frequent and explicit in their discourses on that subject. Let this subject be clearly and scripturally enforced in all our churches, and it will do more for the cause of God than all the colleges in the land, however

useful these may be. But let the influence of these be united, and let all Christians go on to perfection, and the glory of the Lord shall soon cover the earth as the waters do the sea.—Amen, and amen.

EDITOR.

END OF VOL. I.

MEMOIR,
DIARY, AND LETTERS,
OF
MISS HANNAH SYNG BUNTING,
OF PHILADELPHIA,
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE MAY 25, 1832,
IN THE THIRTY-FIRST YEAR OF HER AGE.

COMPILED BY REV. T. MERRITT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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1837.



LETTERS

OF

MISS HANNAH SYNG BUNTING.

THE Letters of Miss Bunting are too valuable to be given to oblivion. They breathe the same ardent spirit of piety which is apparent in her Diary. In the hope that they will be acceptable and useful to the reader, and especially to pious youth, they are sent into the world.

May the Giver of every good and perfect gift accompany them with his blessing.

THE COMPILER.

Extracts of letters to Mrs. Rachel Blanding.

Philadelphia, Feb. 20, 1824.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—If it were practicable for me to write whenever inclination would lead me to do so, I presume you would have no reason to complain of my remissness. I have very frequently been with you in spirit, and feel truly that neither time nor distance can in the least lessen my affection for you.

Often do I revert with pleasure to the many happy days that have gone by, which have been spent in your society. Your unwavering friendship has often cheered my drooping spirits. How often have we "taken sweet counsel together, and walked to the house of God in company !" If it is consistent with the Divine will, I hope soon again to enjoy this privilege. I know not how or where to begin relating the goodness of God to me since we parted. Language would fail me in attempting to describe the many happy seasons I have enjoyed both in the public and private means of grace ; yet my conscience too often upbraids me with the misimprovement of many precious hours. But I know I desire nothing so earnestly as to be wholly lost in God, to live so as to be able to redeem every moment of my time, and fill up all the void space in it with meditation and prayer. Of late I have felt an intense desire to experience an entire deliverance from the dominion of sin. I want the constant witness that all I do is right. Nothing but present enjoyment shall satisfy my panting soul. For many months my daily prayer was, that God would give me as great a view of the depravity of my heart as I could bear. Truly, he did grant me my request ; but the sight had nearly proved fatal to me. For several days I was in great heaviness ; but on the first Sabbath of this month, while commemorating the sufferings of my dying Lord, I was enabled by faith to roll all my burden upon my dear Redeemer ;

since which he has kindly sustained me. Permit me here to cry out with the psalmist,—“Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.” In a good degree I do enjoy that perfect love that casts out fear. Time was when I had a constant dread of death, which greatly harassed and perplexed me. I now feel confident that the same kind Providence that hath guided and supported me through all my past life, will continue with me even until death. You will perhaps wish to know how things are coming on in the city: I am glad I have it in my power to tell you that there is a good work begun in many hearts. Our Wednesday afternoon prayer meeting, at the commencement of the winter, was but poorly attended. Sometimes there were not more than four or five; but on one of those occasions Mrs. Buckman, while engaged in prayer, was quite overpowered with the presence of God. She was unable to return home until near night. It was indeed a solemn season. Since that time the meeting has been well attended. As I know the intelligence will be pleasing, I must tell you that I never refuse, when called upon, to bear my part of the cross. Rebecca Ziglar, Sarah Bell, Mary Lowber, and myself, with a few others, have formed a meeting something like a band, but we do not call it by that name. We find it very profitable.

Yours sincerely,

HANNAH.

To the same.

Philadelphia, April 4, 1825.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—I embrace this favourable conveyance to acknowledge the receipt of your kind letter. I am sorry to hear you are not well; but hope it will not be any thing serious. My health is something better, though the pain in my side still continues. Kitty has left us, and appears very happy in her new situation. I feel quite reconciled to the separation, as I am perfectly blessed in the enjoyment of my God. His love possessing, I am filled, secure whatever change may come. Your friends here are well, except cousin Elizabeth Bunting, who still keeps her room. My prayer is, that her afflictions may be sanctified.

Your orders respecting Benson's Commentaries came too late; they were already bound as you had before directed. I applied to cousin Samuel for the money, and paid Mr. Burch four dollars for the numbers, and six dollars eighty-seven and a half cents for binding. I will thank you to inform me how you wish them sent, and also how much we are indebted to you for the articles you left here that were unpaid for.

Mr. Buckman has purchased a farm over Schuylkill, and removed his family. Mr. White's class meets at Mr. Peterson's. I joined it last winter on account of the meeting house being so cold. I like it much better than my former

one. Mrs. K. told us last week in class, that she had experienced a great blessing, even the sanctifying influence of Divine grace. Her mind, she said, was enlightened by reading a little work, styled the "Christian's Manual." I send you a copy of it as a token of my regard. I have found the perusal of it profitable. Mr. White's time among us has nearly expired. His labours have been much blessed. One hundred new members have joined in the last two years. Before he was stationed at the academy I did not know an individual who professed to enjoy the perfect love of God; but now many declare boldly their hearts are cleansed from the indwelling power of sin. May their number increase daily. Dear old father Wilmer has gone home to possess his eternal inheritance in the skies, and to meet with better company, who wait for him above. His illness was short, but severe. Through all his sufferings he maintained a solid peace, and said, "Religion is true." He had such views of the heavenly world as enabled him to say, "I almost see the spires of the New Jerusalem." To his wife he said, "If this be death, there is no pain in it,—it is only passing away." May it not be said, the path of the just shineth brighter and brighter unto the perfect day? O that our sun may set in as clear a sky as his did. Upward of fifty-six years he was the leader of a class. I rejoice to say, my dear cousin, that Jesus still is the blessed source of all my happiness and joy:—

“Fully absolved through him I am,
From fear and guilt, from sin and shame.”

While I am favoured with his presence all things please and delight me ; but if he be absent, all things disgust me. Let others seek for happiness where they may, or in what they may ; nothing but a deeper acquaintance with God shall satisfy my soul. I long to be perfectly free, and to have my heart unreservedly given to the Lord. I am day by day pursuing holiness, and hate every appearance to the contrary. Let me have your prayers, my dear cousin, that I may be filled with the fruits of righteousness. When I consider that heaven and eternal glory will, if faithful, shortly be *our* portion, my heart swells with rapture and delight. Hallelujah. Praise the Lord.

Kitty sends her love, and says she would have availed herself of this opportunity had she known of it in time to answer your too long neglected letter. My love to Aurelia, Sally, and Rachel, not forgetting C. Clark. Tell Sally, I fear she has forgotten me. I hope soon to find myself mistaken by receiving a letter from her. Remember me affectionately to the doctor, and believe me yours sincerely,

HANNAH.

To the same.

Philadelphia, Sept. 6, 1826.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—I must confess I was disappointed in not receiving a few lines from you by cousin James. I am conscious my last did not merit an answer. Our correspondence is a very unequal one. The benefit is all on my side; but as you delight in doing good to your fellow pilgrims, I am encouraged to hope for a continuance of your letters.

When I last wrote I informed you of my indisposition. Through mercy I am measurably restored; but my afflictions inform me that I live upon the borders of eternity. This deters me from expecting much pleasure from the world. I feel that I am journeying to that place of which the Lord hath said, "I will give it you." I have to bless God for a greater nearness to him. For a year past he has had the entire possession of my heart. I walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. The vanities and pleasures of this world I have under my feet. I am endeavouring to live but for *one thing*, which is to please the Most High in all I think, say, or do; that my life may be a scene of constant devotion. I am sensible of wanting in a greater degree a spirit of sacrifice. I am striving daily to lose sight of self, that Christ may be all in all. It is on his arm that I lean for constant support.

“How can I sink with such a prop,
Who bears the world and all things up?”

I have just returned from camp meeting; it was near the ground where I was last summer. The meeting was much larger; excellent order; many, very many converted and renewed. I am more in favour of this kind of meetings than ever. Our preacher, Mr. Pease, is a warm advocate for them. I was in the same tent with him and his wife. Last Friday was our lovefeast at the Academy. Such a time I never saw in that house. Ten new members joined. “Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.” I feel as if he was about to revive his work in this city. O that converts might be multiplied as the drops of the morning, until the whole earth shall become vocal with the praises of our Immanuel. Perhaps you recollect Martha Boyl; she has left her poor mother, and gone to enjoy the blissful realities of heaven. Daniel Ellis has also taken his flight to the paradise of God. I was much comforted by his peaceful death. I feel assured that he is now in his heavenly Father’s house, enjoying even more than he anticipated. O the joy that is laid up in glory for the faithful! May the thoughts of heaven, and of angels,—but above all, of Jesus, excite you and me to be holy in all manner of conversation, and so to pass the waves of this troublesome life, that finally we may chant a hymn of praise to God and the Lamb for ever. We are all tolerably well, except sister Kitty, whose

health has been delicate all summer. I am inclined to hope she is now mending. She, with Mr. De Haven, unites with me in a tender of regard to yourself and doctor. I have been trying to persuade cousin Elizabeth Bunting to visit you this winter. I think it very important for her to travel. I tell her you will perhaps return with her in the spring. May I not hope to see you if we both live? Your friends would receive you with open arms. Time would fail me to say all I wish. I have for a year past met in band with a few devoted females. This has been a blessed means of grace to me. I wish the bands were more general. Our charitable association affords me employment for every spare hour. Dr. Harrington has subscribed to our missionary society, and also gave me a number of books to distribute among the poor. I think him a good man. Mrs. Schober is well. Margaret Pepper's health has greatly improved. With the hope of soon hearing from you, I remain your unalterable friend,

HANNAH.

To the same.

Philadelphia, Jan. 31, 1828.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—I hope I need not apologize for my long silence. I trust you know my heart better than to suppose it has been caused by any diminution of affection, or disregard to your feelings. I feel my heart is

united to you in bonds not to be weakened by *time* or *distance*; and while we keep near to our Lord and Master, our fellowship will be the same.

Time, my cousin R., with broad pinions, is swiftly passing away, and rolling its millions into the world of spirits, among whom several of my Christian friends have been numbered through the past year. Especially I deplore the loss our Sabbath school has sustained in the death of Miss E. Watkinson, whose memory deserves to be embalmed by the affectionate regrets of those who can rightly appreciate what is due to exalted piety. Eliza possessed many charms, but none shone more conspicuously than her true Christian meekness and humility. Although the last agonies of expiring nature were painful in the extreme, yet she obtained entire victory over her latest foe, and in death's *final* agonies was heard to whisper, Hallelujah! hallelujah!

“Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhaled, and *went to heaven*.”

Have not *we too* a hope, which is an anchor to our souls, that after we have taken a few more turns in the world, the hand of death will burst our prison house, and “beneath a brighter sun, and in a nobler soil, transplanted from this sublunary bed, shall flourish fair, and put forth all our bloom?”

Gladly would I recount the ten thousand favours that have been conferred upon me

during the last year ; but I find I cannot, for they are endless. Upon the strictest scrutiny of my heart and life, I think without dissimulation I can say that I am still bending my course onward in the pathway of self-denial ; and amid the bustle and various pursuits of life, I aim at that love that “ *thinketh* no evil, *speaketh* no evil, and never faileth.” “ What sinners value I resign.” It is enough for me to know that my beloved is mine, and I am his. I have been very jealous over myself for some time past, lest the former gifts of God should be in vain, by my stopping short of the blessings Jesus has designed for me. This impression drove me to agonize for a renewal of the signature of love Divine. Glory to my covenant-keeping God, whose solemn vows are upon me, I did not plead in vain. The Lord stamped me *afresh* with his *Spirit's seal*, and graciously assured me that no sin has *dominion* over me. An ineffable sweetness has since filled every power of my soul. I have such discoveries of the all-sufficient Good, as claim all the affections of my soul. How cheering is a heart-felt union with a holy God ! Satan would inject that my highest and most specious attainments are the effects of self-love, acting under several guises. I know in whom I believe. The Lord, my keeper, stands omnipotently near, and grants such views of my own entire helplessness, as levels all self-complacency, and drives me to seek daily supplies from the Lord my righteousness. I implicitly

confide in him, having no confidence in the flesh. Surely the arm that has preserved me for more than ten years from the evils that are abroad in the world, will continue to defend and be my guide even unto death. I long to have all my senses locked up in God, that I may constantly enjoy the fruition of perfect love.

I must now tell you that we intend moving from the city. Mr. De Haven has rented a house in Frankford. He will ride into Bank daily, which he thinks will improve his health. We purpose changing our residence in the month of March. It is with difficulty I can bring my mind to leave the invaluable privileges that I have so long enjoyed. It appears almost like a banishment to me as there is no society of Methodists in the village. I have many attachments to Philadelphia; but the Sunday school is the strongest. Long have I breathed out my soul in desires for a more enlarged sphere of activity, and that I might be the instrument of benefiting the souls and bodies of my dying fellow beings. But it appears the wise Disposer of events intends shutting me out from the limited circle in which I have been favoured to move. I want to submit to the *will* of Him who cannot err, without murmuring or retraction of heart; and let the way open where it may, be more than ever active in the best of causes. I freely resign myself into the hands of my heavenly Potter, to be moulded and fashioned as he pleaseth. We have a gracious

season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord at the Academy. More new members are admitted than I have ever known: fourteen to sixteen join every few weeks. A prayer meeting is held in our Sunday school room on Saturday evening, which is so much crowded that numbers cannot get in.

Use your interest for me at the throne of grace. And that our Jesus may bring us safe through this wilderness, to meet and part no more, is the earnest request of your sincerely attached cousin,

H. S. BUNTING.

To the Same.

Frankford, Aug. 22, 1828.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—I find, upon reflection, I have not been as punctual in answering your valuable letter, as it justly merited. The only excuses I can offer, is being often absent from home, and since we have moved, an unusual weight of earthly care has rested upon me, owing to sister Kitty's ill health. As it regards our removal to this place, though I am very sensible of the many privations that result from it, yet a conviction that our coming here was providential reconciles me to the change. We have a female prayer meeting that meets on Monday evenings at our house. I think you would enjoy our little class. We do not number more than twelve; yet the presence of the Highest makes up every deficiency. Our

leader is a local preacher, who travelled under Mr. Wesley in England. He possesses all the purity of a father in Israel, and every word he utters is to the point. I seem of late to have an open intercourse with Heaven, and great liberty in pleading for the fulfilment of the promises, both for myself, friends, and the Church of Christ ; especially for the prosperity of the Redeemer's kingdom in this ungodly place. I pray that the Lord may raise up some one who will be instrumental in rousing the sleeping inhabitants of this village. I called to-day on one of our ministers in the city, who encouraged me to expect that we shall have preaching established here every Sabbath. You have undoubtedly heard of the interesting visit we have had from Mr. Case, Sunday, and Peter Jones. They favoured us at Frankford with a meeting, and though the day was stormy, they took up a very good collection ; and the ladies here have engaged to raise twenty dollars yearly for the support of an orphan child among the Indians.

The Lord has been graciously at work for a year past at the Academy. Brother Charles joined society last March, and evidences his sincerity by an upright walk and chaste conversation. I feel myself under renewed obligations to love and praise God for this manifest answer to prayer. I have been blessed with another opportunity of attending a camp meeting, where several of my gay acquaintances were convinced of righteousness and of a

judgment to come; and after calling on the Saviour some time for mercy, finally obtained the consolations of the Holy Spirit. Many believers wrestled earnestly to be cleansed from all sin. The preachers combined their forces to urge upon the people the *necessity of holiness*. I had such a sense of the severe purity of the Deity as laid me in the dust. A review of my very imperfect services confounded me. I saw a field of light which I longed to walk in. While I continued to importune, such ravishing contemplations of the character of God were granted as I can no way describe. What an immensity of love! My every want shall be supplied from *his fulness who filleth all*. I was abundantly satisfied with a deeper draught of the water of life, and put in possession of a heavenly calm. I am persuaded no enemy can rob me while I continue to cleave to the immaculate Lamb of God.

I returned from the meeting in a steamboat. The passage was rendered truly a blessing to me by the society of a hundred Christian friends; and the hours were delightfully beguiled by singing and prayer. My soul was filled with praise, ardent, cordial, and melted into thankful tears. Since I came home, on reflecting and examining my state, I find I have obtained a solitariness and departure from all creatures, and a sweet flowing of soul into God, the ocean of delights, that I never before experienced. The benign Jesus never was so lovely in my eyes

Our Church has sustained a loss in the death of Mr. Anthony Palmer. He died very suddenly, and has left a wife and five children to deplore their loss. Also Mrs. Whitehead, one of our oldest members, has been released, after suffering for more than twenty years. I was privileged to be with her in the trying hour, and my faith was much strengthened to see with what heavenly composure a Christian can meet the untried, untold agonies of dissolving nature. I expect you have heard, through the Advocate and Journal, of the breach that has been made in my circle of friends, by the death of Mary White. Yes, she has gone from this stage of fearful trial, to mingle with the pure spirits before the throne of God. Surely it more than ever becomes me to be "*all eye, all ear, all expectation, of the coming foe.*"

As Hester is writing, and will no doubt inform you of the health of Willett, and our friends in general, I shall only say that we are as well as usual. I think we have improved since we removed, though sister K. is still very slender, and has some alarming symptoms. She sends much love, and says she is under great obligations for your kind letter. She regrets that she was not aware of cousin James returning, that she might have written. Mr. De Haven unites with her and myself in a token of regard to the doctor. With the warmest sentiments of love and friendship, I remain yours,

HANNAH.

To the Same.

Philadelphia, March 25, 1831.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—Your thrice welcome letter was a solace to my aching heart. The Lord, in the infinitude of his wisdom, has thought fit to wound me in the tenderest point. The death of my precious sister hath left a *chasm* which stares fearfully upon me. This stroke brought me near to Jordan's flood. I almost breathed the chilling airs of death; yet my soul was inconceivably happy in God. I could and did *glory in tribulations also*; and you can judge what I felt when lying without the privilege of speech, or the society of friends and hearing the hollow sound of the hearse conveying the form I most loved on earth to be consigned to the dust of death. Nature would have sunk under suffering so acute, *but grace triumphed*. God^d deigned to be more to me than all he had removed. He considered my trouble, and knew my soul in adversity. I do not, dare not suffer myself to contemplate the mere earthliness of this event; but view the happy spirit of my sister, as having all the storms outrode, found the rest we toil to find, landed in the arms of God. She has gone to put on her attire, washed white in the blood of the Lamb, and to walk the streets of the New Jerusalem with all the unnumbered throng who compass around the throne with *vision blessed*. Hallelujah! hallelujah! *We shall, if faithful, one day conquer*

too ; for whether calms or storms await us, Jesus lives *to lead us through*.

I rejoice to testify, my dear cousin, that my hope of final salvation hath obtained a stability and consistency by my recent trials, that have more than compensated for the loss of *friends, health, and absence* from the public means of grace. Through the communication of the Holy Spirit I enjoy an humble, resigned frame of mind, and often have sweet intercourse with a risen, glorified Saviour. I am sensible that it is but a little while that I shall occupy a place among the living ; and it becomes me not to suffer my affections to settle very permanently on the empty shadows of this dying world. Thank God, the lustre of it has long since been put out. Bless the Lord for the expectation of soon exchanging this stormy sea of trouble for a peaceful haven. Yet if ever I am so blessed as to gain the port of bliss, it will be grace that brought me there.

It is quite gratifying to hear that there is some hope of your family and Cousin James' residing in the city. If my life is prolonged I calculate on spending some pleasant, and I trust profitable hours with you on the shores of time. I am thankful your health has so much improved. I have been regaining my strength, and find walking and riding out in pleasant weather very beneficial. Mr. De Haven has borne his loss with true Christian fortitude. This affliction has not been lost on him, but has been the means of bringing him much

nearer to God. When my sister lay so long ill, the Methodist friends visited her very often, and she received much profit from their prayers and exhortations. Had she been raised to health again, it was her intention to join our society. This will in some measure account for the step Mr. De Haven has taken. He attended our Church, and found the means calculated to farther him in the Divine life. A month since he cast his lot among us at the Academy. We have had an excellent preacher stationed there the two past years. There is nothing special doing ; but we have had a gradual increase. The sweet children committed to my care are well, and I feel very inadequate to the charge, but look to the Lord for the aid of his Holy Spirit. Our friends here are blessed with health. Much love to the doctor, and Cousin J. Murray's family. I trust we often meet at the sprinkled throne, and there pour out our sorrows into the bosom of Him who in all our afflictions is afflicted. I am, as ever, your invariable friend,

HANNAH.

Extracts of letters to Miss Hannah Bunting,

Philadelphia, March 19, 1824.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—How it gladdens my heart to find you in so pleasant a frame of mind. Do not fear a delusion ; for it is our glorious privilege to be happy. Religion was not de-

signed to make us uncomfortable, but rather to smooth the rough and thorny path of life, and enable us to view, with a holy indifference, the smiles and frowns of a vain world. Never did I enjoy a more constant and uninterrupted communion with God than since I last wrote to you. I sensibly feel that I am growing in grace, but I am not without my conflicts. Satan has sorely buffeted me. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits;" for none of those things have moved me, but rather proved a stimulus to greater diligence. I long to become strong in the Lord, and to prove all the power of transforming grace. May nothing satisfy you or myself but that full assurance of faith promised in the Gospel. May we be enabled to serve our gracious Master in all the beauty of holiness. While I am writing, my heart burns within me, with intense desire, to possess all the Lord is willing to bestow, or we are capable of enjoying, while bound in this prison of clay. If the little foretaste we at times have is so ravishing, what will it be when we shall drink continually of those streams which make glad the city of God! To that happy country may we be finally brought. So prays
your

HANNAH.

To the same.

Philadelphia, July 2, 1824.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—You can perhaps judge the sensations of my heart on reading the ac-

count cousin B. gave of the state of your health. It almost overwhelmed me ; but, on farther considerations, I thought your situation rather enviable than otherwise. My summons *may* come much sooner than yours. Be that as it may, I think we can both say, "Welcome death, the end of fears ; I am prepared to go." Put this event, with the others of your life, into your almighty Father's hand, and pray for resignation to his Divine will. Then you may boldly say, "Now let all my enemies exert their utmost power, I will not be afraid." Afflictions, pain, temptations, may await me ; waves and storms may go over my head ; Satan may sift me as wheat ; the waters of death may prove bitter to my taste ; yet will I not be afraid.—No, my dear Hannah, He that died for you will take care of you, heal your infirmities, support, and deliver you out of all your troubles. The love, promise, and strength of Jehovah, all stand engaged for the preservation of a poor, dependent believer in Jesus. I am not yet weary of the narrow, happy way. The farther I travel in it, the more pleasant it becomes. Glory to God that he ever inclined my heart to walk in the way of his commandments, for they are not grievous, but joyous to my soul. I know my attainments are small, yet, bless the Lord, I have enough to make me happy. Many years have I lived in the constant assurance that God is *my* God, and Christ my Saviour. This has borne me above the varied ills of life, and it will bear us both to the realms of bliss. I know

that only our bodies are separated ; in spirit we are closely united. May we be more frequent than heretofore at the throne of grace, pleading for each other, as well as for our dear fellow immortals. What a work is left for us to do ! The pathway of duty always yields me delight. My soul has been greatly comforted by walking in it. When I bear the cross, *it* bears me. Cleave closer to your Saviour's side, my dear Hannah ; he is our only refuge. May he lay beneath you his everlasting arms.

HANNAH.

To the same.

Philadelphia, August 25, 1824.

MY VERY DEAR COUSIN,—Can it be possible that I have never answered your last letter, although it proved so great a source of comfort to me ? If I have not, it was not intentional. I shall therefore trust to your goodness for forgiveness, believing our friendship is too firm to be interrupted by an apparent neglect. My heart swelled with gratitude to find that as your body grew weaker your confidence in God increased. This will continue ; yea, under all the pains and pressure of sickness, Jesus will sustain you, and when the “weary wheels of life stand still, at last,” then underneath and around you will be laid his everlasting arms. Hail, happy day ! when these clay tenements will burst, and our ransomed spirits

go to enjoy that felicity we have so long been contending for.

I have just had such views of the bliss that awaits those that faithfully endure to the end, as filled me with wonder, love, and praise.— Human language is quite too poor to paint what I have experienced since I last wrote. Never, no never did I conceive it possible for a mortal so frail and weak in *every respect* as I, to partake so largely of angels' food. Without hesitating I can say the Lord is deepening his work in my soul. I am striving to "scale the mount of holiest love." Some steps I am confident I have taken, but feel restless to arrive at the summit. Come with me, my dear H., and venture your all on Jesus; he has "enough for all, enough for each, enough for evermore." His Spirit will abide with us constantly; and never more leave his temples. I am not without temptation. Satan is very busy with his temptations; but Jesus hath given me the shield of faith, and I strive to use it to the best advantage. I hope in time to have more skill; yet I do not take thought for the morrow.— Every moment I need the merits of a Saviour's death. May my future life speak forth his praise, and may I glorify him in my body and spirit, which are his, and only his. Your sincerely attached cousin,

HANNAH.

To the same.

April, 1825.

MY DEAR HANNAH,—I rejoice to know that you have a true friend who sticketh closer than a *brother* : yes, and he will in every strait relieve you, and be your God and guard through all the weary wanderings of this mortal life. Our little moment of time will soon be ended. Of how small consequence is it, then, whether our path through this world be rough or smooth, so the heaven of heavens be finally our portion. I have felt my mind awakened up for a few days past, by reading Mr. Wesley's Plain Account of Christian Perfection, to see the necessity of giving myself more fully to God. I have resolved to be more faithful in private duty. I am convinced I know nothing of the depths of religion compared with what thousands have enjoyed. My aim is to be found in a holy frame continually, that, whether at home or abroad—whether I lie down or rise up, “God may be in all my thoughts.” My dear cousin, let us emulate those who walk in the higher paths of Christian attainment. We live in a day when the Gospel light is diffused in its glorious effulgence ; and yet *our* light I fear is too much like that of the moon—pale and cold. Come, then, my dear friend, and “let us anew our journey pursue.” No matter what we meet with on earth, for *eternity is near*.

HANNAH.

To the same.

Philadelphia, April 20, 1826.

THANKS to my dear cousin for her last kind letter. It was replete with encouragement.— I fear you are inclined to judge too favourably of me. My heart upbraids me in ten thousand instances for remissness of duty. The word of inspiration says, “It is not of works, lest any man should boast.” No, bless God, I glory in the merits of a crucified Saviour, and feel that—

“Fully absolved through him I am,
From guilt and fear, from sin and shame.”

I live no longer, but Christ liveth in me; and the life I live daily is by faith in the Son of God. When I have his presence all things please and interest me; but if he be absent all things disgust and weary me. I would not be found a moment from his blessed side, for we are safe only while there. The path of self-denial becomes more pleasant the farther I pursue it. The more I know of God, the more I desire to know. Is it not a great mercy to be one of his little ones, yea, to be the least of all? I have no higher aim than to be one of the least of Jesus’ witnesses, to lie at his feet continually, and learn of him to be meek and lowly of heart.

I am pleased to find my dear Hannah can sing the triumphant song, “O grave, where is thy victory! O death, where is thy sting!” I feel like joining you. I sometimes have such

views of my heavenly inheritance as make me long to be gone, and to be at *home*.

Let it be our business, my dear H., to get ready to die, for our days will soon be numbered. I feel the seed of mortality sown deep within,—the strife will soon be over,—it cannot be long before our kind Father will release you and me from this state of trial; we shall change a weak, sickly body for an incorruptible one. I close with the hope of soon meeting you in person. May the blessing of God attend you. Sincerely your

HANNAH.

To the same.

Philadelphia, June, 1826.

MY DEAR HANNAH,—Your letter was a cordial to my drooping spirits. My mind is unusually sad, owing to the painful separation from my dear cousins; but ere long our freed spirits shall mingle in another world, never more to return to these sickly shores. There we shall behold the King in his beauty, even him whose name is Love. Do we not delight, even here, to meet him in his ordinances? *There* we shall be with him always. Glory to God in the highest for the prospect! Nothing so delights my soul as contemplating the joys of heaven. While I meditate on the felicities of the happy dead, a sombre hue is cast on all sublunary concerns. I find the seeds of mortality springing up daily, sufficient to remind

me that what I have to do must be done quickly. My greatest concern is, lest I am not given up, as I ought to be, to bear patiently protracted suffering. Is it not strange, that though the way our blessed Jesus passed through to glory was ignominy, pain, and the cross, yet we who call ourselves his followers should desire an easier path ?

I am still climbing up the mount of holiness, and feel a renewed determination not to rest until I come into the happy possession of all my mind is capable of receiving.

Dear H., permit me to remind you never to lose sight of the high attainments in grace you are called to. Let the language of your heart be,—

“I cannot rest in sins forgiven ;
I want the earnest of my heaven.”

God grant you that unhesitating faith which receives the blessing. Yours,

H. S. BUNTING.

To the same.

Philadelphia, Nov. 9, 1826.

MY DEAREST HANNAH,—Your letter relieved my mind of a weight of anxiety, and silenced all my fears. Kitty and myself were quite uneasy on account of the day you left proving so very stormy. Undoubtedly the great Supreme *watched* over you for *good*. What a skilful leader—what a tender guide is the God of the Christian ! From the dust he has raised

us to become partakers of all the high privileges and immunities of his Church militant, and, if faithful, ere long we shall chant a hymn of praise and conquest in the Church triumphant to Him whose advocacy has availed with the Father in behalf of rebel worms. What returns shall we make for all his *benefits*? May we strive to live *each moment* as he would have us, and spend and be spent in the *service* of our Redeemer. How much I have wished you could have stayed some time longer, and heard Bishop George preach one of his melting sermons. My heart dissolved as wax before the flame; it was a weeping time. He was at Mr. Pease's Saturday night meeting; Mr. Slicer, a preacher from the Baltimore charge, attended also last week. He is in every sense of the word a son of thunder, a Boanerges; his visit has already been blessed to my needy soul, and I believe to hundreds of my brethren and sisters. I feel roused to exert all the feeble energies I possess in fighting the good fight of *faith*.—Truly, I have been of late sifted by the subtle tempter, who often fills me with distress while using the public means, with a dread lest I yield to his insinuations; but, on meeting my naked heart in *private*, I find nothing lost in the contest but the dross of nature. My foes must fall before me while I can simply raise the shield of *faith*, or wield the Spirit's *sword*. God grant me skill, courage, humility, and vigilance in the combat, that I may put to flight the armies of the aliens, and laugh to scorn their cruel

power. O, to be always on the look out, and wait with calmness the succours and supplies of God's grace. Hannah, you are not ignorant of my exposures. Turn which way I will there is danger. Send up your earnest cries to Heaven that I may never fall from my steadfastness. Your spiritual wants, dear girl, lie near my heart, and if your cousin's scanty petitions reach the skies you are abundantly supplied. I would only say, on *all* occasions embrace the *cross*; behind it are hid more than can be conceived; only by bearing it joyfully will you come into the possession of rich treasures, the spirit of Christ, and power to win souls. Who would not do *violence* to flesh and blood to be enabled to—

“Plunge into the Godhead's deepest sea,
And be lost in his *immensity*!”

Mary Ann will tell you of the delightful feast we enjoyed together at Ebenezer. Many bore noble testimonies. I heard Mr. Cookman preach an able discourse from, “As he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled.” The latter part of the sermon was beyond expression solemn. It has not yet lost its effect on my mind, and I trust *never will*.

I found a letter among some waste papers, written by a coloured Methodist preacher, who accompanied poor J. Bankson to Africa. I enclose it for your perusal; it interested my feelings. From your ever affectionate cousin,

HANNAH.

To the same.

Philadelphia, May, 1827.

MY DEAR COUSIN HANNAH,—I must acknowledge your very interesting letter of March last deserved a much more speedy answer ; but a variety of unforeseen events combined to render it quite impracticable. Though we were separated for six weeks to the distance of two hundred miles, yet you were the subject of my daily thoughts. I think I fully entered into your peculiar exercises with regard to being among those who are *entire strangers* ; but I was not long in Baltimore before I realized that I was among my Father's children. The seasons I there enjoyed I trust will be remembered by me in eternity. All the circumstances I wish to relate could not be contained in the small compass of a letter. I shall have to defer much until we meet. The conference was far better than any I ever before attended. The greater part of the time during the day, two houses were open for public worship.—Light-street, where I attended, was often filled to overflowing. The meeting frequently commenced in the morning, and did not close until midnight. There was preaching every evening in thirteen of the Methodist churches. On the Sabbath, during the sitting of conference, there were thirty-nine sermons preached by our ministers. Truly, God has many living members among this dear people ; but, as is too generally the case, numbers have to all appearance

the form, without the power of godliness. I was blessed with the privilege of attending a number of excellent classes. The testimonies I heard excited me to redouble my diligence. The Sunday schools are much better regulated than any I have known among us. I cannot say that the sermons I heard could be called great preaching; but this I am bold to declare, that the word was dispensed in its purity, and proved the power of God unto salvation to many souls. I formed some acquaintances that were such as I desire to imitate in every respect.

The scenes of eternity were brought very near to me while visiting the sad, solitary spot where the sacred relics of my dear cousin Daniel lay. That afternoon will be recollected by me while memory holds her seat. The grave yard being two miles from town, we were under the necessity of riding, Sophia being too small to walk such a distance. When we reached the gate we were at a loss to know how to enter. This difficulty was soon removed by the approach of the sexton, an old gray-headed coloured man, with a key. You can scarcely imagine a more lovely picture than was presented to our view. The sun shone with unusual brilliancy on a river which rolls majestically by the mansions of the silent dead. The contrast between the white grave stones and green grass was very striking. The little hillocks were ornamented with flowers of various hues, and many were almost covered with rose

bushes, planted, methought; by some friendly hand. Cousin Anna pointed out to me, with silent grief, the three narrow houses where, in less than three years, an only sister, a beloved husband, and an invaluable mother had been deposited; and then retired to some distance to give vent to her full heart. The powers of expression are inadequate to paint the emotions that swelled my aching bosom. However, I did not sorrow as those without hope. No: I felt assured that "He who was dead, but is alive for evermore, has the keys of death and hell," and has opened a way from the tomb, where all must see corruption, to a state of glory.

It only remains for us, my dear cousin, while we remain in this land of exile, to acquit ourselves as good soldiers of the cross of Christ, in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation; at all times showing, by an upright walk and chaste conversation, that we have learned to—

"Scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away."

Surely, Hannah, we shall yet gain the well fought day, as we serve under a commander who has never fought but to conquer. God grant that, as we approximate toward our *final home*, we may become more willing to suffer for Christ's sake. The Gospel nowhere promises to exempt the children of the Most High from painful trials and sore temptations. Glory to God for ever for the assurance that is left us

on record, that Divine grace shall be sufficient for all who put their trust under the shadow of the Almighty. I feel, my dear cousin, that I have need to be ashamed before the Lord for the small improvement I have made of the glorious means I have for some time past enjoyed. 'Tis well for me that our High Priest bears the iniquity of my holy things. I have no fruit of the Spirit in the fulness I desire or expect. I am afraid of being too much outward. I would "the veil of outward things pass through, and gaze in Christ to live." Yet, mean and abject as I am, I find my spirit so united with Jesus that I am persuaded nothing shall separate me from his love. I daily draw, from a union with him by simple faith, that "sweet repose which none but he who feels it knows." But there are depths of the Divine nature I want to *fathom*. Use your interest for me at the throne of grace. I often feel a sweet union of spirit with you. My heart is gladdened at the thought that I am aided by your supplications. We are favoured greatly at the Academy in having so good a man as Mr. F. for our pastor. Our beloved Eliza Watkinson is more seriously ill than she has ever yet been. I know not how it is, but tears fill my eyes whenever I think of losing her. I never met with one apparently so dead to earthly joys. What a varied scene is human life! The time seems very long since I last saw you. I am indulging the hope that Lydia and myself may meet you at the Belleville camp meeting on the 18th of June. I have not heard

from her. My friends tell me I look much better for my journey. I feel somewhat recruited, but I am not ignorant that fatal disease is fastened upon my slender constitution. I know the time is not far distant when the cold earth will be heaped high upon my coffin lid.

HANNAH.

To the same.

Hilton, July 22, 1827.

MY DEAR HANNAH,—What can I say to solace you under the affliction you are now called to suffer? Methinks I hear you answer that you are not without the consolations of Divine grace, and find that around and underneath you are the everlasting arms. It is sweet to lie passive in the hands of so good a Father, and “know *no will but his.*” When the measure of your pain is filled your release will be signed, and your soul, which has so long been clogged by a feeble, sickly body, will go to “grasp the God you seek.” There is a glorious resting place for the way-worn pilgrim in a land where our “spirits ne’er shall tire.” Ah! how much we have, dear H., to make us long to be at home! Added to our own inward conflicts is the painful sight of the indifference and apathy of those we love, to their immortal interests. I very much fear that nothing but the cold grasp of death will awaken some of them to a sense of their state,—when it may be for ever too late.

I do sincerely wish, my dear cousin, that we knew more of God, and the things that he hath prepared for them that love him. Why is it that the things of time "delight us so?" I am convinced that we do not dwell enough on heaven and its glories. These should have the pre-eminence in our meditations. May we no longer remain so circumscribed in our acquaintance with Divine things, but rise to nobler things than this poor earth can afford. My heart has been much drawn out in prayer for you. Believe me your ever affectionate

HANNAH.

To the same.

January, 1828.

MY BELOVED H.,—Your letter should have been answered sooner, but want of time prevented. Gladly would I spend some time with you, but circumstances forbid: however, we have much to remind us that the period is not far distant when we shall be united in bliss eternal, never again to feel the pang of parting. Yet, my dear H., we can even now repair to the mercy seat in closest union of spirit. In prayer we make our nearest approaches to the sinner's Friend, and be open to the influences of Heaven. Then it is that the Sun of righteousness dissipates our darkness, and imprints his lovely image on our souls. Glory to my God for the unusual liberty I have of late experienced in this duty. How often do we rise

early, and are employed until late, in providing for these poor bodies, which will soon be cold and inanimate. In future let our best energies be exerted in laying up treasure against the time to come. May we more than ever learn to trust in God. This I am daily aiming after. I want to rest immovably in the will of my dear Saviour, and look to him alone to satiate the capacious desires of my soul.—While I remain an inhabitant of this ever varying world, I calculate on being the subject of numberless afflictions, which I would not ask to be released from, as they have invariably proved my best friends. I think I feel a measure of that love which shall overcome by *enduring*. I fully believe that when it ceases to be necessary I shall suffer no more.

HANNAH.

To the same.

Frankford, Aug. 9, 1828.

MY DEAR COUSIN HANNAH,—I am grieved that your letter should remain so long unanswered. Contrary to my expectations, I went to Blackwood, and I praise God for it. I wanted all my dear cousins to be there, and enjoy the meeting with me. It was held on the same spot where, for the last time in the woods, I bowed with my friends Mary and Eliza, to worship and adore Him who sitteth between the cherubim.

“Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
They sparkled, were exhaled, and went to heaven.”

“O when will death, (*now stingless*,) like a friend, this mouldering, old partition wall *throw down*; give *beings, one in nature, one abode!*”

While at camp meeting I boarded with Mrs. S. The first afternoon there was an excellent public prayer meeting: in the evening Mr. Prettyman preached from, *Whosoever calleth, &c.* Friday, Mr. Sovereign preached from, *Strive to enter in, &c.* In the afternoon I took tea with S. A. Budd, and we went together to prayer meeting. I never saw happier people. C. Lippencott prayed until the very heavens seemed to open and drop down fatness. Mr. Armour cried out, *We want to go to heaven sailing; yes, sailing, sailing, my Lord.* From the commencement of the meeting I was in an agony of prayer. My head seemed waters, and my eyes a fountain of tears. I beheld before me a vast field of religion which I had not yet explored. I felt I had not the grace that was requisite to keep me in the *situation* in which I am *now* placed. The view of my wants did not discourage me. No! I was led to believe that God would enable me to prove to the uttermost the *gift unspeakable*, and give me to increase with all the increase of God. Mr. Walker preached in the evening. I was surprised to hear the dear old man. His text was Rom. xv, 13, *Now the God of hope, &c.* Mr. Cookman exhorted; said an idea of his venerable father had pleased him much, when

he described the Christian's soul as being of an elastic nature, and with every fresh communication of grace it distended and enlarged, even through the endless ages of eternity. Saturday Mr. Scott preached from, If we say we have no sin, &c. He is truly a preacher sent of God. Mr. Pittman exhorted. The servants of the Most High seemed to combine their forces to have judgment begin among professors; pressing upon them the necessity of being *holy*; and it was not without effect. In the afternoon Mr. Thompson preached, and in the evening Mr. Cookman, from the parable of the prodigal son. Sunday, Mr. Pittman, from Eph. i, 13. Sermon more than two hours long. In the afternoon, Mr. Force, "A good treasure." In the evening, Mr. Petherbridge. Sabbath eve there was prayer meeting in Mrs. Steward's tent. A daughter of Hugh M'Curdy, and another of Andrew M'Casky, who have long been a weight upon my mind, being teachers in our school, and destitute of religion, were this evening humbled in the dust. I was by them both, and pointed them to the great sacrifice, when they got a glimpse of the Saviour's willingness to *save them from sin*, which filled them with joy. Two of their fellow teachers were also cut to the heart in this meeting; one a niece of Mr. Palmer's, who came to meeting through much opposition, and she awoke us before day, praising God for his pardoning mercy. Her companion had her fears calmed on Monday. O Hannah, this

day I seemed full of *love*, full of God. My soul was satiated, though still reaching for more.

I must here say something of a sermon I heard the first Sunday in July from Mr. Hammet, who is the stationed preacher at Richmond, Virginia, and is travelling to the north for his health. His text was, "But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." He first called our attention to the abject state of fallen man; then, in a sublime and clear manner, pointed out the wisdom of God in creation and redemption; proving that the interposition of a Saviour can alone appease the wrath of offended Heaven. He drew a very nice, and I must say *to me* new, distinction between justification and regeneration. But my feelings were overpowering when he dwelt on the two last points, sanctification and redemption. Fathers and mothers in Israel, he cried, what will make a babe in Christ happy, will not suffice for you. Would I could pen the train of ideas that flowed on this part of his subject. It was just what I needed. He then declared that it was his opinion the apostle here intended by redemption the resurrection of the body; and advanced it as his belief, and brought many passages of Scripture to prove, that as soon as we put off this mortal body, we shall be exalted (not as some imagine to paradise, or the antechamber of heaven, but raised) to the highest courts

above, where *God dwells*. This view of the subject delighted me; and although it was an excessively warm afternoon, my soul took wing, and my spirit was ready to burst its tenement of clay, and *longed to join the Church above*.

I wrote yesterday to Lydia. Received a letter this week from D., dated May 4. It lay in the post office here some time. I did not think of inquiring for letters.

I calculate on seeing you in September, if nothing occurs to prevent.

Yours,

HANNAH.

Aug. 10.—Just returned from our little class, and truly Jesus was there. I find these little meetings very profitable, though Methodism does not gain ground here as yet. I expect that God will open some door. Do pray for us, dear H.

To the Same.

Philadelphia, June 11, 1829.

MY DEAR HANNAH,—I should have embraced an earlier opportunity of writing what has occurred within the last week, had not a multiplicity of cares prevented. Yes, amid all our engagements, methinks there is an affection subsisting between us, that is not lessened by time or distance. Let us console ourselves that though absent in body, we are present in spirit; partakers of the same grace, heirs of the same portion. And what a stimulus is here!

I have just returned from my class. Tears of gratitude bedew my cheeks for what my soul enjoyed while holding converse with my God and Christian friends. What should I do without religion to cheer me under the complicated sufferings of decaying nature, and the numerous ills of life? I am assured that the storms which roll over this tempestuous ocean, will more quickly blow us into port. Glory to our great Deliverer!

HANNAH.

To the Same.

Philadelphia, Jan., 1830.

I HAVE been cheered by the company and sympathy of our friend, Mary Ann Walker. We went together to prayer meeting at five o'clock on Christmas morning. I enjoyed the two first prayers, and was just thinking it was a better meeting to me than usual when I was seized with fainting. Dear Mary Ann accompanied me to the door, where I was glad to sink just in the spot you once occupied in a like situation. I here lay insensible for some time; but while gasping for breath, I felt that I had that faith which defies pain and death. It was a matter of no consequence to me whether I ever again breathed the vital air. But ah! my passport was not signed. I could not yet go home. I was in a delightful frame throughout the day. It was with sensations indescribable that I commenced the year 1830. It

appeared a new era in my existence, and that I was only alive by miracle. I saw the imperfections which marked my daily course ; yes, and felt them most keenly too : yet I resolved never to unloose my hold on the promises. I am assured it is my heavenly Father's will that a weak worm like me should live unspotted in so foul a place. O that the close of this year may find me arrived at a completion of every Christian grace. Amid the varied ills of life I cannot forbear exclaiming,—

“ O land of rest, for thee I sigh,—
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armour by,
And dwell in peace at home ?”

HANNAH.

To the Same.

October 23, 1830.

MY DEAR H.,—Though it is late at night, and my body is worn down with the toils of a day of care, yet I will, as I have told my dear H., show at least a disposition to acknowledge your last favour. Elizabeth will say more than I can write respecting my dear sister. I believe the Lord hath marked her for his own. My fond heart hath said, “ Father, if it be possible let this *cup* pass from me.” But I have been enabled to say from my heart, “ Nevertheless, holy and righteous Lord, *not my will, but thine be done.*” She may live for months, or even years ; but from present appearances, it is not

likely that her frail bark will bear many more surges. It would be superfluous to beg your intercession at the sprinkled throne. I long to hear her testify that "Jesus has all her powers possessed," and so attracted her by his charms as to wear her from every tie that would chain her down to earth. You and I, dear H., have been put by a Father's hand, during the past summer, into the furnace. It has been said that God had but one Son without *sin*, and none without *affliction*. Truly I can say my sickness was the means of increasing my confidence in God. "My hope was full, O glorious hope, of immortality." I believe I was too much elated with the prospect of being released from my prison house. It appears the Lord has much suffering in store for me. Be that as it may, I trust I shall be enabled to stand in my lot until the building be finished, and the topstone brought forth with shouting, "Grace, grace unto it!" HANNAH.

To the same.

Philadelphia, Feb. 25, 1831.

MY DEAR COUSIN H.,—Your welcome letters were thankfully received by me. The weakness of the flesh impeded the impulse my spirit felt to send you an immediate answer. These disinterested proofs of your affection are enough in themselves to convince me you are under Divine influence. Grateful tears steal

down my cheeks at the remembrance of the instances innumerable I have experienced *your real friendship*. I have thanked the Lord a thousand times that ever he cast my lot among your family in early life. My mind received a bias from mingling in your society which I esteem one of the choicest gifts of Heaven. All, all beneath the sun would be dark and desolate, were *every* dear friend of my heart sundered from me by the icy touch of death. The world cannot ensnare me by any of its grosser allurements; but the temptations it holds out to me under the forms of pure, refined, elevated enjoyment, resulting from earthly connections, are ensnaring. Yet I think, if I am capable of judging my state, God has the empire of my soul, and all earthly attachments are subordinate. I rejoice to testify that my hope of final salvation has acquired a consistency and stability by my recent trials. Through the communications of the Holy Spirit I possess an humble, resigned frame; believing that while I implicitly rely on the Divine *veracity*, it will go well with me, living or dying. I find it will not do for me to dwell too much on the earthly circumstances merely of my late severe bereavement. No! I have by faith to follow the flight of my dear sister's spirit, which "bright angels have carried home, away to the New Jerusalem." While she is welcomed by the heavenly choirs above, is it not right that our voices below should join the consoling and enrapturing strain? Yes, dear

companion, go, from a suffering Church beneath, to reign for ever with thy Lord ! Yet, dear Hannah, when I view *the trust* committed to me, and consider my entire impotence to perform my part, it almost overwhelms me. My cry is, that the Lord will either qualify me for my duty, or take me hence.

I have regained my strength of body surprisingly since L. left me. Have not ventured to go out but once, and then took a severe cold, from the effects of which I am now suffering. I am very glad you heard Mr. Pittman. I am much concerned for your Church at C., and pray that efficient ministers may be raised up for your profit and the sinners who surround that village.

It is expected that several Cherokee Indians will be present at the missionary anniversary. I have a ticket in keeping for you. I wish you could be present at the meeting held here on Tuesday evening. My soul was abundantly refreshed at the last. We had Edmund Yard's help. D. Welsh is able to sit up ;—fears she feels too much from the disappointment of returning to earth again. I had a letter of some length from her, written while supported up in her bed. I wish you had it. I am sure it would warm your heart, as it did mine. Did not the account of Mr. Peyton cheer you ? I knew him, and could prize his worth. I dare not indulge myself to write more. Continue still to carry your needy cousin H. to the throne.

HANNAH.

To the Same.

Philadelphia, June 16, 1831.

MY DEAR COUSIN HANNAH,—I was truly glad to see a letter once more traced by your hand. You ask me to write what my arrangements are. This I am quite at a loss to do.

I have filled a page with my concerns; yet to how little import have I written! I don't know that you will have the patience to peruse it, but I love to pour my most minute affairs into your friendly bosom. Ah! the lapse of time can never heal the wound which has been inflicted by the cold touch of death. Every change of season brings to my remembrance recollections too interesting to be resisted, yet too painful to be indulged in; but I do not waste my strength and consume my spirits with hopeless sorrow. Blessed be God, I feel the anchor of my hope holds me strong and steady, while the waves of sorrow are tossing me hither and thither, every moment threatening with shipwreck this frail bark. I think I am weaned from all hope of pleasure God sees fit to blight, and willing he should appoint to me a life of weakness. I do not feel a wish with respect to the continuance of my stay below. I can say with Mr. Payson. "If God should refer the matter to me, I should refer it back again to him." No doubts obscure the sunshine of my mind, yet languor and disease often clog my spirits, and I find it difficult at times to rise above the pressure.

Still I preserve a settled peace, from a consciousness that I have no other desire than to please God.

The last letter I received from Lydia afforded me solid comfort. It contains some of sister Sutton's experience. She remarked that "the Lord did not in the time of her weakness and extremity require hard things." How consoling! What would become of me if he did? Jesus covers my defenceless head with the shadow of his wing.

How is my dear H. progressing? O let us flee from the world, and live alone for God. I am here in this favoured city, surrounded by a living ministry; yet, alas! it is not my lot to have strength sufficient to attend the courts of Zion, while you have not very often the word preached. So, my cousin, as we are shut out from the streams, we must endeavour to drink more copiously at the fountain.

Yours,

H. S. BUNTING.

To Miss Mary Ann Walker.

Philadelphia, July, 1825.

MY DEAR MARY ANN,—You have been the subject of my frequent thoughts since we parted. Your situation appears peculiarly interesting. Watching the gradual decline of a dear brother's health is no doubt a continual source of anxiety to your feeling heart. I, my dear sister, can enter into your sorrows, as I was

called, some time since, to pass through the same painful *trial*. The Lord of hosts was with me: he undoubtedly sustains *you* at this melancholy season. You shall have a daily interest in my approaches to the mercy seat.

Since my return I have been touched in a tender point. Daniel Ellis, a first cousin, dear to me as a brother, has been lodged in the garner above. He resided in Baltimore, and has left a wife and child to feel an irreparable loss. There were but a few weeks' difference in our ages. He joined the Methodist society a short time before I did. We perfectly coincided in sentiment, and from childhood were much united. I feel that in death we shall not be *divided*. To the eye of human reason it may appear dark, to view him swept away in the bloom of youth, and in the midst of usefulness. But shall not *God* do what he will with his own! Daniel did not sleep as do some. His labours in Sabbath schools were unwearied. He frequently walked seven miles out of the city to a factory, to superintend a Sunday school. But his labours are ended;—he has bid an *eternal* farewell to this passing world, and is now enjoying the delights of heaven; seeing things that have never entered into the heart of man, and which in this life are impossible to be conceived. I rejoice that I am but a stranger in this land of guilt, restless, and sighing for my native home. My dear sister, soon “our weary feet shall enter the peaceful abodes of lasting rest.

The trials of this short life will soon be o'er."

I have been considering the very many privileges I am blessed with, and fear my attainments bear no proportion to them. I am sensible I might be more wholly given up to *God*. I long to gain the whole image and mind of Christ, and can indeed say I feel no burden, and can complain of no want, but that of *entire sanctification*. I know that my Redeemer's sufferings and victory are the eternal destruction of the power and indwelling of sin; therefore I cannot rest until I become all glorious within. Do pray, my dear Mary Ann, that I may at all times, and under all circumstances, appear what I profess to be, a temple for the *indwelling God*. I feel quite anxious to hear how you are progressing in the pursuit after *holiness*. Assert your claim,—maintain your right;—lay hold of those blessings which are purchased and promised so fully for *you*. Why linger in the dark valley of unbelief? Tarry no longer, but *come* and partake of the joys of free salvation. Would that I could encourage you. I feel my own weakness; but in Christ I can do valiantly: so can you, my sister. There all our strength lies;—we are only mighty in *his* might.

I hope, my dear girl, you will favour me every opportunity with a letter. Do not be formal. My breast is so weak, that I cannot sit long with my pen. This I hope will be a sufficient excuse. I think my last visit to

Crosswicks was a benefit. As to perfect health, I do not expect it ; neither can I say I wish it ; for the will of God is mine.

HANNAH.

To the Same.

Philadelphia, Sept. 16, 1825.

MY DEAR MARY ANN,—I have just been reading your last kind letter to me, and feel I can by no means do it justice. Our correspondence is a very unequal one ; the benefit is all on my side. As you delight in doing good, I hope you will still favour me with the productions of your pen.

I am distressed to find by Lydia's letter, I have wounded you. Believe, dear sister, that it was not intended. I was then peculiarly situated. It does not do always to judge from appearances. Far be it from me to cause a heart already big with grief a moment's uneasiness. No ! rather would I use my utmost to soothe and comfort you. May I not expect forgiveness ? In future I will be more guarded.

I feel I need constant supplies of grace to act my part. I blush at my many deficiencies, and stand astonished at the long suffering patience of a *good God*. Instead of cutting me off in anger, he blesses me with increasing favour. Since camp meeting, I have felt an insatiable desire to be entirely taken up with God, and the things of God ; that no melancholy void may be found in my life, or a mo

ment hang unemployed. I realize that time is short, and know that I am fast tending to the silent grave, where no work nor device is found.

I ardently pray that my dear Mary Ann's late painful bereavement may conduce to forward the great work of entire sanctification, which I fully believe God hath wrought in your trembling heart. Venture along, and God will yet perform the work of faith in power. Jesus, your Advocate, is above: you are *his*, and he is *yours*. Look to him, then, in a simple and familiar manner, and with great assurance. We, my dear sister, are journeying to a land where imperfections, regrets, and privations shall be known no more for ever. Should not the contemplation of those joys which we believe are in reserve for us lead us to God, and animate us to make sure work for *eternity*? The waves of affliction which may yet beat upon our frail barks shall only waft us nearer to the promised haven.

Your dear brother Samuel has already obtained the *prize* of eternal rest, which we are still toiling for. May we be enabled to shout victory, victory, as we pass along this valley of tears, through the *blood of the Lamb*. There are some intimations of a gracious revival in this highly favoured city. The ark of the Lord has appeared to rest for some time back. Now I believe it will move forward. The fields are white for the *harvest*. Last Sabbath evening we had a good meeting at the Acade-

my : my feelings were much excited: Two of my Sunday scholars went to the altar to be prayed for. One of them, whose mind has been exercised for this year past, obtained a clear evidence of her acceptance. I think I may calculate on the conversion of seven of them. They are from twelve to sixteen years of age, a very important time of life, just as the character is forming. How needful is a Divine Teacher to guard unthinking youth from the numberless dangers that surround them. My heart is warm, and deeply interested in the welfare of Zion. I long to see her prosper : no sight is so desirable to me. Write frequently, and believe me yours sincerely,

HANNAH.

To the Same.

Philadelphia, Oct., 1825.

MY DEAR SISTER,—I received your highly prized and interesting letter, every line of which evinced the Christian spirit. I had one, and only one objection to asking the favour of your company to our little band,—I feared taking more than one stranger at a time, as it never had been done by any of the members. You cause me to blush by saying you imputed it to your inferiority in religion.

Could you, dear Mary Ann, read my poor heart, and discover its secret folds and windings, you would in a moment discover your mistake. When I take a retrospective

view of my life, and mark the multiplied errors of judgment, and numberless infirmities, that have crowded every step of the way, I am led to wonder why a righteous God has not long ago cut me down as useless lumber. I fear nothing that I have ever done will stand good in the great day of retribution. But when the accuser of souls comes upon me like a flood, I run to my hiding place, even the cleft of a dear Saviour's side. There I find a shelter from the violence of the storm, and put all my foes to flight by telling them, though I am *unworthy*, he is altogether *worthy*. Clothed with the robe of *his* righteousness,—

“Bold can I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?”

For some time past I have been unusually pressed with the cares of life. Blessed be God, I have not been moved by them: they have rather been the means of drawing me more closely to *Him* whom my soul loveth.

I was pleased with the satisfactory account you gave me of your dear brother's death. Surely, my dear sister, you have great cause of thankfulness for the undoubted evidence he has left that God, in the wise dispensations of mercy, has taken him to an early rest.

“Free from doubts, and griefs, and fears,
In the haven of the skies,
Can you weep to see the tears
Wiped for ever from his eyes?”

Our Sabbath school continues to prosper beyond my most sanguine expectations. Two of

the girls have joined the class I meet in. You would be delighted to hear them declare so confidently what God hath wrought for them. You will hear, through my letter to Lydia, that I have changed my abode. I hope you intend visiting the city soon. Do come while there is so favourable a prospect of a general shower of Divine grace. Write me when to expect you, and persuade Lydia to accompany you. I remain your unalterable friend,

HANNAH.

To the Same.

Philadelphia, Dec. 29, 1825.

MY LOVED FRIEND,—I must say I was somewhat disappointed in not receiving a line from you by the bearer of Lydia's. True, I am indebted, I believe; but I hoped you would not stand on formality. I have missed your society very much. Since you left us we have had many excellent meetings. You will rejoice with me to hear that dear M. W. has obtained peace of mind: her very countenance is changed. Last Sabbath she was baptized. Mr. Pease returned the week after you left the city; he found his brother alive, but extremely low. After remaining with him a week, he was under the necessity of returning to his charge. He has not a gleam of hope for his brother's recovery; you may know the parting was no small trial. Ah! my dear Mary Ann, our path is a checkered one,—none are exempt

from suffering. How joyfully could I quit this scene of sin and labour, and be well pleased to lay this feeble body in the bed of the grave, in full and certain hope of a joyful *resurrection*. This reflection often exhilarates my fainting spirits.

I hope, my dear sister, you have found ere this the blessing of perfect, uninterrupted *peace*. Remember, it is only to be retained by a faithful discharge of every *duty*. Nature may shrink ; but be steadfast, be bold, and soon you will sing the conqueror's song.

R. W. last week was quite overpowered with the love of God. Her brother B. had gone to a ball. When she retired to rest, her heart was much drawn out in prayer for him. Two hours after some of the family came into her chamber, and found her shouting the high praises of God. It was a language they did not understand ; they thought her dying, and sent immediately for her brother. He was by her in a few minutes, and ran for a physician ; who came, and pronounced it a fit of the hysterics. But dear Eliza could rejoice with her. O, my dear sister, how precious are the comforts of the Holy Ghost ! May we ever be alive to his sacred teachings. Grace can do every thing for us, but nature nothing. Let us press onward : the Captain of our salvation goes before, and levels every difficulty. J. has called for the letter—so I must close abruptly.

Yours,

HANNAH.

To the Same.

Philadelphia, Jan. 25, 1826.

MY DEAR SISTER,—As usual, your letter brought with it a blessing to my needy soul. My heart often glows with gratitude to the great Giver of all my unmerited blessings, for the privilege of Christian friends and correspondents. I certainly feel myself flattered by your early remembrance of me, notwithstanding the numerous claims upon your attention. I will here stop, and lift my heart to Heaven for power to clothe my ideas in a manner that will mutually profit us. There is, I am aware, danger in being superfluous in communicating: not only with the tongue, but the pen may be uselessly employed.

No doubt the heart of my Mary Ann bleeds to find her lamented — so soon forgotten. We swiftly pass the shadowy scenes of life away. We come up as flowers, and flee away as shadows. Our dear friend trod truly in the narrowest path in the narrow way. May we strive to walk in the same track. How few Christians claim their own. Let it not be said of us we walked unworthy of our high and holy calling. But may we imitate those who gained the summit of the mount of *holiness*, and are now partakers of its rich *rewards*. You have, my dear sister Mary, put some close and weighty questions to me. With trembling I shall strive to answer them. Without hesitancy I can say I have no tormenting *fear*; though at times my

timid nature would fain shrink from the public cross. If I yield in the least, I suffer loss. I possess an evidence clear as the *sun*, that my *one aim* is to please God in *all things, small and great*. I would sooner *die* than *offend him*. I am not ignorant of my numerous mistakes and errors in judgment; but I daily cast my infirmities into the abyss of God's mercy, and feel assured that he forgives me for Jesus' sake. In this way I preserve an inviolable *peace*, with a conscience void of offence. Ecstasy of joy I seldom have; but in all things my heart dissolves in thankfulness. As it regards temptations, I confess I am sometimes at a loss; but, by earnest prayer, the light of the *Holy Spirit* emanates from above on my path, and I endeavour to act accordingly. My mind is never *dark*, yet often I am in heaviness with the pressure of my own wants, the Church, and the wretched state of a guilty world. In prayer, the concerns of life intrude at times, but I seldom rise until my mind is *fixed*, and my whole soul engaged and absorbed in holy aspirations to almighty *God*.

I fear I have not fully satisfied you, my dear girl; but pardon me, and look over my imperfections. I feel it my duty to encourage you to believe the calm you *now* possess is *perfect love*. Do not raise the standard too high; put it not out of reach. You cannot too much lament your past remissness; but there is danger in depending on your lamentations. The time past is for ever gone. It only remains

with you to receive a *complete Saviour*; and for the time to come live a life hid with *Christ in God*.

HANNAH.

[In the interval between the last date and the following letter, I resided chief of the time in Philadelphia, and was privileged with being frequently in the company of my beloved Hannah, both day and night. I sometimes went with her in her visits of love and mercy to the sick and poor, and was witness to the solicitude and affection she manifested for them: her care for them was unremitting. At one time I recollect, after assisting her in making some cloaks for some Sunday scholars belonging to the school of which she was teacher, we did not finish them until nine o'clock; and though it was dark and rainy, she would take them home that night. We did take them, and she had the satisfaction on the next day, which was Sabbath, of seeing the children at school, with their cloaks on. This is only one instance out of many wherein she regarded not her own ease, if she could do good, *even to a child*. Many, very many no doubt, will rise up in *that* day, and call her blessed. The good she has done to the bodies and souls of all she had intercourse with, will never fully be known until eternity shall unfold it to view. To me she was a true Christian friend in the fullest sense of the word; constantly inciting me, both by precept and example, to diligence in every good work.

M. A. WALKER.]

To the Same.

Crosswicks, July 29, 1827.

MY DEAR FRIEND MARY ANN,—Although I feel very unfit for writing, yet as a conveyance offers, I cannot forbear assuring you that you still live in my affectionate remembrance. Though I have not written, my heart has been daily with you. I returned yesterday from Hopewell camp meeting, and have not yet recovered from my fatigue. This I hope will be a sufficient apology for the unconnected manner of my letter.

While I united in the shady groves of Belleville and Hopewell to worship, with adoring multitudes, Him who dwelleth between the cherubim, an ineffable sweetness filled every power of my soul. Never did the foot of time fall so noiselessly. Surely the Lord, my keeper, stood omnipotently near. My life and health were precious in his sight. Although considerably exposed, I did not take the least cold.

I could say much of the profitable sermons I heard delivered by the heralds of free grace. As Lydia has written, and I expect given, you a minute account of our meeting at Belleville, I will mention something of the latter.

There was but one circle of tents, and that was small; yet souls were convicted and converted. One young girl from Trenton was set at *perfect liberty*. The preachers dwelt too much on doctrinal points to be profitable.

I do feel that my treasure is growing in

heaven. My "soul feels ever bright as noon, and calm as summer evenings are." I am waiting and expecting that God will fully accomplish for me all that he has promised. When I look at what is before me, even in this life, to possess, I see I am but a babe in Christ. Pray, my dear friend, that I may never be found dozing at my post, or wasting the golden moments that God has graciously allotted me to gain the Divine image, and win souls to Jesus. I know that nature is fast sinking, and I must shortly bury every worldly interest in the grave. When an eternity of growing bliss is unfolded to my imagination, I am quite lost and enraptured in the contemplation.— There I hope to dwell with my dear Mary Ann. If my imperfect petitions are heard in heaven, you are lacking no good thing.

Thursday evening is held very sacred by me. I have felt unusual liberty on that occasion. Do be very importunate in your addresses for me.

I shall return home this week. Do write me a long letter. My love to your dear parents and sisters. I trust they will have their health. Tell me if yours is improved, and whether you are engaged in the Sabbath school. I have felt the loss of your society since I have been here. Believe me your invariable friend and sister,

HANNAH.

To the same.

Frankford, Aug. 19, 1828.

MY DEAR FRIEND MARY ANN gave me another proof of her tenderness by not upbraiding me with neglect. The Lord, who inclined your heart to write, will reward your labour of love.

Truly God is good to Israel, even unto *me*. Our passage home in the steamboat was rendered peculiarly pleasant and profitable by singing and prayer. My soul was lost in love and praise, and melted into thankful tears. I felt a solitariness and departure from all creatures, and a sweet flowing into God. Jesus never was more lovely in my eyes. Since my return I have been favoured with time for reflection and examination, and I do find my soul is much invigorated and built up by the precious means we have so lately enjoyed together. I seem to have an open intercourse with Heaven, and great liberty in pleading for the fulfilment of the promise for myself, my friends, and the Church of Christ. Especially I desire the prosperity of the Redeemer's kingdom in this dark village. O, I agonize that God may raise up some one who will be instrumental in rousing the sleeping inhabitants. I think you would be delighted to meet in our little class.* We do not number more than twelve, yet the presence of the Highest makes up for every de-

* I was present when it was formed.

ficiency. Our leader, Mr. Mosely,† possesses all the purity of a father in Christ. Every word he utters is to the point. M. K. has had a severe attack of spitting blood. I earnestly pray that this dispensation may bring her to feel the importance of walking more closely with God.

I went to the city on Monday, and attended the funerals of three of my friends:—Cousin E. Dorsey's, at eight o'clock in the morning; Mr. Palmer's, at nine; and Mrs. Whitehead's, at four in the afternoon. "Death is already at the door:—he *knocks*. What mail defends our untouched hearts? What miracle turns off the pointed shafts, which from a thousand quivers are daily darted? We stand as in a battle;—thongs on thongs around us falling, *wounded*." You may recollect I mentioned having spent the evening before camp meeting with Mrs. Whitehead, and had no expectation of seeing her again in the body; but, to my surprise, on returning, I learned that the silver cord was not yet loosed. I hastened to her chamber. On entering, an awe I cannot express pervaded my mind:—it was the felt presence of the Deity. Dear saint, she knew me perfectly; and though, for many years she had been a fearful, doubting Christian, (but conscientious in the extreme,) I was now delighted to hear her, with a strength of voice that astonished me, profess an unshaken faith in Jesus. Her sun set without a

† Since deceased. See his death mentioned in letter dated March 1, 1830.

cloud. Our parting was affecting. She gave me her dying blessing. I assured her we should *meet very soon above*. My dear Mary Ann, "what webs of wonder shall unravel there,—what full day pour on all the paths of heaven, and light the Almighty's footsteps in the deep!"

"How shall the blessed day of our *discharge*
Unwind at once the lab'rins of our fate,
And straighten its inextricable maze."

To this happy place, O holy God, *bring us*, after our days of toil are ended.

Ever remember, my dear sister, that discouragements will always prove a hinderance to your growth in holiness. God must deny himself if he casts away his own image, even the *soul* that is *one in desire* with himself. God lives, and, blessed be his name, he is the same almighty Friend who has guided and guarded you through the heedless days of childhood up to youth. Surely he will be your *Rock* of defence now in sickness, when you most need his care and support. "The name of the Lord is a strong tower, the righteous *runneth* into it and is safe." Continue to shelter under his wings. Yes, it will be over, the mortal strife will cease, and your immortal spirit spring to its *source*—the bosom of your God. Do write me every particular concerning the state of your body and soul. I trust you have learned the simplicity of believing. I found sister Kitty's health improved. We have had a succession of company of late. Thank God, the privilege of being sometimes alone has not been denied me.

I long to hear from Crosswicks; I am almost afraid to flatter myself with the hope of meeting you there. I have not seen M. C. since we parted after meeting in the grove. I hope she may stand fast. Give my best wishes and regards to Sarah Ann. I pray that you may be a mutual help to each other; and when we all come to cross the Jordan of death, then may we prove that we have not followed a cunningly devised fable. So breathes the heart of your constant, sincere friend,

HANNAH.

To the Same.

Frankford, Jan. 18, 1829.

MY DEAR MARY ANN,—I eagerly embrace the first leisure moments that are at my command, to assure you that I still feel a warm interest in your welfare, and long to know what the present state of your health is. I have not heard a word respecting it since we parted. I have passed a delightful winter, and can truly say that the past year has been by far the most favoured of my life; yet I tremble on calling it over and inspecting my conduct, so many defects, with *misimproved moments*, rise in retrospect before my view. Thus my days roll on, but little done for God, and this is my burden; but I can appeal to the Searcher of hearts that I wish, above all things else, to improve *time* to some valuable purpose. I know that through Divine assistance I am making some progress toward heaven, though far from what I ought,

or what the Lord designs I should. The service of my Master is not irksome. I experience that in keeping his commandments there is great delight. He has of late given me a clearer demonstration of his *favour* : the *witness* of the *Spirit* shines indisputably clear. At times such a manifestation of the Divine presence is granted me that I am constrained to cry, Enlarge my heart, or withstay thine hand. By firmly believing that God is both *able* and *willing* to preserve me from the corruptions of a gay world, I enjoy a constant liberty from sorrow, fear, and sin. Perhaps you may wish to know what success our preachers have met with in this village. Our prospects are brightening. The Academy in the afternoon is crowded with attentive hearers. Our parlour in the evening is also filled. The night meeting has become very interesting ; we have a sermon, and afterward a prayer meeting. A number profess to be seeking religion. Some time back we established a Methodist Sabbath school ; we have forty scholars and six teachers, three of whom, one female and two males, are under deep conviction of sin ; also one of the scholars, an orphan girl, fifteen years of age. Did my friend know the difficulties and discouragements I have contended with here, she could rejoice with me that the Lord has not forgotten this corner of his vineyard. Great as the trial was for me to leave Philadelphia, most willingly would I spend the remnant of my days in Frankford, could I see a living ministry *esta-*

blished. You will be surprised perhaps to learn that we expect to return in March to the city to live. I shall feel much at parting with the little society. The Lord knows best; therefore, as in our former removal, I cheerfully submit. Does my dear sister still enjoy the perpetual sunshine of a spotless mind? Are you enabled to rely on *Him* who has *ever* been your sure, unerring friend? and though your *cup* has sometimes been mingled with tears, Jesus has been a shelter to you from every stormy wind that *blew*, and every swelling tide of *wo*. Yes, he is truly a calm and sure retreat in the day of calamity. Go onward, my friend; shortly you shall be taken to a world where holiness dwells in *perfection*; where death shall be done away, and all our souls be peace. Even on earth—

“There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where *friend* holds fellowship with *friend*;
Though sunder'd far, by faith we meet
Around our common *mercy seat*.”

M. W. is thought to be dangerously ill. The doctor says her lungs and liver are both diseased. I expect to visit her next week: they are still out of town. I have not seen her since Chester camp meeting. Thus we *languish* and *die*. Your friends are all well in the city, as far as I know, but I am seldom there. Mr. Force has been out to preach for us. He continues to take scores of souls into the outward Church. I thought much of you during the meetings at New-Year and Christmas.—

Shall I not soon expect a few lines from you ?
Believe me, I am, as ever, your affectionate
friend,
HANNAH.

To the Same.

Philadelphia, March 1, 1830.

MY MUCH LOVED FRIEND,—It gave me much pleasure to receive your thrice welcome letter. Do not, for one moment, attribute my silence to want of affection. Could this dull clog fly as rapidly as thought, we should have had many interviews. I estimate the price of a real friend far above rubies. As such I consider my dear Mary Ann. The dark billows of affliction have rolled over me since I gave you the parting hand, yet, blessed be God, I have been upborne on the unyielding wave, My dear sister's health has apparently been very much on the decline. Her symptoms are of a most alarming nature; she has again raised some blood, and at this time she is suffering severely from a blister. We have been under the necessity of weaning her dear babe, who has been very ill of a fever, but is now recovered. You can, I know, judge how great a charge I have on me. I view with intense gratitude the mercy of my Father in heaven, in granting me strength to perform the duties which devolve upon me. I suffer much from my side and throat, but infinitely greater is the mental anguish I endure while daily watching

the gradual ravages of dire disease upon my nearest earthly relative. Yet when I compare my trials with *what they might* be, and with what others are called to endure, I am dumb before God. The promises of the Gospel are my chief support. I find them sufficient food for my hungry soul ; yet Satan is permitted to assault me on every side, and cast his temptations thick as autumnal leaves that strew the ground. My own deeds are loathsome to me. I have no staff to lean upon—no rest—but Jesus. I have a greater contest with the inward motions of my soul than with my outward actions. “I view an *idle thought* as actual wickedness.” I endeavour to criticise the movements of each day, and have cause to fear that I am not more than half *awake* to my own immortal interest, and that of others. I see the exceeding *broad command* of God, and am looking and longing for *power to fulfil it*. How true it is, my dear friend, that man in his best estate is as a flying shadow. Is it not important, then, that we should fix our affections on those Divine objects whose *nature is everlasting* ?

Our mutual friend, Eliza Abbott, has taken her flight to endless glory. I was permitted to gaze on her sweet corpse when the happy spirit had fled, and I asked to be endued with grace to walk in her footsteps. I shall not soon forget my last interview with her a short time previous to her death. I left her glorifying God with a loud voice. E. Ogden witnessed the closing scene, and could give you a more

minute account. She was struck with death in the evening, and expired at twelve o'clock at night,—had her senses until the last,—called each member of her family,—gave them her commands, and took leave of them with much composure; after this, her language was,—“Come, Lord Jesus. Fain my spirit would be there.” Elizabeth asked her if death was robbed of its terrors? With emphasis she replied, “It is *stingless*. O had I strength I would tell you what I feel.” E. requested that when she was no longer able to speak, to give a sign if she still felt happy, and saw her way clear to a mansion in the skies. This she did by raising her arms in token of *victory*. Dear Julia was enabled to resign her up into the hands of God a few days before she was called to take her final leave; and I am rejoiced to find how much she has been supported under this heart-rending stroke. She requests me to send much love to you, and would consider it a favour to have a letter from you. Do send a few lines of consolation, and the Lord will repay you. Also, our venerable father in Christ, Mr. Moseley, has gone to swell the heavenly choir.—Surely he has entered the heavenly Canaan, like the weary traveller arriving, joyful, though fatigued, at his journey's end. Triumphant, like a victor after a severe campaign, he exchanged this cold, howling wilderness for the beatitude of heaven. Upward of fifty years he has contended for the faith. I trust never to forget the admonition he favoured me with, while I met

with his little flock in class at Frankford. How delightful is the purity of a father in Israel. The last conversation I had with him in his little cottage, which was as perfect a picture of neatness as I ever beheld, has till this moment left a Divine sweetness on my mind. O that I may so run as to be permitted to join with him in the rapturous enjoyment of the vision of God. M. S. lies very low; her family had no idea she would have lived to see this hour, as they watched, expecting to witness her last breath three weeks ago. She has somewhat revived, but the hope of her recovery is very slender. During the first month of her illness she was very uncomfortable in her mind; now she can exult in God. I never saw a person more peaceful; it is a privilege to hear her converse. I could enlarge greatly on this subject, but it would exceed the bounds of my letter to say all I wish respecting her, or S. W., who, you may recollect, had such peculiar manifestations. They still continue with great increase. She often lies days and nights together without eating or sleeping, yet a more healthy person you could scarcely find. I was with her twice at those seasons, and a more angelic sight I never witnessed. Truly, we know but in part. Our finite minds cannot grasp infinity. The prospects at Frankford continue flattering. They have a gradual increase of members. Mr. Huckle's sons have bought the academy, and rent it to the society. They are now collecting money to convert it

into a house for religious worship. Pray most earnestly for success to attend their efforts.

Lord, grant that we may, amid sick and dying friends, experience Jesus to be all and in all to our trembling spirits. Our Churches in the city remain much as they were when you left. I hope my friend is enjoying much of the consolations of the Holy Spirit. Bodily afflictions are only given for your profit, that you may become a partaker of God's holiness. This I know you realize, and can see a Father's hand in all, and that he is leading you step by step to his kingdom. Yes, my dear Mary, Christ has a firm hold on you, however feeble your grasp of him; therefore let your soul cast itself on him, and adventure *there all its weight*. You and I, my dear girl, will not much longer attempt the boisterous ocean of life. Already our feet are wet with the swellings of Jordan. Almost, by an eye of faith, we espy the other shore, and hear the heavenly songsters.

I am gratified to hear, by Mr. Thatcher, that you have been in the midst of a glorious outpouring of the Spirit. I trust my dear friend has obtained a glorious shower. Remember me in your *best moments*. Friday I held sacred. Write me very soon, and believe me your invariable friend,

HANNAH,

To the same.

Philadelphia, April 20, 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your letter came safe to hand, and was a source of gratification. I have thought very frequently of you during the conference. I have had few opportunities of worshipping in the sanctuary; but when I have enjoyed this high privilege, the adorable Jesus has revealed his lovely face, and on hearing the height that a Christian may attain, I felt a painful thirst to bear more fully the Divine impress. *I cannot,—will not* be satisfied to feed upon the stale manna of past experience. My aspiring soul longs for a daily supply from the fountain head of bliss.

The insidious tempter leaves no means untried to throw me off my guard. Alas! his designs are too successful. I often feel as if I could weep tears of blood, if they could atone for my defects. Had I not the advocacy of my blessed Redeemer to present to a holy God, I should indeed despair of gaining perfect purity. Praised be the Lord my righteousness for his unparalleled love to a frail worm. I have many hours of inviolable peace, and solemn nearness to him in public and in private.—While I write, my soul is raised to him in heavenly enjoyment. Eternity affords a glorious prospect. With joy I can welcome the cold embrace of death, and fear not its icy arms. “It is he alone that can heave the massy bar,

the gross impediments of clay remove, and make us embryos of existence free."

HANNAH.

To the same.

Philadelphia, Oct. 17, 1830.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—I am aware appearances are very much against me. I trust you are too well acquainted with my heart to suppose my silence is intentional. The Lord, in the infinitude of his mercy, has seen proper to lay me in the furnace. The past summer has been one of trial, yet the tender love of a Father was mixed with every ingredient in my cup of sorrow. I will endeavour to give you some account of the changeful scene I have passed through since I last wrote you. In the month of June I resorted, with my dear sister, to the Pine Cottage, for the benefit of the air and water. I know not that she was much recruited. While there I found myself surrounded by those who were immersed in the spirit of the world. I could not endure the pain of passing the Sabbath among a people of such a spirit. As I had no conveyance, I walked to Pemberton to unite in the worship of God. The house was filled; I took a seat on the stairs. A crowd of busy, and not unprofitable recollections occupied my mind. How often, thought I, have the feet of my dear friends, T. E. and M. A., pressed this sacred floor, and all suppliant at the Saviour's throne, their

sighs and prayers have ascended to God. Mr. Steward preached, and described the resurrection. Fancied I saw the tomb of my friend T. bursting, and she springing from her dusty bed, waving a victory palm, and, on a golden harp striking the anthem, ever sweet and new, of redemption. Sarah Ann Budd called the Wednesday following, for me to accompany her to Mrs. Beohm's female prayer meeting. Just as the sun had shed his last rays over creation, S. and myself arrived at the hallowed spot of earth where dear Eliza's cold remains in solitude have slept three years away. Ah! I exclaimed, unheeded o'er her silent dust the storms now beat, while we are wandering up and down this weary land of shadows. conversant with temptation and pain. Our souls and bodies we can trust with him who numbers every particle of dust, and when made perfect through the blood of sprinkling, may we be found worthy to join with yonder saints who walk the golden streets of New Jerusalem, and compass around the throne with *vision* blessed. As we entered the parsonage, where prayer was wont to be made, S. pointed out the shrubbery which had been planted by the hand of my own Mary Ann. I had sweet union with your spirit,—but I fear I am tedious. From the cottage we went to Asbury, hoping the jaunt would prove of service to my poor suffering sister. The ride was as much as she could bear. We stayed a few days with cousin A. and D., and stopped at Hilton, intending to remain a week or more.

Hannah was taken ill, so we returned home ;—left Lydia. It was a disappointment I could but ill bear. I then went with K. to Frankford, and boarded there for some weeks. I stole off at every interval to assemble with the humble followers of the lowly Jesus. I cannot describe, in the language of mortals, what my feelings were to witness what God had wrought. A neat house is filled with attentive hearers. Two classes are formed, and some respectable heads of families have joined. You would be surprised to hear the prayers offered up by those who were recently running the downward road. From Frankford we removed to Jenkentown, ten miles from the city. There I was relieved from a crowd of gay, volatile boarders ; yet the family were destitute of the fear of God. Not a place of worship in the village ;—this was more than I could bear. Germantown being five miles distant, I rode there, though a stranger, and begged the circuit preachers to hold meetings in Jenkentown. This request they have attended to, and now have regular preaching in a room, formerly occupied as a ball room. May the Lord take his own cause in hand in this part of the country, where infidelity stalks at noon day. Hicks's opinions are generally received by the inhabitants of this town. I was quite sick for two weeks ere I returned home. Immediately on my arrival I was taken with intermittent fever, and just as I was recovering was seized with spitting blood. I had a return of it a few days after the first

attack. The doctor prohibited me from speaking. I kept my bed for some time ;—side and breast were blistered ;—tartar plaster was applied where I had a blister. This was the most severe suffering I ever experienced. I walked the floor a night and day in agony. I took, for a long time, small portions of sulphur and calomel. Am now able to perform my duties almost as usual ; yet I find a great difference in my breast, as the blood I raised came from the lungs. It is more difficult for me to write than you can imagine ; so you will use much forbearance with the hasty manner I have penned these lines.

O that I had strength and room to speak of the kindness of Him whose fatherly chastisements have been upon me. Though I can say my mind was kept perfectly calm under my most terrifying symptoms, and though it was a solemn thing to look death steadily in the face, yet I felt it would be gain to die with Jesus near, the rock of my salvation. I have been much shut out from public means, but the Lord's providences are effectual instead of ordinances. I am sure I never felt my mind in a sweeter frame than it has been this evening. Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! whether calms or storms await me, Jesus lives to lead me through. I don't feel, dear Mary, like sitting down at home this side of Jordan. I expect the day is not far distant when we shall rest in the bosom of our God, "safe from diseases and decline." My dear sister lies apparently as a

wreck on the shores of time. Her disorder has continued to progress daily, for some weeks. She has suffered with a sore throat. Some days she keeps her bed almost entirely. You can judge what my feelings are; I have, if I am not deceived, fully resigned her up to God; yet I long to see her in a more comfortable frame. If ever you wrestle in prayer, let it be in her behalf, that the cloud may burst in blessings on her head.

Do write very soon, and comfort the heart of your tried friend,

HANNAH.

To the Same.

Philadelphia, Nov., 1830.

MY DEAR MARY ANN,—I was led to adore the God of love for providing sympathetic friends. The reception of your kind letter was like a balm to my troubled heart. Yes, I know you can fully realize the dark post of observation infinite Wisdom has placed me at. My precious sister lies as a wreck upon the shores of time; we know not what hour her immortal spirit may launch into the boundless ocean of eternity. Ah! my friend, nothing but strong evidences will do at such a moment. I am earnestly crying that the bright beams which stream from her heavenly Father's reconciled countenance may illumine the gloomy vale of death. She has an unshaken confidence in the arm of Omnipotence, yet the arch foe of God and man is not idle. Alas! he is too successful

in damping her joys, and weakening her faith. How my soul longs to see her scorn his cruel power, and dare the *pointless shafts* of death. My friend, urge her suit. We have had many sweet visits from those who, I believe, are filled with faith and the Holy Ghost ; and the chamber seems a consecrated spot. The air of it almost inspires devotion. I am sorry your dear mother is so much of a sufferer. O that God may proportion strength according to her day of trial ; and may you, my dear girl, be strengthened both in body and mind. I have had another quite serious attack of spitting blood : now quite unfit for writing. Lord, grant that our afflictions may prove of a transforming nature.

Your true friend,

HANNAH.

Extracts of letters from H. S. Bunting to D. Welsh, one of her Sabbath scholars.

Mount Holly, August 21, 1831.

MY EVER DEAR DEBORAH,—You have been laid with such unusual weight upon my mind that I cannot resist the desire I feel to send a few lines as a testimony of the intense interest I experience continually for your welfare. I trust that while disease is making deep ravages on your shattered frame, you still experience that religion is the power of God unto the complete salvation of your soul from *sorrow, fear, and sin*. Languor, no doubt, often impedes the impulse your spirit feels to rise on contempla-

tion's wing, and hold converse with the Deity ; and Satan, a wily foe, takes advantage of your weakness, and suggests a thousand nameless temptations, calculated to damp your spirit, and weaken your faith. Do not give place to him for one moment ; fly to your hiding place, even to that dear side which was cleft to take you in. There, in Jesu's mighty name you can go, and conquer *death, your final foe*. I want my dear D. to take courage, and remember that the Holy One of Israel hath said, "It is not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." Feeble as you are, in the strength of grace you can "run through a troop, or leap over a wall." Yes, I firmly believe that my dear D. is—

"As an iron pillar strong,
And steadfast as a wall of brass ;"

and that nothing shall be able to separate her from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.

I have been quite ill for two weeks past. "O when will death this mouldering old partition wall throw down, and give beings one in nature one abode? Happy day! that breaks our chains,—that manumits,—that calls from exile home." Thank God that while I am tossed by the winds that blow during the voyage of this life, "my mind still has heaven and peace within." But I am restless, and sigh for the blissful period when, from this dull load released, I shall join the hallelujahs of the skies, and unite with the loved ones, who have gone a few days before, in a song of praise to

Him who sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever. When I daily bow before the throne of grace, you are not forgotten in my feeble supplications to our common Father. May you dwell under the shadow of the Almighty.

H. S. BUNTING.

To the same.

Philadelphia, Dec., 1831.

MY DEAR AFFLICTED D.,—It rejoices me to know that you are a dear member of the body of Christ, and that all the arrows of affliction are pointed with love. I believe you are weaned from all pleasure God sees fit to deny you ; then why, my dear D., do you weigh yourself down with burdens which do not belong to the present hour ? We are not promised grace now for next year. The hope of future glory is the most perfect cure for despondency. The oppressive melancholy you indulge in is cutting the very sinews of your soul ; and the discouragement you give way to is an exceeding hinderance to your spiritual fervency and affection. O that you would believe more fully that “ God is love,”—that his requirements are all easy ; then I think you would have more mercy on your poor body. Your meditations of the Redeemer are sometimes very sweet, though your mind is so much weakened that you cannot follow a train of thought for any length of time. Soon you will be released from this weakness,

and be where you can praise God continually without weariness,

“And when I bend to that Being on high,
Who ruleth the waters, whose throne is the sky,
Thou still art remember’d, my sister, and there
Thy name is breath’d forth in stillness and prayer.”

There is no faith worth having but a tried faith, and yours, I think, has been fully tested. Nothing will be lost in the fiery trial but nature’s dross. Your foes must fly while you can simply raise the shield of faith, or wield the Spirit’s sword. We are still inhabitants of a world liable to constant revolution; but we are journeying to a land where we shall know no change, except from “glory to glory.” We shall there join the unnumbered millions who surround the throne in an unceasing song of praise :—

“O glorious home! O bright abode!
We shall be near, and like our God.”

Consider the Apostle and High Priest of your profession, Christ Jesus, who endured such contradiction of sinners against himself,—he will be your rock, the fortress where your soul may take shelter from all her foes. He will cover your head in the day of battle. Though you walk in the midst of trouble, he will sustain your fainting spirit,—will arm your breast with steadfast patience, and, when the grace of resignation is fully perfected, sign your release, and gather you among his jewels.

Yours ever,

HANNAH,

Extracts of letters to Miss L. Bunting.

Philadelphia, April 20, 1825.

MY DEAR COUSIN L.,—Frequently have I found myself conversing mentally with you since I received your last letter. As usual, it afforded me much satisfaction. You give me many friendly cautions to be careful of my poor body. My health is much improved: my soul and body have both been strengthened. *Peace*, constant *peace*, is the inhabitant of my bosom. Glory! glory! *Jesus* is a satisfying portion: “*His* love possessing, I am blessed, secure what ever change may come.”

I went to our lovefeast on Friday evening last, with but little expectation of enjoying myself; but as soon as the first hymn was read, my heart melted into tenderness before the Lord. Stream after stream of Divine love flowed into my soul, and I never felt greater liberty in owning my Lord. Truly it humbles my soul when I contemplate the mercy of *God* toward me, the most unworthy.

I have been quite cheered of late with a prospect of a revival in my Sunday class. Several of the children have been under serious impressions during the winter; this spring their convictions have been much deepened. I meet them on Saturday afternoon at our house: they attend well, and I have found it a means of strengthening my own soul. How true it is, “if we bear the *cross*, it will bear us.” With the pious Bramwell, I confess that “I dread the

bitter cup of a useless life." Dear L., farewell.
Yours ever, HANNAH.

To the Same.

Philadelphia, July 23, 1825.

MY DEAR L.,—I cannot deny myself the gratification of writing, although this extremely warm weather affects me seriously. I am jealous over myself, lest there is not as great a willingness in me to *suffer*, as to *do* the will of *God*; so that I rejoice with trembling. I have been sifted of late as wheat: all the grace I have has been tried. I have been in heaviness through manifold temptations; a sense of my own nothingness has humbled me in the dust. But though I am cast down, I am not forsaken. I am sensible "*God* only designs my dross to consume, and my gold to refine." I consider it no small favour that I am not permitted to rest in what I have formerly felt. The vast, the unbounded desires of my heart are far from being satisfied. I want to sink lower, and still lower in my own eyes, that I may come nearer to my *God*. Do not think that I have let go my hold on the *Saviour*; no, no! I could testify of the efficacy of *Jesus'* blood to wash the foulest sinner clean. I have a *full assurance* that *God* is my *God*, and Christ my *Saviour*, even from the indwelling power of sin. I feel thankful I can write thus freely to one who knows my heart. I trust my dear L. has, ere this, emerged from her state of

needless disquietude. Did you witness my streaming eyes and agonizing heart on your account, you would not think me unconcerned.

Do not mistake me, L. I do not suppose your danger so great as to cause this distress. No! I am only grieved that you will not *claim your own*. Nothing can be stronger in the universe than simple faith. Look upon *Jesus* steadily, *rely* on his merits, believe with a simple *heart*, and you shall prevail with *God*. You will find, by reading H.'s letter, that dear cousin Daniel Ellis has exchanged a state of suffering for a peaceful and glorious immortality. I received a letter from Baltimore giving a particular account of his death. My friend remarks, that "although Daniel's feelings were not those of ecstatic joy, yet they were those of a soul struggling to throw itself entirely on Christ, who is the only foundation of his hope." Can you not join with me, dear L., in praise that another has escaped to the skies? When shall we bid adieu to this stormy sea? "O haste the hour of joy and sweet repose."

I would employ every moment to perform and press on in the name and strength of God, to certain victory. Satan hath suggested that when the storm rises higher my faith will fail; but God is strong, and in him is my hope. I have not a doubt but that I am the Lord's, and that my present exercises are directed for my good. I am admonished not to expect long life, and constantly feel the deep necessity

of a habitual preparation for death. I view every thing earthly to be fleeting and fading ; but the prospect of heaven is glorious, and that glory will never fade. My love to all my dear friends at Crosswicks. Pray for your affectionately attached cousin,
HANNAH.

To the Same.

Philadelphia, Sept. 17, 1825.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—With pleasure I seat myself to relate some of my exercises since we separated on Friday. O how I desired your company in the evening at our lovefeast. Such a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord I have seldom witnessed. I have an unusual degree of comfort and joy in the Holy Ghost ; and I feel this evening as if God would fully and eternally save me. I know that whether I live or die, I am the Lord's. For several nights I could not compose myself to sleep ; my heart was so continually ascending heavenward. I have been seeking for a *complete* dedication of myself to God ; have also been contending with unlooked-for temptations. But, as you say, "What could I do but flee to the Saviour?" Your frame of mind delights and cheers me. Satan may tempt, but destroy us he cannot, while seated by the Saviour's side. My constant cry is, "Save me from the world and sin, and all the accuser's power."

My dear L., how sweet is the silent hour of

twilight ! It fits the mind for contemplation and communion with God. I have just returned from this delightful employment. I had sweet union also with your spirit. My feelings were past describing. The moon shone through my chamber window, and caused a pleasing sadness. Those lines struck me forcibly :—

“ How oft thy bright beams through my casement
appear ;

To far distant lands they extend :

Illumine the dwellings of those that are dear,
And sleep on the grave of my friend.”

I am cheered with the hope, that when you and I have done with the pain and strife of this checkered scene, we shall be taken to a higher and better world, to sing an eternal song of praise among the angels. While many are satisfying themselves with the performance of a dull round of services, let us exert ourselves to obtain a clear knowledge of God and our duty, that we may at last obtain a full reward. I tremble when I think of the privileges I enjoy. Do pray, dear L., that I may improve them as I ought.

The Divine presence overshadowed me while attending the Salem lovefeast. Scores of mourners pressed forward to the altar. I was gladdened by the sight of another of my Sabbath scholars praising a sin-pardoning God. The family retired to rest before I began my letter ; but I know not how to cease. I love to tell you all my heart. God bless you. Believe me, as ever, yours,
HANNAH.

To the same.

Philadelphia, Dec. 8, 1825.

MY MUCH LOVED COUSIN,—Again I tender my thanks for your kind remembrance of me. The time appears long since we met. A few nights since I had a delightful interview with you in my sleep, conversing on the love of God. I awoke, and found it a dream; but was cheered with the hope that our spirits would shortly unite in the kingdom of our Father. The account I hear of your health alarms me. I have been trying to realize parting with you; but my heart revolts at the idea of contending with the sorrows of life without your sympathy and friendship. However, the probability is, we shall not long be separated.

O, Lydia, how valuable is *religion*! It enables its possessor to view with indifference this world's smiles and frowns. My path is becoming brighter: the world has lost its power to charm me. I know but little of rapture; but while engaged in holy contemplation, I am often lost to all below the skies. But I have still to fight my passage through this land, where snares surround me.

Let us ever dare to be singular, and live a life hid with Christ in God. I trust you now enjoy a fulness of the blessings of Gospel liberty, and that a full tide of peace is flowing into your soul. Soon, my dear cousin, the war will be ended, and our treasure enlarged in the New Jerusalem,—

“Where hope shall in fruition die,
And all our souls be love.”

My expanding soul can never be satisfied until I awake in the likeness of my Redeemer. “Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty,” chases away all my gloom. My *causes* of gratitude are without bounds. As it respects my health, I cannot complain; yet I am sensible the seeds of a mortal disease are deeply sown within my vitals. Last evening I had a severe chill, which lasted an hour. These calls bid me stand in constant readiness for the joyful summons. Courage, dear L., we shall see the paradise of God, and be admitted there. I remain, yours, HANNAH.

To the Same.

Philadelphia, Sept. 20, 1826.

DEAREST LYDIA,—Your letter afforded me infinite pleasure. I am very certain you did not wish to be with me in the grove, more than I wished to be blessed with your society. May I not say, “Twins, tied by nature,—if they part, they die.” I scarce turned without some tent, bench, or walk reminding me how often we talked down the summer’s sun. Many pleasing and painful recollections pressed upon my mind; yet I forbear. God witnessed my anxious solicitude on your account. Dear H. and M. A. were not forgotten. I trust my imperfect breathings are registered on high, and I hope will descend in copious showers upon

each of my beloved *friends*. Without any doubt, Lydia, your meek submission to the *Divine will* arose as *incense* to the skies. God never directs us to make a sacrifice, without affording us strength accordingly. *Hope*, my dear L., is still your happy portion: yes; hope, *blooming* with *immortality*. I am persuaded you have *nothing* to *fear* with regard to an interest in the atoning blood. If you have cause to doubt, I might despair of *salvation*. The point on which you fail, if I may be permitted to judge, is, that you look too much at your own unworthiness and helplessness by nature, instead of *relying* simply on the Saviour, the sinners' *friend*. Take courage; your kind *Father* will grant your aspiring soul a fuller knowledge of *himself*, and you shall yet sing, with all your friends in light, "His everlasting love to man."

Mrs. D. intends holding a female prayer meeting. With trembling I have consented to attend. Hold me up by your prayers. I have covenanted to bear every *cross* that the Lord requires of me; and of late my *faith* has been unusually strong. It has been mercifully given, as I have had to contend with various trials. I would gladly know what to *do*, or *suffer*, that will enable me to sink more into the will of God. I abandon myself wholly to his direction.— Bless *his* holy name, I do not serve him for naught: he affords me many *sweet* draughts from the Rock. My path through life is strewed with many mercies. My life and health were

precious in his sight, while exposed to the inclemency of the weather on Blackwood's hal-
lowed ground. Our prospects here are bright-
ening ; but I trust the present are but as the
drops before a plenteous shower. God is very
gracious : receiving out of his fulness, I can
lack nothing essential to my happiness in time
or in eternity. I disdain and reject the plea-
sures of sense, that would deprive me of, or
unfit me for the celestial enjoyments that flow
from an intimate acquaintance with the Deity.
Did you witness my silent tears that flow when
I think of the weeks and months that must
pass away ere I again behold your face, you
would suppose my heart felt keenly ; but I am
cheered with the hope of meeting never more
to part. Your ever affectionate

HANNAH.

To the Same.

Philadelphia, Dec. 29, 1826.

WILL my dearest Lydia pardon my silence
when I tell her it has been my wish to write,
but could not for want of a suitable conveyance ;
and as I have now succeeded in separating my-
self from company, the few moments I have
stolen shall be employed in writing to you. I
praise God on your account for the Saviour's
last legacy,—*peace*. What more can we ask ?
Is it not Heaven's best gift ? Let us show
forth our gratitude to the *author* of it by lying
passive in his hands, willing to be moulded ac-

according to his pleasure. I am, my dear Lydia, using my utmost to obtain that self-command that may enable me to have every thought brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ. Until I gain this conquest, I despair of walking worthy of my holy calling. When the candle of the Lord shines bright upon my path, I am inclined to say with the psalmist, "I shall never be moved." In the hour of temptation I find how weak I am. Through all I have many intervals of unalloyed felicity, *communing* with *him* who remembers that I am dust, and does not require of me more than I am able to perform.

I am endeavouring to enter with more spirit into the work of God. When I consider the immense value of an immortal soul, I dare not remain inactive. I find I shall surely suffer loss by *shunning one cross*. The tender-hearted *Saviour* constantly admonishes me of the shortness and uncertainty of life; and I am not only shown what I ought to do, but with what spirit I ought to do it. The more I know of earth, the less I discern in it to value. How does this mortal frame press down the soul! My spirit is clogged with a body of pain and weakness; but my heart is cheered and gladdened with Jesus' love while writing, and I expect the Lord will finally grant me an abundant entrance into the land of eternal life. In all your devotions, recollect your tempest-tossed Hannah. Never are you forgotten in my feeble approaches to the throne of grace. This will need your

forbearance ; my head is quite unfit for writing ; but I can, with sincerity, say you are *dear* to the heart of your affectionate cousin,

HANNAH.

To the Same.

Philadelphia, Jan., 1827.

Your mind, my ever dear Lydia, I flatter myself, was fully satisfied with regard to my not writing by cousin P. The perusal of your letter caused my heart to thrill with emotions of joy, and my soul was filled with praise on your account. Lydia, continue to believe simply and constantly, and God, your Father, will lead you beside the still waters of consolation. Look up to a present and faithful Deity. The strong armour of unbelief shall be broken before *him*. May the Lord grant unto you, and to your cousin who is now addressing you, that entire cleansing which the blood of Christ alone can effect.

The first hours of this year my mind was thrown back on the multiplied mercies of my past life ; and especially the year which has just closed, which has been the most peaceful and happy one I ever passed. Yet I revert with deep regret to the many golden moments wasted and misemployed, which I should have diligently improved in *doing* or *receiving good*. God is my record, and angels my witnesses, that I do sincerely and devoutly promise, in the strength of my covenant-keeping *Jehovah*, that

the little span of my frail existence which may yet remain shall be employed in cutting off all *useless* conformity to, and correspondence with this vain world, and seeking a more intimate acquaintance with my Redeemer. Ah, Lydia, the few days that have already gone of 1827 cause me to groan in spirit that I have not more faithfully fulfilled my resolutions and awful engagements. I find a few moments spent in closely inspecting the hours of each day, have a tendency to quicken my devotions. "Few are the faults we flatter when alone." My aim is to have one eye on death, and one on heaven.

I lately attended a lovefeast at Zoar. Some of those Africans caused me to sink as in the dust. I was both pleased and profited. Many professed to have obtained the second blessing even before they had received any instruction on the subject from man. The Holy Spirit convinced them of the necessity of it when they lived in parts of the country destitute of religious society. Shall these poor creatures enter into this glorious liberty, and we, who have here a *little*, and there a great deal of such advice as is calculated to inform our judgments and affect our hearts, *live* and *die* without gaining the very summit of Christian *holiness*? No! methinks I hear you answer, "Though others satisfy themselves with living on the surface, I will contend for all the mind that was in Christ."

My health is not good,—have not been able to leave my room to-day. I have written a

part of my letter in bed. While reading Baxter's Saints' Rest, my soul was fired with the expectation, in a very few years at most, of leaving this low earth, for the society of Jesus and the saints above. I feel nothing like settling anywhere short of heaven, or reposing my soul on any thing below God. Remember me to all whom you know I love, and intercede earnestly for me at the mercy seat, which is the highest obligation you can confer on your

HANNAH.

To the Same.

Philadelphia, March 9, 1827.

DEAREST LYDIA,—A few leisure moments shall be employed in acknowledging your very kind remembrance of me, which I esteem as a fresh proof of your *love*. It is very soothing to my feelings to find that I have one friend whose affection is not to be lessened by either *absence* or *distance*. I am sorry that I have not more time to devote to the pleasing task of laying open my whole heart to you; for rely on it, *Lydia*, I keep nothing back from you. I delight to repose every care and desire on your faithful bosom. With us, I am persuaded "thought meets thought." How sweetly will our spirits mingle in a brighter and better world, "where all is calm, and *joy*, and *peace*." How my soul swells with gratitude that my dear cousin can, and does rejoice in *God* daily, and delights in doing his holy will. How shall we,

how *can* we sufficiently praise our Saviour for a full and complete salvation which is as free as the air we breathe ! I am convinced we are in an error for not meditating more on the great things God hath wrought out for us. Let us, Lydia, dwell on the blessed theme. What is the price with which we have been bought ?—even the precious blood of our dear Immanuel. It was established by his last agonizing groan, when he cried out, “*It is finished !*” Yes, and the Gospel of Christ has been fully attested by the painful and shocking deaths of thousands of noble martyrs, whose blood has watered the earth. Reading the account Fox gives of the sufferings of holy men, enabled me more than ever to realize the *value* of a *redemption* which has been obtained at so dear a rate.

Truly, dear L., as your letter declares, life is but as opening flowers, which blow but to fade and die ; but our minds can take a nobler flight, and view by faith an eternity of growing bliss, where we hope to join with the myriads who cease not day nor night to praise the great Eternal, triune God, for redeeming *grace* and *dying love*. As it respects my experience, I can say the Lord’s glory is my only happiness. The way of the cross is where my soul most prospers. I am astonished when I look back at the victories I have gained over my natural timidity, which you are not ignorant of. Nothing but miraculous grace, and the renovating influences of the Divine Spirit, could have enabled me to do such violence to my feelings. I

am grieved at the slow progress I make, but past aid encourages me to lean my fainting head on Christ the corner stone. I have attended St. John's and Nazareth lovefeasts. The first was not so profitable, which I attributed to my silence. At Nazareth I tried to do my duty, and the two days following my soul was filled to overflowing with the consolations of grace. Lydia, believe me ever your affectionate

HANNAH.

To the Same.

Philadelphia, Nov. 11, 1827.

MY DEAR LYDIA,—As usual, I cannot enjoy the leisure and quiet that is desirable when communicating with the *friend of my heart*. The day is hastening on, when, in a more healthful and peaceful region, our union and communion will be complete. Let us, my dear, “walk *thoughtfully* on the shore of that vast ocean we must sail *so soon*, and put good works on board, and wait the wind that shortly blows us into port.” I still retain the *holy* Comforter in my soul; yet I am *far*, far from having all I desire of the mind of Christ. I see the fulness, and I am astonished that I am not all light in the Lord. Our friend, Eliza Watkinson, is still an inhabitant of earth, but is just ready to launch into eternity. I saw her on Wednesday last: before I left her, I inquired if the Lord was still her support? She replied that her enjoyments were much greater than when she was stronger

in body ; that grace was proportioned according to her trial.

What is life, my dear L., but a *sea of troubles*, —an *ocean of uncertainty* ! The longer I remain on earth, the more highly I am taught to value religion. “What treasure untold is to be found in that heavenly word.” It produced a heavenly calm within the breast which the world cannot take away. May I ever be enabled to witness to the truth of it, by *perfect purity* and *love*. I have felt an increase of grace since I last wrote ; but O ! Lydia, your last letter caused me to lick the dust. Did I not know that the Prince of peace ever lives to plead my cause with the Father, I should give up all as lost ; but I firmly believe, that through the rich blood that *Jesus* shed, my *tempest-tossed soul will be raised to heaven*. Dear cousin, “give to the winds your fears.” The Rock of ages, cleft for us, will cover our defenceless heads in the day of battle. How many proofs have you already had of the care of your heavenly Father. Do be very careful of your bodily health. My heart shrinks at the idea of being left in this world without your friendship and sympathy. Believe me ever your sincerely attached cousin,

HANNAH.

To the Same.

Philadelphia, Nov. 30, 1827.

MY DEAR L.,—With sensations of melancholy I seat myself to relate what has trans-

pired since I last wrote. The Tuesday after cousin E. left the city, dear E. Watkinson was struck with *death*. Her friends, for nearly two hours, thought that life had nearly ebbed out, but to their surprise she revived, and on the day following gave directions for her funeral, and with the utmost composure told how she wished her effects disposed of. I saw her on Wednesday evening for the last time. I found her perfectly sensible, though unable to converse. She gave me her hand, and called me by name ; but I was forced to leave the bed immediately, as she was *struggling hard* for breath. The doors of the chamber were kept open to admit the air, and those who moved her had to refrain from breathing. Precious saint ! The last conflicts of expiring nature were painful in the extreme. I seemed almost to enter the valley of the shadow of death with her. Sleep forsook my pillow, while she grappled with her last foe. On Friday evening the contest ceased, and her spirit burst the shackles of mortality, and ascended to *her* God, and *our* God. At one time, when she appeared to be going, she said to those around her, “ *Fight on, my fellow soldiers, fight !* ” The strife had not yet ceased :—she looked at her mother, and cried as in an agony, “ O, death’s struggles are *dreadful ! dreadful !* ” Thank God, she left *testimony* that the *victory* was *completed*. Her last words that could be distinguished were, “ *Hallelujah !—my Father !* ” On Saturday I called to take my final look at her corpse.

Never before did I gaze on a countenance so serenely beautiful in *death*! The bright day of eternity has now dawned (I mentally exclaimed) on thee, Eliza, never more to close. How sudden the transition from a state of deepest suffering and anguish, to a state of glory and happiness, unalloyed and eternal, in the kingdom of heaven! According to her request her remains were taken to Pemberton for interment. I hope to see the day when I shall visit the graves of my two *dear* friends that now lie in that village. I have realized, my Lydia, the dissolution of the body to be a serious thing. Nature has shrunk at the prospect, but my Lord dispels the gloom. Then welcome the tomb. O, glory! how delightful the prospect. Death is but a shadow, a bridge, a stepping stone to that blissful abode,—

“Where the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the *smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.*”

Our lovefeast was held on Tuesday evening. If I could have quieted my conscience, I should have remained silent. The constant aspirations of my soul were, “Lord, bind me to thy bleeding cross, and give me strength and courage to rear it.” The meeting commenced and ended just to my mind. Our presiding elder, and members appeared to know what the Lord required of them. But I am wasting the midnight oil and my strength, and must therefore say farewell. Ever your affectionate.

HANNAH.

To the Same.

Philadelphia, Jan. 28, 1828.

MY DEAR LYDIA will not have to complain of her letter remaining long unanswered. I sometimes feel a sadness steal over my mind on reflecting how many hills rise, and rivers roll between us; but when I consider the inestimable privileges my dear cousin is now blessed with in New-York, I feel gratitude swelling my bosom, especially as I find you prize your blessings so highly. How true it is, that "pleasures brighten as they take their flight." I expect shortly to be almost entirely shut out from the invaluable public means of grace. My brother-in-law has taken a house in Frankford, and, if nothing prevents, we shall move there the first of March. I calculate much on the opportunity I shall have of communing with my own heart in secret. My dear L. will be gratified to learn that Mr. Force has not "laboured in vain" among his charge. More than one hundred have been admitted into the Church since last spring. The work is still progressing in a glorious manner. At the five o'clock meeting, on Christmas morning, there were more out than we have ever had since I attended; and our watch night was so crowded that scores had to stand. Dr. Sargent preached from, "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked," &c; after which dear Bishop George exhorted. The remainder of the time was spent in prayer for the

mourners, who crowded to the altar, and filled the church with their cries. Last evening I was at a lovefeast in Salem church, and was measurably blessed ; but my body was a great encumbrance. With delight I anticipated the period when my spirit would no more tire. How rejoiced I am that frames and feelings are not the criterion we are to judge our standing by. Many times before we are fit for devotion, we have to wrestle with dulness and stupidity ; yet *He* who made us remembers that we are dust, and pities us in our low estate. The past year has gone, with all its changes of joy and sorrow. *Friend* after *friend* has departed to join the anthems of the skies. The hand of death will soon transplant us to a more congenial soil, where life's dull vanities will no more "these anxious breasts ensnare."

We know, dear L., in whom we trust,—
"his call we follow to the land unknown, and
turn our eye of faith undaunted on the tomb."
I have been led for some days past into a close investigation of my state. I still have heart-felt *union* with the holy God. If time would admit, I would gladly recount the mercies that have marked my path. I am under ten thousand obligations to render *God* an oblation of all my soul and body's powers. May our *Father* seal us *his* for ever. Yours,

HANNAH.

To the Same.

Philadelphia, Jan. 13, 1828.

ALTHOUGH I have so recently written to my dear Lydia, I feel inclined to seize on the first leisure moment, to say how grateful your letter was to me this evening. I felt great liberty in urging my dear class to embrace religion, and make a friend of Christ, ere I am parted from them. Could you feel what I feel, in being torn from my interesting charge, I am sure you would pity me. An attachment of eight years is not easily severed. C. M'N. told me she had fixed upon a person to take my place. I could scarce refrain from answering her with my tears. Mr. Force preached a soothing sermon. At the close, he dwelt largely on the triumph the faithful Christian obtained over death. I was meditating on the victory our Eliza had won, when he mentioned her as a dying witness, and repeated her last words. It was with difficulty I could suppress the emotions of my full soul. This afternoon we held our monthly prayer meeting with our scholars. I forced myself to go, but implored the Lord to spare me; yet the cross was laid upon me, which, in great bodily weakness, I endeavoured to lift; after which, Z. White and myself visited the sick until dark.

What cause have I for thankfulness, that the Most High ever clears my way before me, and overturns mountains of difficulty. I am often led to wonder at myself. Sure never a more

timid soul existed. To grace I am an immense debtor. Dear L., I do daily discover such beauty and sweetness in the *all-sufficient Good* as charms and overpowers every affection of my soul. I have felt more anxious than usual to hear from you. Several times you have been the subject of my night visions. I dreamed you had taken your flight to the New Jerusalem, the saints' everlasting abode. Ah, Lydia ! I cannot paint the utter loneliness my poor heart experienced :—how was I relieved on awaking to find it not reality. Do not, my dear, indulge in those forebodings of future evils. Struggle against those discouraging fears which augment the difficulties of the way. God hath committed the keeping of your soul to his Son. How are you blessed in the society of your fond mother. You are privileged beyond me in this respect ; but hush ! my murmurings :—my heavenly Father's smile makes up for every deficiency. I am thankful to find that my dear cousin has a *Friend* who sustains her, and carries all her *burdens*. I am persuaded God will always be with you, and make your weakness more than conquer.

Believe me as ever yours, HANNAH.

To the Same.

Frankford, March 28, 1828.

MY DEAR COUSIN LYDIA,—It always gives me pleasure to hear from you, especially after so long a silence. I began to feel quite de-

pressed in not receiving a letter from you sooner ; yet my heart is still united to you in *bonds of love*, too strong to be weakened by *time or distance*. My soul is penetrated with the deepest gratitude for the sustaining grace kind Heaven has afforded me during the scene of pain and turmoil I have been called to pass through. Although I was never so completely exhausted, still my mind was not uncentred.

Well might the intelligence of my friend Mary's departure to the regions of eternity strike you with solemn surprise. The evening before she was taken ill she read the parable of the ten virgins, and sung the first and third verses of the hymn that begins with, "The Lord my pasture shall prepare," &c. After remaining some time in silent devotion, she rose from her knees, and told Zipporah that she could not pray, as all her prayer was turned to praise. This employment, in which I have so often *united* with her, is now to be commensurate with eternity. "A perpetuity of bliss is bliss" indeed. I have lost an invaluable friend in Mary ; one who has often favoured me with her counsels and reproofs. I find many who are ready to commend, but too few who are willing to point out my errors. But it is all over now : I have followed her to the house appointed for all the living. I saw her remains committed to their original dust in the Academy yard. I looked while they covered her with the damp soil and the solid clods of the valley. I turned away, and shud-

dered to think that the worms would now crowd into her silent abode. But why need I indulge in sorrow and tears? The spirit is not there: it has "sprung to its Source, the bosom of its God." I feel that this sudden stroke has had its influence on my heart. I never felt so forcibly that the slender thread of my life is liable to be broken by every breeze. Would to God I could ever be found upon my guard, and watching unto prayer. Ah! my dearest Lydia, how unlike am I to my Redeemer in meekness, humility, patience, and every grace. I long to have his fair image fully stamped on my soul.

Perhaps you may wish to know how I am pleased with my change of residence. This I can say, that it has already been rendered sacred by the presence of my adorable *Saviour*.

"Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love."

I am dying to the creature: I have learned the instability of all earthly enjoyments, and can view with indifference this world's low vanities. My aim is now to seek the high and holy intercourse with *God* in my chamber, as many of the outward means are denied me. You know, Lydia, I am a warm admirer of nature. I now have an opportunity of beholding her in her loveliest garb. Our house is every thing I could desire. I often anticipate the pleasure I shall enjoy in your society here this summer. Do not think of my meeting you at Hilton, unless you comply with my request. I

have felt my mortality of late : my side and breast remind me that I should be a stranger and pilgrim on earth.

I cannot say how glad I am you prize your privileges so highly in New-York. O, my Lydia, expect continually the direct witness of the Spirit. Lay all your reasonings at the Redeemer's feet. It hath never entered into our hearts to conceive the heaven of love we might possess in our present state of being.

"Saviour, to our hearts be near,
Exercise the Shepherd's care."

What an ever varying scene is life ! Do cheer me often with your letters. There are some charming walks around this village which would delight you. As ever, yours,

HANNAH.

To the Same.

Frankford, Aug. 20, 1828.

MY BELOVED COUSIN LYDIA,—I find myself inadequate to the task of writing, as my body is suffering from indisposition, and I can scarcely sit up ; therefore you must make every allowance. I have been, for some time past, jealous over myself, lest the former gifts of God should have been received in vain, by my stopping short of the blessings Jesus has designed for me to possess. This impression drove me to agonize for a renewal of the signature of *love Divine*. Glory to my covenant God, whose *solemn vows* are upon me, I did not plead in vain.

The Lord stamped me afresh with the Spirit's seal. Never could I cry out with greater confidence, that "what sinners value, I resign." It is enough for me to know that God is mine, and I am *his*. How much I desire to go hence, and to be no more seen as an inhabitant of earth. I cannot help being glad to-night that I am *nearer heaven* than when I first believed. Do, dearest L., pray that my general conversation may show a mind mortified to the world, and devoted to Immanuel, and that I may obtain an entire restoration from the ruins of the fall.

The keenest sensibilities of my heart were awakened on perusing your precious letter. There is nothing of an earthly nature that I so much desire as the society of my Lydia. Then I could enter into a particular detail of Blackwood camp meeting, &c., where I unexpectedly met with dear Mary Ann. From her I learned the account of your declining health. O, Lydia, my fears are all awake. The pure air of your native hills will much better suit a constitution which is already too much impaired to be *trifled with*. "The feast of reason and flow of soul" that I enjoy with a few individuals I esteem as a rich boon of Heaven. "What is this sublunary world? A vapour! a vapour all it holds: too low they build who build below the stars."

I felt very much like saying, "Glory to God!" when I met with Budd Sterling at the camp meeting; for a more complete transformation I never witnessed in any one. The expression

of his countenance, and plain appearance, bespeak the devoted follower of the Lamb. Our tent was in nearly the same spot where he obtained the pearl of incalculable worth. This sacred wood awakened many tender recollections. It was there, for the last time on earth, I united with my dear Eliza and Mary to worship the Holy One of Israel. In the grove I oftentimes felt as though their sainted spirits hovered near. I never commenced a meeting with a mind so entirely recollected. During the first few days it appeared as though I should weep my life away on account of my unfruitfulness. The preachers all seemed to aim at arousing professors to seek for a fulness of love to God. In a prayer meeting, where many were rejoicing on Friday evening, I could only groan for inward *purity* and *personal holiness*. Every thread of my handkerchief was wet with tears of contrition. I went into the congregation with a weight resting on me that was new. It was a solemn struggle of the soul to obtain faith without a mixture of unbelief, and a confidence *free* from *all fear*. On Monday I obtained such a draught from the rock as enabled me to approach the *Saviour* with *faith, freedom*, reverence, and love. The manifestations I had on that day will not soon be obliterated from my memory.

I am happy to learn that my dear cousin's path is shining brighter. Rely on it, *discouragement* is an exceeding hinderance to spiritual fervency and affection; and a writer

says, "We dishonour the Saviour when we make our depravity greater than his merit and sufficiency."

We have much of the presence of God here, but this is not heaven. Now we have this treasure in earthen vessels. While in the body we must calculate on being the subjects of *temptation, disappointment, and pain*.

Shall we not meet at Crosswicks? I will indulge the *hope*. My warmest love and sympathies to my dear cousins J. and E. Their tears must cease to flow when they reflect that their dear little innocent was taken from the evil to come. May I presume on the favour of a few lines on the receipt of this? Believe me, as ever, yours,

HANNAH.

To the Same.

Frankford, Oct. 10, 1828.

I HAVE my fears that my dear cousin has concluded, ere this, that new scenes and faces have, in a measure, effaced her from my memory. This thought pains. After my return from Crosswicks I was quite ill.

Ah! my Lydia, I never so sensibly realized the slender hold I have on life. Sister K. has a violent cough, and is never well. When I reflect how many have been hurried into a world of spirits during this sickly season, I am constrained to say, What are we, or our fathers' houses, that God hath such respect unto us?

Your letters, dear L., have been a great solace to me. May our *God* repay you tenfold, as I am quite incapable of doing them justice. I was glad to learn that you had been to Croton camp meeting. I felt as though you were there, and daily offered up my requests to the Hearer of prayer, that you might obtain all that your ardent soul desired. The weapons of your warfare are not carnal. I trust to hear you testify, this is the *victory*, even your *faith* in the word and oath of *Jehovah*.

The account you gave of the last night's scene at Croton deeply interested me. I almost fancied I saw and heard Mr. —, when he offered himself up as a willing sacrifice for poor *sinners*. Never was I so much in favour of camp meetings, for never was my soul so profited by them as during the past summer. The one held at Chester was, without exception, the best I ever attended. Mr. E. R. preached the first sermon, from, "O that there were such a heart in them," &c. During his first prayer the heavens seemed to open, and pour upon him the great salvation. From a full soul he declared what the Lord had done for him. After him four preachers rose in succession, and professed to be living in the enjoyment of the same blessing. Mr. P. preached on Wednesday, and many were cut to the heart. His voice is just suited to preach to thousands. His text was, "Be ye also ready." An old woman of seventy, under deep convictions, came trembling into the altar. I gave her my place to

kneel : she did not rise till God had released her from the burden of sin. This was a glorious day.

Thursday, I went into the altar at eight o'clock, and continued there until past one. What I experienced during this time language cannot describe.

Friday, Mr. Doughty preached his last sermon, and finished his labours. The description he gave of the manner in which a Christian should die affected me much. The next day he was seized with the disease which terminated his mortal career. A short time before his departure he told his friends that the comfortable truths of that Gospel he had preached to others were his only support in the hour of trial. Just before he breathed his last, on being asked what his prospects were, he said they were "blessed."

Mr. Force had us assembled at the hour of twilight every evening for prayer in our tent. These were seasons I wish never to forget. I was led to inquire why the mourners were not all comforted. If ever I laid hold on the horns of the altar, it was then. There I agonized for the fulfilment of the promise, "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." "The mountains flowed down at the presence of God." My soul was filled with holy love and humble joy. The Divine presence was universally felt. The song of deliverance from the iron bondage of unbelief burst from the hearts of many penitents, who had long sought with weeping, down-cast eyes, the favour of their offended Judge.

Crosswicks meeting you have no doubt heard from. I would only say, I felt *your absence*; but the presence of Jesus cheered me during my stay on a spot hallowed by the recollections of former days. I regretted not having more of the company of dear H. Since my return I have been privileged to hear Mr. H. preach several sermons. Grateful tears fill my eyes when I reflect on the benefit I derived from those discourses. I do indeed sigh to be free. Yes, dear Lydia, while I write, I possess the Spirit's sure witness, that in a very short time, glory to *God!* you and I shall, in his dear image, arise from the tomb, with glorious millions, to praise him at home,—

“Home,—home,—sweet home!

Prepare us, dear Saviour, for glory, our home.”

I know not how to say farewell. Do you not intend to visit me in the long winter, if we are spared to see it? I am, as ever, yours,

HANNAH.

To the Same.

Frankford, Dec. 19, 1828.

WITH propriety my dear Lydia may feel surprised at my not answering her unmerited letter which I have this day received. It remained two weeks in Philadelphia before it was sent to Frankford. My cousin does indeed enjoy glorious privileges, and I adore God that you are improving them, though hundreds of professors use them to their own condemnation. Such a patient perseverance as

you have pursued, will not fail of meeting with a triumphant reward in heaven.

I must, at your request, say something respecting our infant society in Frankford. The first Sabbath after you left we had an excellent class meeting. Mr. Mosely was with us. The meeting was led by a Mr. P., who has lately moved near this place. I believe he was sent to us by that same benevolent Being who, when on earth, delighted to visit destitute villages. The week following Mr. I. came, and had a large congregation afternoon and evening. He both pleased and profited me. The next appointment Mr. — filled, and annoyed me with his attempts at *Greek*. I was rejoiced to hear Mr. C. again, the brother who was here when you were with us. He led the class, and a young lad and Miss E. remained. They will, I think, both join with us. I am inclined to think my feeble cries have reached the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth, in granting me a female companion here, to cheer my lonely pathway. She has been my kind assistant in raising a Methodist Sabbath school. We called at every house that we thought advisable. O, Lydia, my heart sunk within me on learning how many who have the pure Gospel brought to their doors, wilfully neglect to worship the living God. We invited every family to come to our meetings, which has greatly increased the number of hearers. The school has been formed but one week: twenty-eight children have entered their names. I

wish time would admit of my entering into a minute detail of our adventures in searching after these young immortals. It is an employment I would wish to spend my life's short day in. I met with several members of our Church, who interested me with accounts of their spiritual welfare.

I have only given you the fair side of the picture. The obstacles that are often laid in my way appear almost insurmountable; and a knowledge of my own incapacity prostrates me at the feet of sovereign mercy. Every particle of my faith is now put to the test. I must solicit your ardent prayers.

Last week I went into Philadelphia to attend the Academy lovefeast, which I have not done before since Mr. Lybrand left the city. My timid nature would fain have framed an excuse to remain at home. I had many things to prevent me from going, but I went; and was enabled to appear as a fool before men through the constraining influence of the love of Christ.

I read the account of the death of Mr. Lawrence in the Advocate, and thought of *you*, which is no uncommon thing when I am perusing the interesting pages of that paper. I, and E. have given me a strong proof of their love; I only regret they could not stay longer with us. I feel my heart bound to them by new ties of gratitude.

Endeavour, my dearest L., to rise above your *fears*, both with respect to yourself and others. Cast all your care on *Him* who is your

sure, unerring *friend*. I believe both our souls would wither, did not the rough winds sometimes arise to blow away the dust from our branches.

I have heard from Baltimore since I last wrote. Mrs. B., a dear saint with whom I became acquainted there, has, since I left, been afflicted with a cancer in her breast. She has submitted to an operation. When the physician was excited to tears on witnessing her sufferings, she calmly said, "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" My prayers you know are offered to the giver of every perfect gift for you. May they be answered to the consolation of your spirit. HANNAH.

To the Same.

Frankford, Feb. 18, 1829.

MY DEAR COUSIN LYDIA,—Your letter I received, and shall endeavour to lose no time in answering it. My tenderest sympathies were excited on hearing the series of afflictions that had befallen friends I so much love. I had not heard a sentence from New-York or Crosswicks since cousin I. was here. You may suppose my mind was anxious. I asked God frequently in prayer to grant me the favour of a letter. In this, as in many other instances, I have proved the truth of the promise. The Lord grant that you and I, my dear L., may daily so live in the exercise of prayer, as will enable us to possess that holy resolution of

soul that is essential to prepare us firmly to bear the *cross* on all occasions, and in all companies. I give glory to God that the tenor of your letter discovers that you are getting on the track I so ardently desired you should. What an inestimable blessing to know how to look to that all-sufficient JESUS, who hath said, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." While you gaze on his loveliness, may all the powers of your soul be taken up with *God*, and the things of *God*. You do well to unite with those devoted sisters. It will prove of infinite advantage to you.

During the past winter I have endeavoured to acknowledge the *Lord* whenever an opportunity offered. Bless *his* holy name, *he* has not left me without Divine aid. Covenant class, and several lovefeasts, have been precious seasons. I made a sacrifice of my natural feelings; my shyness and timidity were conquered, and the strength of the Lord was perfected in my weakness. I am not ignorant that my heart and performances need daily a fresh washing in the blood of Jesus. When I survey the height of enjoyment a Christian may attain, my soul kindles with new ardour to grasp a larger measure of every grace of the Spirit. I know there never was a period of my life when my soul was so weaned from sublunary good. I am well assured what world I am most concerned for, and what things most interest me. The cause of Christ is dearer to

me than all the world beside. The desire I experience for the salvation of my fellow mortals who are deeply degraded by sin, is inexpressible. I have been frequent and fervent at the mercy seat, praying for the conversion of thousands. Especially have I struggled to hold the Lord to that promise, "Ask what ye will in my name, and it shall be granted." How wretched should I be if there was no *God* to fly to in secret.

We still have a very cheering prospect of a revival in this village. Many are awakened to see themselves guilty in the sight of *God*. Our Sabbath school is very interesting. I never feel more in my element than when with those dear children. My heart aches at leaving them and the society here, though of course I cannot but be gratified at the prospect of returning to a circle of long known and highly esteemed friends. If ever I partook of the feelings of a missionary, it has been while visiting families who live in every direction around this place, as if there were no *God* taking cognizance of their actions. When we meet I hope to give you some account of my adventures.

The severe weather we have had has tried my slender frame. My side is much affected, and my throat also. Nothing keeps me so effectually loose from earth as bodily affliction. I expect to be called to drink deep draughts of it. *I have no idea my faith will fail in the furnace.*

“Welcome sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large ;
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.”

Father Hood has, ere this, gone to bask in the full fruition of glory, and join with those veterans of the cross who exult around the throne of God. Sixty years he has panted for the skies. I called to take a last look at him a few days since. Never before did I see one favoured with such constant ecstasies. Farewell:—what a thrill of pleasure warms my heart to think that soon we shall meet to part no more. Ever your affectionate HANNAH.

To the Same.

Philadelphia, May 14, 1829.

MY BELOVED LYDIA's letter arrived at a very acceptable time, when my body and spirits were worn down by moving.

Could I have overruled events, I should not have delayed writing until this late date. It is a mercy, and not a small one, that “distance can never change the heart ; the pleasing ties of friendship rend.” No, my dear cousin, those ties are rather strengthened, than weakened ; and though so far removed, my heart has often beat with anxiety, lest the series of affliction your family have passed through, may have been more than your slender frame can bear without injury. But I am comforted with the assurance that you are in the hands of a gra-

ious God, who causes all things to work together for good to those that *love* him. Go, dearest L., onward and upward in the same course you appeared to be in when last you wrote ; and I have no doubt but you will—

“Deeper sink, and higher rise,
And to perfection grow.”

For some time past my feeble body has been put out of order by affliction. May the rod thoroughly fit me for the Master's use. O pray, dear L., that I may from this time forth have grace *cheerfully* to surmount the daily difficulties of life ; that the everlasting arms may encompass me while passing through “the furnace fires.” I dare not repine under the ravages of disease and pain. No, it would ill become me to refuse the state my Master designed for me. But what manner of person ought I to be in all holy conversation and godliness,—who “such a strict account must give.” My highest aim is, while I inhabit this house of clay, to realize, in the fullest sense of the expression, a “life hid with *Christ in God.*” As a branch derives life from the tree, even so does my dependent soul from *Jesus*. I am seldom joyful ; but, glory to the Saviour of sinful men, I am never left comfortless. I desire a daily increase in strength, that I may hold fast a good profession, without wavering, unto the end.

The time seems tediously long since we met ; but religion cements the bond of our friendship. The time is not distant when we

shall join with those of our friends who have already reached the peaceful harbour, and are now ascribing salvation to God and the Lamb. Tell my dear cousin L., that I love him too well to be willing that he should live without an experimental knowledge of *God*. I want him to go to Mount Zion; and tell E. I expect to meet her on its everlasting heights, where we shall together sing of God's redeeming love.

Surely our life passes away as a "tale that is told." Do we not feel ourselves as strangers far from *home*? But as we are travelling through this world, we can and do look forward to a better country, which faith displays to our wondering sight. I must now say *farewell*. Believe me, as ever, your tenderly affectionate

HANNAH.

To the Same.

Philadelphia, Nov. 29, 1829.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—I had not the most distant idea when we parted that such a length of time would elapse ere it would be in my power to address a line to you. It would be superfluous to offer any apology for not sooner pouring into your friendly bosom my joys and sorrows. I have had my share of each since I saw you; but my Saviour, I am sensible, "watches every numbered hair, and all my steps attends." I feel disposed here to give glory to his name, that "he teaches my hands to war, and my fingers to fight." Since we separated

my design has been more than ever with steadfast eye to mark every step. It was said of the Lamb of God, "*He was oppressed*, afflicted; yet he opened not his mouth." I tremble when I observe how I have failed in showing forth a *patient* spirit while harrassed by numerous perplexing occurrences which have followed in a train for some time past. I detect my frail nature revolting at pain. Rest I am resolved to be a stranger to, until I can not only suffer *willingly*, but be enabled by grace to glory in *tribulations*. The Lord my keeper has stood "omnipotently nigh" since I have been passing through this furnace of temptation and sorrow; and I have lost nothing but the filth of self and pride. Often have I recurred to the conversation held on our way from the Haverstraw camp meeting. How cheering, how profitable is an interchange of Christian feeling. I rejoice that I have in any measure attained to that *sober, chastened, dependent* frame of mind, which enables me to leave *events* with *God*.

Lydia, why will you thus give place to the tempter. Your religion, though silent in its operation, is great in benefit; and there are times and seasons when the Lord requires you to leave your beloved obscurity, and be numbered among his faithful witnesses. Who is there to bear testimony of the religion of *Jesus* if his followers refuse? God grant that you and I may be *obedient*, and willingly do violence to our feelings, that we may eat the good of the land. When we are made perfect through the

blood of sprinkling, an abundant entrance will be administered unto us into our Father's house. Dear sister Kitty's health is very delicate;—has almost constantly a blister on her breast. Continue, dear L., to hold up my hands by your faithful supplications. I believe I have often felt their efficacy. I have not forgotten you, nor my dear E., during the sickness you have had in your family. I sometimes shudder to think how many forms disease assumes to pull down these tenements of ours. I revert to my visit to New-York as one of the most pleasant I ever made. Dear E.'s patient, quiet spirit has often been a lesson to me. I must conclude. Bear with the imperfections of this, as I have written at intervals. Believe me yours,
HANNAH.

To the Same.

Philadelphia, Feb. 8, 1830.

MY EVER DEAR LYDIA,—Had I followed the bent of my inclination you would have received an immediate answer to your last; but a train of unforeseen events has deterred me from an employment I take great delight in, which I think my dearest cousin has had sufficient proof of in days past. Varied indeed have been the circumstances through which I have passed; yet with the deepest gratitude I must acknowledge, that the *smallest favours* are only bestowed upon me through the *atonement* of the *immaculate Son of God*.

We are settled in as comfortable and convenient a habitation as I could ever ask or desire. The toil of moving was sweetened by the society of dear Mary Ann. Ah, Lydia ! I wish I could say that my sister K.'s health is mending. It is indeed a severe trial to watch the ravages of disease in the form that is nearest to us by the tender ties of nature. It was with feelings I cannot describe, I greeted the first moments of 1830. I had calculated long since to have "slumbered with the dreamless dead from all my toil." I have commenced watching the motions of my soul most narrowly.—How often have I to mourn that my mind is filled with foolish fancies. What but a Saviour's blood can wash these failures from my soul. Blessed be God, I have felt and continue to feel from my own experience, "that there is now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." I find I have more boldness in the cause of my Redeemer. I can join with you in the firm persuasion that an awful *wo* will be denounced against me, if I refuse to own my Lord. This duty has been pointed out to me as with a *sunbeam*. I believe that we who have tasted of the good word of life are frequently wanting in declaring it. May we be enabled to stir up the gift of God, and excite each other to diligence. E. Abbott is now no more. It is well ! She made sure work. Our friend, E. Ogden, witnessed her triumphant flight. For some hours her cry

was, "Come, Lord Jesus; fain my spirit would be there." E. asked if death was a terror to her: "No," she replied, "it is stingless. O, if I had strength I would tell you what I feel." When her voice was lost in death, she threw up her arms in token of *victory*. Eliza lived in the enjoyment of perfect love six years. I never found her mind labouring under a cloud. Though the dark wave of affliction hath oft rolled over us, still we are upheld by an invisible power.

"O how it lifts my soul to think,
Of meeting round the throne;
Eternal joys we there shall drink;
There sorrows never come."

Mr. Higgins has been favoured to see a gracious work of God at the Academy. I have cause to rejoice that I ever heard the sound of his voice. It would be superfluous to ask your prayers, as I know they daily ascend for me. May our joint supplications continue to ascend till they are lost in everlasting praise.

HANNAH.

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To the Same.

Philadelphia, May 15, 1830.

MY DEAREST LYDIA,—Such were my engagements on the reception of your last kind letter, that I could not answer it as I wished without delay. I was encouraged to hope that you intended to favour me with a visit this month, and I daily looked for you. What has changed your plans? O, Lydia, did you know

how much I need your sympathy, I think a personal interview would not be denied. The time never seemed so long as since we parted. Sister K. is something better; yet her cough is very troublesome. Dare not flatter myself with a hope of her recovering her wonted health. I am sometimes ready to faint, but when I consider what Jesus endured for me, every sigh is hushed. Was it not that God

“ Gives my gasping soul to see
Jesus crucified for me.”

I know not where I should lay my fainting head. What amazing condescension that we *know*, and feel a *Father's* presence. Let us be encouraged then, my dear cousin, to

“ Press to our native skies,
Mighty in *prayer*;
Heaven's bliss is perfect—pure—
Glory is there:
What makes its joys complete?
What makes its *hymns* so sweet?
There we our friends shall meet—
Jesus is there.”

You will no doubt expect a long letter, but this privilege is denied me. Dear L., believe me, this heart beats as warmly as ever, and takes as warm an interest in all that concerns you as formerly. I have feared for you of late on account of your health. May the Lord spare you *to me*. I know not how to part with your dear sister D., so great a blessing is a congenial mind. Dear H. stands much alone;—hope their new preacher may possess a tongue of fire. The cause of Frankford is un-

dertaken by God himself. They are preparing the academy there for a place of worship. I have raised about thirty dollars toward defraying the expense of repairing. Remember me before the sprinkled throne. You are never forgotten by your affectionate cousin,

HANNAH.

To the Same.

Philadelphia, July 6, 1830.

MY DEAR L.,—I will snatch a moment to say that we reached home at five o'clock yesterday. K. bore her journey pretty well. I cannot tell how anxious I am to hear from dear H. Let me receive a line by the first post. The concern you and my friends manifest for my dear sister, has cemented the bonds of union. K. says she will never forget the pains you took to make her comfortable. May every purchased blessing, bought by blood Divine, rest upon each of you. I know I do not appreciate the blessings that are granted me as I ought, or I should have been more submissive when called to leave you and dear H.—“Naught that is seen is half so fair as face of faithful friend, fairest when seen in darkest day.”

The week spent in the city I remember, and shall never forget our burning words, that uttered all the soul,—sorrow with sorrow sighing, hope with hope exulting. My kindest sympathy to my loved cousin H. and all friends.

With the confident expectation of soon hearing from you, I remain yours, HANNAH.

To the same.

Philadelphia, Oct. 4, 1830.

MY EVER DEAR COUSIN L. has, ere this, concluded me ungrateful for the repeated favours she has conferred upon me. May the Lord reward you for pouring the sacred balm of friendship into this heart, that assuredly knows how to appreciate its worth. You may have heard of my *indisposition*, which has been the chief cause of my silence. Even now it seems almost out of the question for me to write, owing to the weakness of my breast. I wish to enter into a minute detail of the manner in which I have passed my summer, but must dispense with doing so, and give you only the outlines. I was two weeks at Frankford: the house was crowded with gay and fashionable boarders;—I stood alone in the midst of multitudes;—I said to my soul, “Come not thou into their secret.” Every leisure moment I stole off to worship, and unite with the followers of the lowly Jesus. It would be impossible for me to describe in the language of mortals what my feelings were on many of those occasions.

You would be astonished to hear the flow of soul many possess in prayer, who were, not long since in the high way to ruin. Two classes are formed, and the Lord hath pro-

vided leaders for each. From Frankford we went to Jenkentown, ten miles from this, and stayed three weeks. My acquaintances were out of my reach, but I was enabled to cast my lonesome soul on Him who is able to make up every deficiency. I was pleased to meet with Miss Palmer, who resides near this village, and is still holding on her way to "the better land." I was glad also to find one who could talk with me of you,—the friend of my childhood, the friend of my *heart*. I could not feel clear to leave this place without relieving my mind of the bitter reflection of having passed near a month with those who knew not God, without making an effort for their salvation. For this purpose Miss P. and myself went to German-town to solicit the circuit preachers to hold meetings in Jenkentown. This they have since done, and it is now a regular appointment.—Miss Pepper has rented a large ball room, and has had it fitted up for worship.

For two weeks before I ventured home, I had chills and fever. I had not been home more than a day before I was taken to my bed with intermittent fever. I had but just recovered from this when I was seized with spitting blood:—had two attacks. This has left me very much enfeebled; yet I am much better than I anticipated. The *Lord* has permitted me to be tried, yet the flames have not kindled upon me, neither have the billows overwhelmed me. I feel deeply humbled under a continuation of the unmerited mercies of my *God*.

I have felt that it is a solemn thing to look death steadily in the face ; yet, under my most terrifying symptoms, my mind is kept perfectly calm. No ; blessed be God, I did not “ faint in the day of rebuke.” I am striving more than ever to set my face full toward Zion, since I so soon must die. And I have just learned that my dear cousin also has been severely afflicted ! My soul does magnify the Lord that you are yet spared to me. Ah ! my dear L., if we should be so happy as to reach heaven, we shall acknowledge that it was grace which brought us there.

I have changed my class to Tuesday afternoon : it is much nearer for me. Some of our members are wholly devoted to *God*. Mr. Higgins is the leader. He said to me this afternoon, “ Sister Hannah, we have not always to be in this field of battle.” You were immediately presented to my mind. Yes, thought I, the tempests must and will break down these tenements of ours, and “ let our ransomed spirits go, to grasp the God they seek.” D. Welsh is now a class mate of mine. Had we your spirit to join with ours—but hush ! my heart ; though distant we are still united. D. has been sinking gradually since you saw her. She dreamed that you and herself were walking in a graveyard together and read on a stone this passage, “ Be ye also ready ; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh.” The more I know of D., the more I feel like sitting at her feet, to take lessons of patience

and humility. How is my dear friend, Mrs. A.? I desire an interest in her prayers. I am passing through deep waters, and never needed the supplications of my friends more. Let this lead my L. to importunate prayer, that in all my tribulations it may be said that I "*sinned not.*" I am, with sincere affection, your cousin,
HANNAH.

To the Same.

Mount Holly, June 21, 1831.

MY DEAREST LYDIA,—I can no longer forbear the pleasure of thus silently addressing you. I wish I could give you some idea of the benefit I derived from your last letter.—Tears of gratitude to *God*, and love for you chased each other down my cheeks, while I was perusing its sacred contents. It found me unable to sit up, "*restless and sad* at sultry noon," and suffering much from the drawing of a large blister.

Last Saturday week I raised blood, but by keeping very quiet it soon ceased. The pure air of this village has been of benefit to me. My cough is something better, but I am inclined to think it will never leave me. How many of our friends, dear L., are already triumphing in the skies. Death and hell are for ever vanquished by them; while we, beset with a thousand snares, still maintain the field. If I had to depend on my own works to recommend me to God, I should long since have

given up the strife. A weak and languid frame so depresses my spirit, that I am oftentimes ready to sink ; yet often when least expecting it, God, my Father, fires my soul with new joys and fresh hopes of *heaven*. I could say much if my strength would allow me ; but as it does not, I must leave the rest until we meet, if this favour is ever again to be ours. With the hope of a speedy answer, I shall close, begging my dear L. to guard her health with the utmost precaution. When the master shall have done with us here, we shall calmly rest for ever, where there will be no more pain,—no chilling blasts,—no sudden changes. I am, as ever, your fondly attached

HANNAH.

To the Same.

Crosswicks, July 24, 1831.

MY DEAR COUSIN LYDIA,—The lassitude which this excessively warm weather has caused to pervade my shattered frame, almost discourages me from attempting to write. The consciousness that I am addressing one who will make every needful allowance acts as a stimulus to my pen. It would be needless for me to repeat how often I have wished for the privilege of your society since I have enjoyed the rural delights of this endeared spot. I cannot tell you all I have felt since I have been secluded in those peaceful shades. But as I wandered from room to room, I could not forbear exclaiming, "*Loneliness seems so unnatural*

here." I have marked many of the well known paths that you and I, dear L, have rambled through in "happy childhood's hour," and sighed to think that in all human probability we are never to trace them together again. Yes, Lydia,—

"The sickly dream of life,
From us will vanish soon ;"

and death our wearied spirits will redeem from these low regions of unvaried pain. Hilton's brook will glide as softly as before ;—"its landscapes smile,—its golden harvests grow," when our names are heard no more below. But though we may never meet again on these mortal shores, yet "*death's interposing tide cannot, will not spirits one in Christ divide.*" This morning, at the family altar, I enjoyed the heart-felt presence of the *Deity*. My heart has felt a tenderness of affection toward all my dear friends in New-York since I left them that I cannot describe. The last interview I had with dear Mrs. Arenfred, is remembered with mournful pleasure. When, O "when shall we three meet again?" I wish it were so that our friendly souls could oftener mingle. Cousin H., I suppose, has given you an account of the camp meeting, and of the extraordinary effort I made to get there. I am confident that the strength which was then imparted, was in answer to prayer. By my God I can run through a troop, or leap over a wall.

"Thus while I dwell in this low scene,
The Lamb is my unfailing screen ;

He is my shield and hiding place.
But when I see my Father's face,
I'll need no more a hiding place."

I went with Hannah to gaze on the hallowed spot where our dear D. sleeps in sweet repose. Her grave is marked by a pure white stone, with this inscription, "*She sleeps in Jesus.*" My health has improved since I have been here. By keeping a perpetual blister on my breast my cough is much better. Farewell.—
Farewell. Ever your HANNAH.

To the Same.

Mount Holly, August 30, 1831.

MY DEAR LYDIA,—I am unwilling for cousin E. to depart without thanking you for your refreshing letter, which I received during the week which I passed at Mrs. B.'s, in Pemberton. With a glowing heart I can acknowledge the tender compassion of *God*, who still continues to me a good portion of strength. My cough has nearly left me. I came here yesterday, and expect to return to Philadelphia on Thursday. A few hours before I received your letter, in the silence of my chamber I had such sweet intercourse with your spirit, [in Christ,] that I almost fancied you were present with me. I was led to exclaim, "O goodness infinite!—goodness immense! and love that passeth knowledge!—*words are vain!*—language is lost in wonders so Divine. *Come, then, expressive silence, muse his praise.*"

Have you heard that Mrs. Cook is enthroned in paradise by her royal Lord, whom she so delighted to *confess below*? Mr. Collins, too, has no doubt gained the utmost wish of his heart, by being permitted to see his *crucified Jesus*; and dear Mr. Porter's *spirit* has also burst from its dwelling in clay. *Hallelujah! Hallelujah!* we shall conquer too, and with all the holy and the happy unite in praising the wonders of redeeming love, in that blessed region where God himself presides. I am praying that you may be invigorated both in body and mind at Croton, and that afterward I may embrace you at Philadelphia. Farewell, my dear, dear L., and believe me ever your affectionate

HANNAH.

To the Same.

Philadelphia, Oct. 24, 1831.

MY DEAREST LYDIA,—It appears almost incredible that I have suffered so much time to elapse without sending a line to one who seems almost as a part of myself. Yet so it is, that the seasons I had intended to devote to writing have invariably been broken in upon. But this much I know,—could I sit by your side for one short hour, your mind would be fully satisfied that my silence had not been designed. Last Sabbath morning I went to a lovefeast at Asbury, over the Schuylkill. I never was at a place which I think bore so near a resemblance to heaven. One of the preachers from the Baltimore conference attended the meeting. I

cannot tell you how holy an atmosphere surrounds him.

In Jenkentown I believe the Lord intends to establish a living ministry. Under the same roof where my suffering sister spent a month, and where my soul was often in an agony of prayer that salvation might come to that house and neighbourhood, a class now meets; and five of the inmates of that dwelling belong to it. I spent my time very profitably while there, visiting a number of families; but I will desist speaking so much of myself, yet not until I say something respecting my bodily and spiritual health. For two weeks I have not been so well; it has been with difficulty that I have kept up, owing to a severe cold and cough. It grieves me that I am in no better plight to address you, but I dare not defer writing any longer; yet when I tell you how I have passed this sacred day, you will doubt my being very sick. At six o'clock this morning, E. C. and an humble few of like precious faith met with me in prayer meeting. At nine, E. and myself visited D. Welsh. It was a hallowed hour. You did not seem far distant. I have not strength to write all the messages D. sent you. She told me she was confident there was no other way for God to bring her home, but in the path she now treads; and her soul rejoices that she is called to drink a portion of that cup her Master deigned to choose. Permanent peace constantly resides in her bosom. I heard Mr. Holdich at ten o'clock, and Mr. Hodgson in the

afternoon. Mrs. Bateman came home with me, and our tears flowed together. Dear L., Jesus is my great Rock :—" Nothing beside my *God* I want ; nothing in earth or heaven." May the consolations of the Holy Spirit fill your soul continually. May we cease to breathe ere we cease to breathe our souls out in adoration and praise to that Divine Being who alone is worthy to be magnified by all the inhabitants of earth and heaven. Lydia, I stand in need of your most devout supplications. The cares and ways of the world oppress my heart. The searcher of hearts alone knows my sorrows. My prayer is, that our kindred souls may be knit still more closely, and we continue a mutual benefit to each other while crossing the waves of this world. As ever, yours,

HANNAH.

To the Same.

Philadelphia, Jan. 1, 1832.

MY DEAR, DEAR LYDIA,—Is it possible that I have lived to see the commencement of another year ? What is life ? We find nothing abiding this side the grave. How short the interval between the cradle and the tomb ! Let us pause and consider that every hour of the past year has numbered its slain, and held out to our view that we too are *mortal*. Whether we are to see the close of the present year, is known only to God. But what is the grave to us but a thin partition dividing time from eternity, and earth from *heaven* ? The time is not

far distant when God will redeem all his saints from the power of the *grave*:

My dear L., I still possess a steadiness of purpose "to conquer though I die." The Lord still has the *sole* possession of my heart. For sixteen years I have given it to him more often than the day, and would I now withhold from him the *wreck* of my being, and grow slack with home in view? No! let me rather "spread every rag of canvass to catch the winds of heaven, and enter the haven of rest under full sail."

Much I could say to you that my strength forbids my writing. I am kept a prisoner within doors, yet the time does not drag heavily. No! the presence of Jesus makes every season please. "When I am happy in him, December's as pleasant as May."

I keenly felt the disappointment of not seeing you: perhaps it was for the best, but I could not see it so. I have needed your friendly bosom to repose my griefs. How very near your spirit hath seemed to-day! For I remember that this time last year you were with me. O, little did I think that one short year would bring such changes! But what else can we calculate on here? Soon I shall sing for ever, "My sorrows all are o'er." Farewell, my precious Lydia, my "sister spirit," farewell;—heaven's joys are durable.—May the Lord bring us to dwell together there.

Yours,

HANNAH.

To the Same.

Philadelphia, Jan. 17, 1832.

MY DEAR COUSIN LYDIA,—As I have been so remiss in answering your letters of late, I thought it advisable to improve the first leisure in thanking you for your last favour. I never received a line from you when I stood in greater need of a sympathizing friend.

I have been called to drink “*one drop of my Saviour’s sad cup.*” Thankful have I taken it, knowing it is prepared and mingled by the hand of a skilful Physician. I believe, my dear cousin, that the more spiritual we desire to be, the more bitter shall we find the present life, because we shall more sensibly feel in ourselves, and more clearly discern in others, the depth of human corruption. But my sorrows are not worth a name when I think what my Saviour endured when he was on earth, working out the salvation of an ungrateful world.

I have filled two pages on self; but you will pardon me, as it is a relief to my mind. I have felt much concerned for your health. May I be spared the agony of losing you. How it rejoices my heart that one so dear to me is so faithful a witness for her Lord and Master. Go on, dear L., your reward will be glorious.

My soul enters deeply into the sufferings of my dear cousin Elizabeth. I too have known the pain of parting with a *dear parent*. May she be strengthened by the Most High, and be enabled to cast her sorrows on *Him* who wept

at the grave of Lazarus. My ardent prayer is, that it may sink her deeper into God, make heaven more desirable, and earth less pleasant.

It is past ten o'clock, and my side warns me to cease. May I indulge the hope of seeing your face in the flesh? I have much to be thankful for in kind friends. I place much dependence on your prayers. I know not how to cease. Your affectionate HANNAH.

To the Same.

Philadelphia, March 2, 1832.

MY DEAREST LYDIA,—I am grieved that you should have to write two letters ere you could receive an answer. But I am sure if you were with me and saw my great debility, you would pardon my apparent neglect.

If I am not entirely laid aside, I hope soon to spend some time in Crosswicks. Miss P. has been very kind. I have frequently rode out with her, which has been reviving after being almost entirely housed during the winter. How gladly would I be found waiting with you in the courts of Zion! But it matters not whether you sing the Lamb in hymns below. and I in hymns above, as the *kingdoms are but one*. I am indeed sinking; but I can see my earthly tabernacle falling and decaying without dismay. Why, my dear L., should we be unhappy at the thought of a departure from a temporal accommodation, where the *storm* is so often felt?

I have suffered much from pain in my breast. I never had so much cough. If it were not for a mixture I take, prescribed by Dr. Physic, I believe sleep would scarce visit my eyes all night. I perspire considerably ; which, with a loss of appetite, has brought me quite low ; yet I do not keep my room, but have to lie down most of the day on the sofa. I can give you no idea of what I suffer from a constant weariness and weakness. I think if the return of spring and pleasant weather do not revive me, I shall not long remain an inhabitant of earth.

I sometimes think the Lord may see it needful to continue me in affliction, because of my anxiety to be gone. I could not put forth a breath to direct God's disposal of me ; and whatever may have been the past ; however dark and trying, even for years to come, my latter history may be, I feel it is enough for me to know that Jehovah is my God. Blessed be the Lord for ever, he does at times draw aside the curtain of mortality, and give me a view by faith of my heavenly inheritance.

I wish the power of expression were granted me, that I could give you some idea of the consolation I derive from your letters. May you be repaid double. Tell Mrs. A. she feels now much nearer to me than ever. It is needless to say I love her. And now, dear L., I must cease. May I ask the favour of a letter soon ? How shall I say farewell. God bless you.
Your cousin,
HANNAH.

To the Same.

Philadelphia, April 11, 1832.

MY DEAR L.,—Your letter came to hand when I much needed so sweet a cordial. But a few hours before I had an attack of raising blood, which was more severe than the one I had when in New-York. I have kept my bed most of the time since, yet sit up as much as I can bear. Every week I feel myself more enfeebled by disease.

Our friend Mary Ann spent a few hours with me two weeks since, and promised to write and let you know of my changes. My strength will not allow me to enter into particulars. When we meet, which I trust will be in a few weeks, I can say all I wish.

I am indulging the hope of having you with me during the month of May. I know not what my state will then be; but O Lydia, if you could be with me! It is more than a year since you have been in this city. I doubt my being an inhabitant of it much longer for you to visit. Come, then, while I have some strength left to enjoy your society. Dear Hannah I hope to see; but you know she cannot leave her charge long, and cousin B. I fear will be prevented by imperious duties. Ah! dear Lydia, again has death entered Hilton's peaceful shades:—"The fireside shows a vacancy; the churchyard bears an added stone."

Words are too poor to paint what my feelings have been for some weeks; but this I can say to the glory of God, that my heart has been

as the lake whose calm the whirlwind hath not broken ; and I have been enabled to make an *exclusive surrender* of myself, and all that concerns me and mine, into the hands of Israel's *God* ; since which I have experienced a calm repose in him which Satan hath not been able to deprive me of. Tell my cousin E. to be very importunate in her supplications for me :—love to her and dear cousin I. I wish to see them both once more in the flesh ; but if this is not granted, I hope to hail their joyful arrival in that blessed world where they, with me, and you, dear L., have so many tender ties. How I prize Mrs. A.'s prayers ! My soul does magnify the Lord for the interest I have in the petitions of many of his saints, and for the intercessions of my adorable Saviour. I should have fainted long since but for these. My tenderest regards to Mrs. Arenfred, M. Morgan, A. Smithman, my dear cousin J. Wardell and family, and all I love. Lydia, if you knew my languishing state, I think you would cheer me with an immediate answer, assuring me, if possible, you will be with me early in May. *Class meeting* I am now shut out from, but *Jesus is my all*. How shall I close ? *Farewell, dear, dear L.* ; and may the peace of *God* continue your daily portion. If I never write again, or we meet *no more* on earth, the *time is not far distant* when we shall together gaze on the uncreated beauties of the *Three in One*, in the midst of the *throne*.

Yours,

HANNAH.



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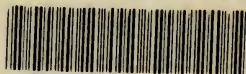
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